

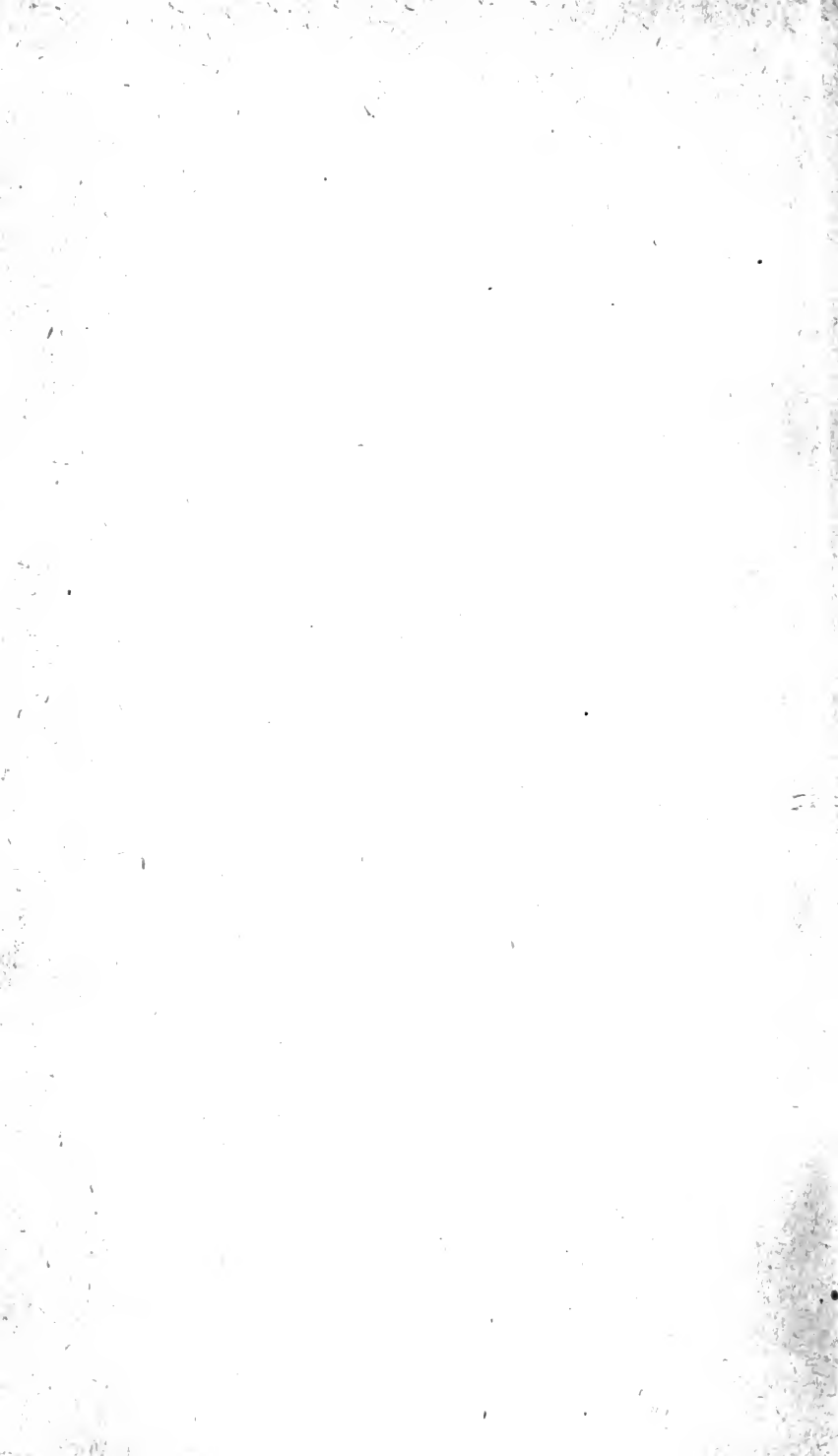
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TWO VIEWS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

The Mystery of Newman. By Henri Bremond. Translated by H. C. Corrance. London: Williams and Norgate. 1907.
Newman, Pascal, Loisy and the Catholic Church. By W. J. Williams. London: Francis Griffiths. 1906.

TWO books on Cardinal Newman have recently been published which present a very singular contrast. One is by a French writer, M. Henri Bremond, the other by an Englishman, Mr W. J. Williams. Both writers have greatly exercised their minds over Newman's writings. Yet a reader who derived his first impressions of John Henry Newman from Mr Williams would think when reading M. Bremond's volume that its hero was not only a different person but some one very unlike the Newman of Mr Williams's book. The whole of Newman's speculative intellect—his philosophy of faith as exhibited in the *University Sermons*, and his philosophy of history, best indicated in the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*—is almost a sealed book to M. Bremond. Yet it was so large a part of the serious Newman that it completely absorbs Mr Williams. On the other hand, the more personal aspect of Newman's writing and his character therein revealed is outside the scope of Mr Williams's book. And it is the main subject of M. Bremond's

The French writer has the advantage over Mr Williams in point of literary style and of the popularity of his theme; and his work has been excellently done into English by Mr Corrance. But he has this grave defect—that he treats all that deeper side of Newman's mind, which he fails to appreciate, as though it was in reality commensurate with the little he sees of it. He does not speak of Newman's philosophy as a subject into which he will not enter—which is not in the direction of his own special interests and studies. On the contrary, he has a chapter on Newman's philosophy of religion, and another on his historical work. Instead of setting aside what he has not

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mastered, he makes very small in his account what was great in outline but imperfect in detail. These two chapters are indeed so inadequate as to appear positively ludicrous to anyone who has given any attention to that side of the great writer's life-work. Under the heading "The Historian" he places Newman's second *Essay on Miracles*—which Newman himself expressly refers to as belonging to his philosophy of "probability" as applied to religious belief; and he fails to notice in his estimate of Newman's historical work the history of *The Arians* and the *Essay on Development*, works which show a very close first-hand acquaintance with the Church of the Fathers, and a remarkable power of generalization on some aspects of the philosophy of history. It is, of course, as an historian of dogma that Newman is a great authority, yet this side of his historical work is hardly alluded to by the French writer. The analysis of faith and reason contained in the Oxford Sermons "on the Theory of Religious Belief" is again for M. Bremond as though it had no existence; yet it is well known that Newman himself long considered the aim of those Sermons to be the most important part of his life-work, and held that volume itself to be the best thing he had done, though he regarded it as but the sketch of something greater.

M. Bremond has taken as a model for his work a smaller man cut out of the real Newman—and a good deal altered and damaged in the cutting. From this model he has designed the figure which he gives us in his book. He has dressed him partly in French clothes and partly in raiment supplied by his own exuberant fancy. I am bound to add that he has constructed so lively a marionette that at moments one thinks he is really a living being. To speak seriously, M. Bremond knows well the Newman of the *Parochial and Plain Sermons*—though he often seems to forget that these Sermons mostly represent his mind at a very early stage of its Anglican development—and he has some grasp of *Callista* and of parts of the *Apologia*. There is little else on which he writes in such a way as to help us in understanding the man with whom he deals. He tells us

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that Newman was autocentric—and this is true, although he depicts this quality somewhat unpleasantly and unfairly as a sheer defect rather than as a characteristic largely common to men of genius, especially to those great personalities which are intensely sensitive as well as deeply reflective. He speaks of him as the “solitary by choice” to whom God and his own soul are the only two realities—and here again he alludes to an unquestionable truth; but when he goes on to connect this characteristic with an incapacity for deep affection he shows that he has not truly understood the quality he speaks of. He would have conveyed it to his readers more accurately than he does in his own text had he quoted the lines of Aubrey de Vere, which Newman himself placed at the beginning of *Calista*:

Love thy God and love Him only,
And thy breast shall ne’er be lonely.
In that one great Spirit meet
All things mighty, grave and sweet.
Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of its kind.
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined,
For the deepest still is single;
An impalpable resistance
Keeps like natures still at distance.
Mortal, love the holy One,
Or dwell for aye alone.

“The deepest still is single.” It was not any want of depth in his affections, as M. Bremond represents it, but rather the feeling represented in these lines of his poet-friend, which gave to Newman his sense of loneliness.

Of Newman’s extraordinary insight into human nature and of his comprehensive practical judgements, as of his deeper thought, we see nothing in M. Bremond’s pages.

In point of fact, the ignoring of what was deepest in Newman, both in thought and in feeling, is responsible for the worst defects in M. Bremond’s book. He treats as antinomies what were merely surface opposites which found a common root and explanation a little deeper down. But to look deeper is just what M. Bremond has not

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patience to do. With French absoluteness he treats what is not at once obvious as insoluble—as part of the “mystery of Newman.” It is at times almost as though a boy who got perplexed over a long division sum ascribed his difficulties, not to his own want of patience and accuracy, but to ultimate antinomies in human thought. Newman was certainly complex and not easy to understand. But ingenious writing cannot unravel a complex personality, though it may heighten the colours of its apparent contradictions. What is wanted is patient observation, and this is what M. Bremond does not show. The same remark applies to his treatment of Newman’s defects. Tennyson used to say—Show first that you see and appreciate the beauties of a great writer, and then you may claim a hearing when you point out his faults and shortcomings. Defects are not best found by looking for them expressly; they are most accurately seen in the course of a thorough attempt to understand and depict the whole man. There is no short cut to their correct delineation. Boswell is convincing in his account of Johnson’s faults just because his appreciation of Johnson is so complete. The faults are seen in the qualities. M. Bremond, on the contrary, shows little power of analysing Newman’s real greatness, or even his charm. He misses the secret of his influence, though he professes to have a high opinion of his powers of fascination. He fails to perceive many of the “qualities”; and as for the faults, instead of waiting until they emerge in the course of analysis, he is eager to find them, and when he does not at once succeed he goes to Newman’s avowed enemy, Dr Abbott, for help.

Mr Chesterton in his work on Dickens puts in a *caveat* in advance against some of his own theories, arising from the fact that there are still many living who, unlike himself, knew the man or knew his intimate friends. The authentic tradition must be on certain broad lines decisive against ingenious speculation based on a man’s writings. It is a pity that M. Bremond did not bear this in mind in respect of Newman. Had he learnt what was to be learnt from those who knew well the Newman of tradition, he might have

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found simpler and truer explanations than his own of much that exercises him. His immense ingenuity and his elaborate hypotheses are Ptolemaic rather than Copernican.

One curious instance of his ingenious inaccuracy is the section in which he attributes to a want of depth in his affections Newman's successive breaches with his friends—with Whately, with Ward, with Faber, with Manning. He speaks of "a certain lack of power to love" as the "most melancholy secret of his heart." In order to reconcile this with Newman's obvious tenderness in his intimacies, a highly elaborate theory is constructed. Yet the familiar tradition accounts for his separation from old friends more simply and presents no insoluble contradictions or antinomies. The old Oxford tradition held that depth and not shallowness of feeling was the cause—depth in his anger, an imperious demand for utter loyalty which would not brook thwarting, and which was correlative to depth in his love. In place of a startling antinomy between the friend of friends and the man who dropped his intimates without a pang, those who knew him best found a common root of friendship and of severance in intensely deep and sensitive feeling. They did not believe in the absence of a pang. They thought both the pain and the anger very deep. "His divine unforgivingness" was a phrase current among those who knew him well. This is a fault, but it is the opposite fault to the shallowness with which M. Bremond credits him. It is perhaps less "mysterious" and affords less scope for brilliant writing and ingenious paradox. It is plain, homely, angry, English human nature of a certain type. Newman's affections were deep, and his resentments were deep. I doubt if many men have lived whose affections in human friendship went deeper. But where love is deep, jealousy is often deep. Even in such cases as the breach with Manning and Ward—to which M. Bremond refers—with whom Newman's relations were not among his closest friendships, it was deep resentment at their action in thwarting him in what from the highest motives he had set his heart upon, and his feeling that in

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so doing they were disloyal to him, that caused the breach. It was not fickleness or shallowness of feeling.

¶ Certainly this was the universal view of those who knew him best, and the only proof M. Bremond adduces of his own opposite view in the case of a really intimate friendship rests on the supposition that Newman's friends themselves did not regard his love as deep or stable; and this supposition is unquestionably contrary to the fact. The instance brings out M. Bremond's disqualifications for the very difficult task he has set himself. A little more knowledge of the way of talking in the Oxford of the 'forties would have here saved him. No doubt there is no reason why M. Bremond should be especially familiar with it; but he ought not to have treated the subject with any confidence until he had made himself so.

The facts are briefly the following: Henry Wilberforce was engaged to be married. This was, of course, in a clergyman an offence against the principles of the Tractarian party to which he belonged. The present writer remembers in the similar case of his own father how he would recall in later life his half humorous terror as to how the "great man" would receive the news of his defalcation when it should be broken to him. So too with Wilberforce, who confided his alarm to Frederick Rogers—afterwards Lord Blachford—in a letter. His words—"I suppose he will cut me . . . at any rate *you* must not"—represent the sentiments natural to the situation. But they would not under the circumstances mean that Wilberforce or Ward seriously thought Newman's friendship shallow and changeable, or that either of them in their cool judgement expected a permanent breach with him. The shadow on the joy belonging to such a happy moment in life is the fear of sternness on the part of the great and beloved leader, from whom a frown is a severe punishment. Such moments of intensity make momentary fears as exaggerated as hopes. Be it observed that in Wilberforce's letter the fear of offence, while greatest in the case of Newman, is not confined to him, and therefore does not rest solely on his personal peculiarities. "I hope," he writes, "that my

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other Oxford friends will continue my friends still." The great leader and mentor is expected to take it more seriously than younger friends, but there is anxiety about their attitude also. In the end Newman learns the truth and—again as in the case of W. G. Ward—there was great relief, because its final revelation passed off *quite* without friction. This is the whole story. But M. Bremond, who has probably got from a dictionary some very grim and haunting idea of the import of the word "cut," draws from Wilberforce's half-humorous fears the direst conclusions as to the utter instability of Newman's friendships. In point of fact some of the subsequent letters of Newman to Wilberforce are among the tenderest ever written by Newman. Yet M. Bremond's conclusion could only be justified if a positive breach of friendship had followed on the news of the coming marriage being communicated.

I have been for some days on the point of writing to you [so runs Wilberforce's letter to Newman], excited thereto by reading some of your old letters of last year, the kindness of which prompted me almost irresistibly to write, if it were only to say how very highly I prized it. To-day I was delighted by the unexpected sight of your handwriting. . . . I have loved you like a brother, and my saddest feelings have been often in thinking that, when in the events of life I am separated far from you, you will, perhaps, disapprove or misunderstand my conduct, and will cease to feel towards me as you have done, or that our minds will grow asunder by the natural progress of change which goes on in this changing world; and, therefore, every such mark of continued kind feeling warms my heart. How wonderful will it be hereafter if we attain to a state where souls can hold intercourse immediately, and when space makes no division between them! My dearest father used repeatedly to say that one great idea of the happiness of Heaven in his mind was that there can be no misunderstandings and jealousies and suspicions, such as are so common here even among good men.

M. Bremond does not quote this letter, and therefore does not enable his readers to estimate for themselves its true significance. He only refers to it, and gives what he considers a *résumé* of its import in the following words:

This letter of Wilberforce is piteous. He is a long time before he can make up his mind to write. To give himself courage he reads

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again the old letters of Newman, the kindness of which prompted him almost irresistibly to write. He delays, nevertheless, and, if Newman had not taken the initiative, this ridiculous story would have put an end to their friendship. We are touching the heart of the problem, and we begin to realize how difficult it is to define Newman's affection. This man seems to become self-absorbed, to keep others at a distance, to renounce close friendships, I will not say lightly, but with a resignation that might be called easy—I suppose he will cut me—and, on the other hand, he doubtless possesses a burning need for affection and trust.

The upshot was, however, as I have said, not that Newman “renounced” the friendship easily, or indeed at all, but that he continued it with increased tenderness after an event which, according to the peculiar temper of the party—its deep prejudices if we will—did normally lead to a diminution of intimacy with one who thus severed himself from the ascetic programme which united its members. That “if Newman had not taken the initiative” the episode “would have put an end to their friendship” is a statement of “what would have been” which is simply without evidence.

Now I do not deny that M. Bremond truly recognizes that there was an element in Newman's nature which made severance from friends—even deeply-loved friends—a possibility. It was a quality with which, as I have already said, those who knew him were familiar. I do not say that to analyse it precisely is an easy task. It went, as I have said, with a piercing sensitiveness, a readiness to resent any action which he regarded as wanting in “loyalty” to himself or his cause; it was allied also with an extraordinary difficulty in attempting mutual explanations and a power of resignation to what appeared to him the inevitable. It was due to many peculiarities in a complex personality. M. Bremond has singled out as its cause just what we may say with certainty it was *not*—namely, a want of depth in his love for friends—and he proves this by an instance, not in which friendship was broken, but in which it was increased—the momentary fear of a loving friend to lose a prized friendship being taken as adequate evidence that

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the case was "touch and go," that but for an accident the friendship would have been dropped by Newman without compunction. M. Bremond's reasoning may without material exaggeration be compared with the joke in the old farce, in which the absence of a strawberry mark on the arm identifies the long-lost brother; the absence of a breach of friendship proves the fickle friend. M. Bremond writes well. He is never tedious. There are incidental touches in his portraiture showing acute observation. He has his own subtlety of mind; but it is not on the track of Newman's subtlety, and many of us would prefer to dispense with some of his ingenuity and literary cleverness, if we could get instead accuracy in at least the main outlines of the character of a great man. For in such a work especially

Of the two less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.

A failure to see or even to believe in Newman's depth, both of feeling and of thought, is what makes a book, which is sometimes picturesque and always readable, a failure as a portrait. It is not a psychological study, it is a novel suggested to a very imaginative writer by a personage who fascinates him, but who puzzles him still more, and who has very little in common with the French critic in intellect or character.

The present writer gets from parts of the book the impression that it was, as at first written, even more inaccurate than it now is, and that corrections were added, but without always suppressing the passages in the text with which the newly observed facts were inconsistent. Thus the second Essay on Miracles is dealt with in the chapter on "The Historian." Yet M. Bremond adds a passage (p. 107) to say that the essay properly understood "does not concern either history or criticism; it is a sketch, rather laboured and threadbare, and I was going to add rather awkward, of a chapter of the *Grammar of Assent*." Anyone who knows the *Apologia* well knows, of course, that Newman himself has supplied the material for this remark, referring to the

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Essay on Miracles as dealing with his philosophy of probability. Why then introduce the Essay into the chapter on Newman as historian? Why, I may fairly add, not read the Essay itself carefully? Its whole argument is missed by M. Bremond, and having in one place implied that the nine miracles dealt with in detail are selected because they were especially well proved (which shows a misapprehension of their place in the Essay), he adds—apparently as an after-thought—the following equally inaccurate footnote: “I recall, owing to a scruple for accuracy, that Newman nowhere says that he chose the most certain miracles. He does not tell us the reason of his choice, which is, after all, at least as important.” Had M. Bremond pursued his reading of the Essay further, or with more care, he would have found that Newman *does* give the reason at p. 134. “In this review of the miracles belonging to the early Church,” he says, “it will be right to include certain isolated ones *which have an historical character and are accordingly more celebrated than the rest*”; and he proceeds to give the list of the nine chosen.

M. Bremond appears to have become first acquainted with the Essay through Dr Abbott’s grotesque account of it in his *Philomythus*. He by degrees comes to see there is something wrong with Abbott’s account. But to the end the original false approach incapacitates him from grasping what is not really a difficult line of argument.* The position maintained by Abbott—that it shows credulity—is as false as M. Bremond’s final position—that it shows scepticism. The Essay illustrates Newman’s habitual sense that the same world and the same events are before believer and unbeliever alike, and that nevertheless the believer will see—and will reasonably see—the hand of Providence where the unbeliever will not. The same external facts are before both: the whole evidence before both is not the same. The theological views of the believer supply ante-

* I have attempted an analysis of Newman’s argument in connection with the miracle of the “Thundering Legion”—which M. Bremond appears to me quite to misunderstand—in an essay, entitled “Philalethes” (See *Witnesses to the Unseen*. Macmillan. 1893).

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cedent possibilities and probabilities which do not exist for the other. Newman is ready, not slow, to see in remarkable events the hand of God. He is slow and not ready to believe in events so wonderful as to compel assent to their providential character in those who are not already believers in God's providence.

One more instance may be given of the contrast between the Newman of tradition and the Newman whom M. Bremond evolves from his works by a highly subjective process of criticism. Here is M. Bremond's account of Newman's attitude towards contemporary thought:

The moderns affect him so little. After careful consideration he chooses not to know them. What is called "contemporary thought" interests him less than the history of ants. I refer to the details, for as regards the grand lines, the tendencies as a whole, he makes them out, in his own fashion, on the strength of some vague indications which the papers of his friends convey to him. . . . He seems to take no interest in all this movement of thought. Afar off and vaguely he follows it all as so many victories of the spirit of darkness.

That is one picture. Now let us read the impression on this subject left on another man—no blind disciple but an opponent—one, however, who often saw and conversed with Newman in his later Oxford days, James Anthony Froude, the historian, and younger brother of Newman's most intimate friend, Hurrell Froude:

Newman's mind was world-wide [writes Mr Froude]. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. . . . He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington* came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing one with him. Where Christianity is a real belief, where there are distinct convictions that a man's own self and the millions of human beings who are playing on the earth's surface are the objects of a supernatural dispensation, and are on the road to Heaven or Hell, the most powerful mind may well be startled at the

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aspect of things. If Christianity was true, since Christianity was true (for Newman at no time doubted the reality of the revelation), then modern England, modern Europe, with its march of intellect and its useful knowledge and its material progress, was advancing with a light heart into ominous conditions. Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms and with all its many-coloured passions.*

It would carry me too far to dwell in detail on these two accounts. I will only say that the picture supplied by the writer who knew Newman personally and by tradition does not present to us the same man who is visible in M. Bremond's extract. The one brings before us a man with wide sympathies and the keenest interest in human nature and human thought, whether it is akin to his own or not; the other depicts a somewhat gloomy obscurantist who is indifferent to the play of human nature and to contemporary speculation as such. Curiously enough, some of the names mentioned by M. Bremond in this connexion as those to whose work Newman was indifferent, were among the chief authorities he consulted when writing on Biblical inspiration in the 'sixties. That he regarded the main current of the naturalistic philosophy of the 'sixties as anti-Christian is true, and he regarded naturalism as, on the whole, the tendency of the age. That, as M. Bremond implies, he regarded with indifference or suspicion the speculations of the great Anglican critics is contrary to fact. It is true, again, that like many others his actual reading was not so varied in his old age as it had been earlier. Most busy men get eventually somewhat into a groove with their serious reading. Moreover to read a deep book meant so much labour with him, so much thought and criticism on his part, that it was usually undertaken in connexion with some special task which duty set before him. But these facts, while perhaps partly accounting for M. Bremond's impression, do not make his picture of Newman's lack of interest in contemporary thought the less unlike the real man. I may note here that M. Bremond considers that

* *Short Studies*, vol. iv.

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Newman "never suspected the importance" of Coleridge as a thinker. Yet in 1839 Newman speaks in *The British Critic* of Coleridge as a "very original thinker" who "instilled a higher philosophy into inquiring minds than they had hitherto been accustomed to accept," and he maintains that it was Coleridge who supplied a "philosophical basis" for the great Catholic revival in the English Church. M. Bremond's remark is certainly not convincing for those who remember this passage, which he has apparently overlooked.

Mr Williams's excellencies and faults are of a very different order from M. Bremond's. Of literary artifice M. Bremond has much, Mr Williams little. Of the eye for Newman's external mannerisms of style again the French writer has all the more, because he sees a comparatively small portion of what is more important. Mr Williams, on the contrary, has little or none. His book is the work of a man who has got a deep and absorbing hold on the more profound qualities of Newman's mind, and the trains of thought in which they are exhibited, which are often presented by Newman himself in detached intuitive remarks, indicating a consistent whole which was never fully wrought out by him. I have said that M. Bremond's subtlety is not on the track of Newman's; Mr Williams's subtlety, on the contrary, is precisely on the track of Newman's so far as speculative thought is concerned. On the other hand, Mr Williams "lets himself go" with an entire absence of the intellectual self-restraint which was his master's characteristic. He writes without that habitual sense of the effect of words or propositions on readers of different kinds which in Newman was allied with the element of artistic sympathy in his nature, and was acted on and guided in its application by his profound practical conscientiousness. This artistic quality—if it may be so designated—is, I think, wanting in Mr Williams. His book is so completely on the track of Newman's reasoning that there is hardly any thought in it which one cannot fancy passing through Newman's mind, and forming, as it were, rough notes to be read over by himself alone, and to be developed and care-

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fully qualified by him in his writing. There is much which Newman would not have maintained without explanation and qualification—much especially which he would not have said publicly during his life. For it was not his habit, without good reason, to raise problems and suggest difficulties before their time. There is, I think, a good deal which, even had he lived to see the present conditions of thought, Newman would have regarded as crude and requiring some qualification before it was suitable for publication. There is possibly a little which he would have thought really loose writing. Still, for the increasing numbers to whom speculation on the ultimate grounds of religious belief is an absorbing interest, the book will be, in spite of its defects, of very high value. Its defects, from one point of view, are partly due to its excellencies from another. It is quite impossible to write in such a way as to help those who need help in justifying philosophically their faith (using "faith" in Newman's sense) without saying a good deal which will startle those to whom these fundamental questions do not in the ordinary course present themselves. To meet the causes of doubt effectually is to treat doubts as realities, and therefore often to raise them in those to whom they are not yet real. Such Essays as Mr Williams's are not intended for this class of readers. If a book of this kind is so amended as to satisfy them it becomes useless for those who really need it. I hope to have occasion to discuss both the value of many of its contentions, from the point of view of those readers whom it will most attract and help, and to suggest the explanations and limitations which its statements appear to me not infrequently to need. It is a book which, if read by those for whom it is meant, will, I believe, be recognized as of great and lasting value. As for its defects they cannot be better defended than in the following words of Cardinal Newman himself, concerning writers—of whom Mr Williams is in his measure one—who are "gifted with a broad philosophical view of things, a creative power, and a versatility capable of accommodating itself to various provinces of thought."

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These persons [Newman writes] take up some idea, and are intent upon it—some deep, prolific, eventful idea, which grows upon them till they develop it into a great system. Now if any such thinker starts from radically unsound principles, or aims at directly false conclusions, if he be a Hobbes, or a Shaftesbury, or a Hume, or a Bentham, then, of course, there is an end of the whole matter. He is an opponent of Revealed Truth, and he means to be so—nothing more need be said. But perhaps it is not so; perhaps his errors are those which are inseparable accidents of his system or of his mind, and are spontaneously evolved, not pertinaciously defended. Every human system, every human writer, is open to just criticism. Make him shut up his portfolio; good, and then perhaps you lose what on the whole and in spite of incidental mistakes would have been one of the ablest defences of Revealed Truth (directly or indirectly, according to his subject) ever given to the world.

What Newman here says of the great master-minds is emphatically true of Mr Williams in his measure. His work is powerful and original—I hope the time is past when it may have been necessary to justify using this epithet of work based on the speculations of another. We cannot in view of the present weakening of all belief in the supernatural afford to lose such works either because they do not conform to what is largely an etiquette of theological phraseology, or even because in the stress of real and helpful thought incidental statements are made which are open to just criticism and need revision. And the present writer is so convinced of the essential soundness of the general drift of Mr Williams's book that he has little doubt that passages really open to exception as they stand can and will eventually receive the qualification and explanation they require.

WILFRID WARD

MADAME SWETCHINE

Madame Swetchine, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par le Comte de Falloux.
2 vols. Paris. 1860.

THERE are men and women who can only by an effort of the imagination be dissociated from their surroundings, or conceived as existing in another atmosphere and environment. The colour of their lives is so strongly affected by the reflections caught from time and place that they come near to losing separate individuality; when we conjure up their ghosts they remain unfamiliar spirits, with whom the present, in its habiliments of flesh and blood, has little kinship.

But another, though smaller, class exist, who are strangely, one might almost say inhumanly, unmodified by facts. Take them out of their own country, even out of their century, and it is possible to imagine them as much at home as in the age and place to which they actually belonged; so that looking back across the years you may recognize the features of a friend, or, as likely as not, of an enemy; and a figure, detaching itself from its blurred and misty background, assumes the guise of a daily associate. "Under all conditions of age and latitude," wrote Madame Swetchine, "souls and minds are to be found, contemporaries and compatriots."

To Madame Swetchine herself the words might be applied. There is a conspicuous absence from her life of what might be termed local colour. Though neither narrow in her interests nor cold in her sympathies, the times in which she lived—as exciting and engrossing as any in modern history—left her singularly unaffected. Of Russian blood and birth, her attitude towards her native country was more or less that of an observant, kindly and indulgent foreigner. The Court life of St Petersburg, familiar to her from childhood, left no trace of its influence upon her; and events such as the French invasion, with all its horrors, scarcely appear to have appreciably interrupted her tranquil contemplation of spiritual and moral problems. The serious business of life was, in her eyes, the education and culti-

Madame Swetchine

vation of her own heart, mind and soul. Though she was no egoist, so far as the term implies selfish absorption, yet "that colony of God, the soul," supplied her with her chief interest and occupation.

It may be true, as her biographer avers, that at a later date her attention was directed inwards only secondarily and when other demands, public and private, had been satisfied. But this is not the impression conveyed by the narrative of her earlier years, when the processes taking place within were the constant subjects of her scrutiny. By preference, she once confessed, she would have chosen as her habitation rooms in a palace—a dwelling-place of beauty, not her own—since by proprietorship, and its attendant troubles and cares, she would be robbed of the quietist repose she wished to enjoy. And when the world of men and women had temporarily made good its claims, she turned from it with something approaching to repulsion.

I cannot tell you [she wrote] with what intensity of desire I am attracted to an existence apart from the crowd. I have seen much of it this winter, . . . and the effect of the experiment is to place me interiorly at a greater distance from it than ever.

Yet an inconsistent warning is contained in the same letter against the dangers of a system of isolation too protracted.

You do not know [she said] what it is to be thrown ceaselessly back upon self—the discouraging weariness that results from it, the need to be taken out of oneself by external objects. . . . I could, upon that subject, furnish a little historical memoir, serving, like so many other materials, to make up the immense volume containing the extravagances of human misery.

The words are a confession, corroborated by the self-revelations made to the friend whom, in these early years, she most loved. "You can be a prophet for others because you are your own historian," was a saying of hers. A student by nature, temperament and habit, she stored up the knowledge she gained for her private use and that of whosoever stood in need of warning, admonition and encouragement.

When you ask me [she once wrote], Have you felt that? Do you understand this? be sure that I can answer with the most

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absolute truth, yes. In the matter of sentiment, of thoughts bearing upon human affections and passions, I have explored an immense circle and have dug through to the antipodes. I am verily a doctor in that lore.

"I pass my life," she said on another occasion, "in the study of moral medicine."

The results of her patient and close observation, beginning with herself but extended to the lives around her, were embodied in private notes or included in letters to her friends, full, to quote the great critic, Scherer, of passages alike brilliant and elevated, spontaneous and well balanced. Some few examples of these sayings will serve better than description to display her quiet wisdom, the combination of the penetration and sense of humour belonging to a woman of the world with the justness of judgement of an observer capable of standing apart from it and appraising it at its true worth.

Some hearts are never given; they are lent, and upon usury.—There are souls which, like priests of the ancient law, live by the sacrifices they offer.—Tokens of kindness and compassion are, in some persons, like guns of distress, announcing that you are about to perish.—The most dangerous flattery is the inferiority of those around us.—Were it ever permissible to forget what is due to rank, it is when the possessor remembers it.—The least heavy fetters are the most binding.—Some people betray their friends a little for no other object than to display their own fidelity.—There are times when it seems that God fishes with a line, and the devil draws in nets.—To reckon up past griefs with bitterness, after we have profited by them, is to be like a man who, his building completed, should refuse to pay for the scaffolding.—Miracles are God's *coups d'état*.—Those are never perfectly known whom you do not begin by divining.

Maxims of this kind, with others of a more distinctly religious or spiritual character, can be counted by the hundred, and the qualities to which they bear witness, of sympathy, gentleness and indulgent charity, of love to God and man, go far to explain the ascendancy Madame Swetchine exercised over her contemporaries. But she possessed, besides wisdom, a greater though more indefinable gift: she had charm. At a distance of time this intangible attribute must

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be chiefly measured by its reflection and by its effect upon others. To those acquainted with her by her written words alone, supplemented by the eulogies or panegyrics of disciples, the very absence of any recorded weaknesses or foibles has a tendency to render admiration cold. "There is no excellent beauty," said Lord Bacon, "without some strangeness in its proportions." In Mme Swetchine none would seem to have existed.

What was eminently characteristic of her nature [says her biographer] was that all qualities, all virtues and all powers, were balanced in a perfect equilibrium. She was enthusiastic and sensible in a like degree, because—rare privilege—she was equally endowed with reason and imagination; because she thought as deeply as she felt; because, often intellectually masculine, she ever remained in her heart a woman; and because, finally, her self-abnegation was neither feigned nor even studied.

The character thus described, admirable as it may be, would not appear, at the first blush, to be as well calculated to win love as others more subject to impulse and liable to fall into the snares and pitfalls surrounding poor humanity on every side. One is tempted to echo Scherer's criticism when he says that "*Les vertus de Madame Swetchine sont trop divines pour être humaines.*" Nor had she the outward advantages commonly necessary to win forgiveness for moral superiority. "*L'ensemble de son extérieur n'attirait pas le regard,*" admits de Falloux. Scherer, who knew her well by repute, and probably by sight, is more uncompromising: "*Sous une assez grande laideur,*" he says, "*sous une apparence presque vulgaire, elle cachait une exquise distinction morale.*" Yet the crowds of her friends, the affection she inspired and retained till old age, the profound grief of those left behind when she took her way hence, bear witness to loveliness winning a triumph over outward blemishes and inward perfections alike.

One more trait should be noticed, namely, her singular independence of influence from without. Wholly destitute of presumption or arrogance, with no trace of intellectual or spiritual pride, with friendships constituting the chief landmarks of her life, and with a generous and enthusiastic

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appreciation of the gifts and qualities of others, she would seem, taking her life as a whole, to have leant upon none. Dependence upon support she not only instinctively but deliberately eschewed. "We are free to walk, run or remain seated," she once admonished a friend; "the sole attitude habitually forbidden is that of leaning. The Roman emperor who wished to die standing did not suspect that it is what God often demands of the Christian." In pursuance of this principle those for whom she cherished so deep an affection were rarely permitted to leave the impress of an alien individuality upon her inner life. She had, as a general rule, little use for intermediaries between herself and the spiritual realities which were her principal concern. If, in letters to the women who supplied an outlet for the love which, had she had children, might have found a more natural vent, there are indications of an inclination to exalt their opinions at the expense of her own, the attitude was probably both theoretical and transient. And when one of these friends displayed a disposition to follow wandering lights, in the shape of Madame de Krüdener, Madame Swetchine's independence of judgement becomes at once apparent. More remarkable is the fact that when she was engaged upon a definite examination of the claims of the rival Churches the method she pursued was one both deprecated and derided by an adviser for whom her admiration was as great as for de Maistre. In later days it was rather to seek advice and support than to offer it that men and women gathered round her. Gently, humbly, she rendered obedience, from first to last, rather to the monitor within than to outward influences.

In a life principally italicized by spiritual crises, it is less important than in others to linger over external facts and conditions. Born in 1782, during the reign of Catherine II, to whom her father, M. Soymonof, was secretary, Madame Swetchine's first years were passed within the precincts of the Imperial Palace at St Petersburg. A lonely child—her only sister was ten years younger than herself—her education was thorough on all points save religion, a subject practically ignored; and before she had attained her fifteenth

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year she was acquainted with her own language, unknown to most Russians of her position, and had besides mastered French, English, Italian and German. Hebrew, Greek and Latin formed likewise a part of her studies. Appointed at sixteen, upon the death of Catherine, maid of honour to the Empress Marie, wife of the criminal lunatic, Paul I, her marriage to General Swetchine, more than double her age, followed before she was twenty. The union, lasting over fifty years, was not otherwise than happy. "His affection for his wife was great," says her biographer, "nor did he ever speak of her without tender veneration. Madame Swetchine responded to it by an attachment full of respect and by incessant solicitude." The impression left upon the mind is, nevertheless, that her husband was not a factor of the first importance in her life; and a declaration made upon her deathbed has a certain significance. She said to de Falloux—the solemnity of the utterance suggesting a deliberate and special intention:

À l'heure où me voilà, vous pensez bien qu'une ombre de respect humain ne peut pas approcher de moi. Eh bien! Je tiens à vous prononcer une dernière fois le nom de mon mari. On ne lui a peut-être pas assez rendu justice. Il a été constamment bon pour moi, et Dieu m'est témoin que, depuis sa mort, je ne me suis jamais consolée.

Was the tribute intended as in some sort a reparation, not indeed for any wrong she had done him, but for the fact that in the eyes of the world, of her friends, and perhaps insensibly in her own, he had been allowed to recede overmuch into the background? Of any imperfection in the relations of the two, other than what is purely negative, there is, however, no trace.

A more signal event than even her marriage occurred almost simultaneously with it, and may be termed her first conversion.

I woke young [she wrote thirteen years later] from a sleep worse than death. At nineteen I threw myself into God's arms with a passion I can compare to nothing else that I have felt. During several years religion, with me, retained this character. . . . Five minutes of religious exaltation sufficed to obtain all sacrifices and to give the rest of my life the direction it has taken.

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The fourteen years of married life passed by Mme Swetchine in Russia were, so far as public affairs are concerned, eventful. In France the Empire had followed on the Consulate, to be succeeded by Napoleon's defeat and fall. In Russia Alexander I had replaced his murdered father on the throne and had become in a measure the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. But matters of this kind had little effect upon Madame Swetchine; and when her husband, who had at first stood high in the favour of Paul, was disgraced by a caprice and removed from his official posts, neither the General nor his wife made any attempt to regain a position at Court. It was probably to neither a boon to be coveted; and with her increased leisure Madame Swetchine threw herself into intellectual pursuits, carrying on her studies with unremitting energy, and filling volume after volume of notebooks with extracts and summaries testifying to the thoroughness of her work and the extent of her reading. Two friendships, the first of a long series, belong to this period, the one with de Maistre, ambassador of the nominal sovereign, Louis XVIII; the other with Mlle Stourdza, maid of honour to the Empress Elizabeth. To de Maistre intercourse with Madame Swetchine was one of the consolations of his banishment, and her relations with the old diplomatist are marked by a light and charming grace—attachment on either side not precluding gentle ridicule when occasion offered. "I wish that my affection could render my company agreeable to him," Mme Swetchine wrote to Mlle Stourdza, when the latter—also a friend of de Maistre—had followed her mistress to Germany, "but yours is necessary as well. Between us he seemed to be satisfied—to say, like St Peter on Mount Tabor, it is good to be here." A little later she confessed to the same correspondent, when some moral issue was in question, that, in spite of both, Rome would ever come between their friend and his heart.

I related to the Comte de Maistre your story of the German baron—a story of which it seemed to me that the patriarchal character, embellished by all my poetic powers, must conquer him. He desires me to tell you that it is "shocking"—you see how my poetry and your prose succeeds! . . . Starting from the point that

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divorce had been forbidden, by I know not what Council of I know not what year, he delivered upon it a thesis more theological than sentimental.

On other matters besides morals opinions were divergent. Where dogma was concerned Madame Swetchine had, she once admitted, a singular propensity to sacrifice it. De Maistre, she wrote, was on the contrary like a pointer; he scented anything directly or indirectly connected with modern thought at a prodigious distance, and from the moment that the slightest deviation was perceptible from fundamental principles had no mercy. So soon as this inclination became apparent neither eloquence nor elevation of thought or sentiment could win forgiveness.

The time was approaching when dogma was to force itself upon Madame Swetchine's consideration. In the meantime, if she found herself in conflict with de Maistre's rigid orthodoxy, Mlle Stourdza was causing her some anxiety by opposite proclivities. In attendance on the Empress at Baden she had become acquainted with Madame de Krüdener, who after a chequered career had, her youth past, abjured earthly passion to assume the character of a priestess and seer. With no liking for the religion of ecstatic mysticism professed by the prophetess, and with a rooted distrust of extravagance of every nature, Madame Swetchine allows a trace of disquietude to appear in the letters dispatched to Madame de Krüdener's neophyte, begging her above all to beware of that simplicity and childlike docility inculcated by teachers who begin by displaying the lack of the very qualities they praise. Though recognizing the attraction of a system aiming at the liberation of thought from its fetters, and leaving it free to wander at will in the immensity of the invisible as well as of things created, she still suggested doubts: "When one is lost in abstractions and in the impulses of divine love, pride rarely runs any danger of perishing from inanition." For her own part, should she ever join a sect, it should be that of the Independents.

Such was not to be Madame Swetchine's fate. Whilst Mademoiselle Stourdza was showing a tendency to lose

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herself in the vagueness of theological speculation, her friend was drawing near to the crisis destined not only to determine the course of her spiritual life, but to be the indirect cause of her practical naturalization in France. This was her conversion to the Catholic Church. Early in June, 1815, she deliberately prepared for the examination of the claims of the Holy See by quitting St Petersburg and retiring to a country place on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, where the opportunity of uninterrupted study could be enjoyed, testifying a total disregard of the attempts of de Maistre to turn her from her purpose. "You will never arrive by the road you have taken," the philosopher wrote, with some irritation.

You will be overcome by fatigue. You will sigh, but without unction or consolation . . . without being able to disembarass yourself either of your conscience or of your pride. . . . You are now reading *Fleury*, condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff, in order to learn precisely what to believe with regard to the Sovereign Pontiff. So far so well, Madame; but when you have finished, I would advise you to read the refutation of *Fleury* by Dr Marchetti. You will then read *Febronius*, directed against the Roman See; and first of all afterwards (in your character of a judge, hearing both sides) the *Anti-Febronius* of the Abbé Zacharia. Only eight octavo volumes—it is not much! Then, if you believe me, Madame, you will learn Greek. . . .

And he goes on, with sarcasm, to enumerate all the works to be studied should her method be logically pursued.

Intimate as the two were, he had not learnt to know the woman with whom he had to deal. "The Comte de Maistre thought to throw down a challenge; he did no more than trace a programme"; and the labours of six months were embodied in a folio containing, in 450 closely written pages, the analysis of *Fleury's Ecclesiastical History*. On November 8 the student took the final step of making her abjuration, and thenceforth remained devoted to the faith she had embraced.

The change in Madame Swetchine's creed preluded an entire alteration in the conditions of her life. The position of a convert to a powerful and rival Church was one un-

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avoidably regarded with suspicion by Russian orthodoxy; and the favour shown to Madame Swetchine by Alexander served to accentuate the hostility of those who feared her influence over a man who had lately succumbed to that of another feminine theologian. Charges offensive alike to his dignity and self-respect were brought against the General, resulting in the success of those who through him had struck at his wife, and in his decision to leave Russia. During the winter of 1816-17 both husband and wife repaired to Paris, and with comparatively short intervals continued to make it their home for the remainder of their lives.

The change, great as it was, affected Madame Swetchine less than might have been expected. In tastes and sympathies she was always cosmopolitan; the *émigrés* who, congregated at St Petersburg, had already introduced her to the Parisian atmosphere, were more than prepared to return the hospitality they had enjoyed in Russia; and, royalist by principle and habit, the new-comer quickly made her way in Restoration society. To Madame Swetchine the country of her adoption became dearer than her own. Never had a foreigner loved France as she loved it, she declared when circumstances necessitated an absence of eighteen months. "Alas!" she wrote again, from Rome, to the Marquise de Montcalm, "I am living always in your midst, and in such a fashion that I am too often rendered incapable of enjoying what is offered to me." Away from Paris, she told another correspondent, the absent were lost in shadow; to themselves it remained the one illuminated spot in the picture. Thus, whatever may have been the causes of General Swetchine's self-expatriation, it was clearly not a subject of regret to his wife; and, though her interest in Russian affairs continued keen, no indication of a wish to return to her native country is apparent. With her remarkable capacity for winning affection she rapidly formed new and close ties with those around her. De Maistre was soon removed by death; but others filled his place. The Duchesse de Duras became, almost from the first, her devoted friend. In the Abbé Désjardins, afterwards vicar-general to the Archbishop of Paris, she found a congenial spirit well adapted

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to serve her as guide to the new spiritual region she was exploring; and the bond between the saintly old man and the woman who, to use his own words, occupied in his heart "*la grande place d'honneur après le Maître*" continued unbroken until his death in 1833. When that event occurred, she was left with a profound sense of loss. "Many persons still love my heart," she wrote, "but no one, no one remains to love my soul. . . . The most pious," she added with a some humour, "are persuaded that a woman of fifty, so long that she is not actually impious, will not fail, somehow or other, to reach heaven."

Besides these, ties were formed too numerous to mention. Madame Swetchine possessed the genius for friendship, and to lose sight of the fact would be to fail to take into account one of her most prominent characteristics. It was in some sort her specialty.

I took the name of Jeanne, thinking of St John the Evangelist [she wrote, on her Confirmation]. . . . I hesitated a little between this name and that of Mary, but I understand the friend better than I can hope to understand the mother, and decided in favour of the first.

To some people friendship is a luxury, to others it comes near to being a necessary of life; it was to this last class that Madame Swetchine belonged. To her friends she clung, whether separated in body from them or not, and in spite of other and more dangerous sundering causes.

Mon cher enfant, non cher ami [she once wrote to Lacordaire], respect this bond; never break it. In youth one does not know what havoc and sadness results from severed friendships. Even when one has not been wholly in fault, it is a painful burden, and conscience is placed so near the heart that everything afflicting the one troubles the other.

Again and again the subject is dealt with amongst the gentle and wise maxims expressing her philosophy of life.

He who has ceased to rejoice in his friend's superiority has ceased to love him.

Friendship is like the altars of old, where the unfortunate, and even the guilty, found sanctuary.

Too disinterested a love becomes nothing but very generous alms

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—true friendship demands a common purse, and clings as much to its rights as to its duties.

In sentences such as these the result of her experience was embodied. It must in truth be added that if she was a good friend, she was not without the defects of her qualities; and a vein of sentimental and exaggerated enthusiasm, out of harmony with her strong and virile character, sometimes mars the relationship. "Not having in myself the measure of what is reasonable," she wrote to Mlle de Virieu, when the acquaintance was in its first freshness, "I seek it in you." Whether with perfect sincerity or not, Madame Swetchine pronounced a true sentence upon herself. In these matters she lacked the measure of the reasonable.

Among the new intimacies she formed in Paris was one with the Comtesse de Nesselrode, wife of the Russian minister. The Vicomte de Bonald described her as "*un des meilleures esprits que j'ai rencontrés, effet ou cause des qualités du cœur les plus excellentes dont une mortelle puisse être douée*"; Pozzo di Borgo, the Czar's ambassador, and a crowd of other men and women of note were on cordial terms with her. It does not appear that more than a mere acquaintanceship existed between her and Madame de Staël; but a story told of the first meeting of the two at the house of the Duchesse de Duras is an example of Madame Swetchine's grace and readiness. "On m'avait dit, madame," said the notoriety, when dinner had passed with no attempt on the part of her fellow guest to open a conversation, "*que vous aviez envie de faire connaissance avec moi. M'a-t-on trompée?*" "Assurément non, madame," replied Madame Swetchine, "*mais c'est toujours le roi qui parle le premier.*"

Her relations with Madame Récamier were closer and more familiar. At their first meeting in Rome, Madame Swetchine does not appear to have been sensible of the charm of perhaps the most generally attractive woman of her day, and an unusual sharpness is perceptible in a mention of her new acquaintance. Madame Récamier appeared, she wrote, to have a sincere preference for a retired life.

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I do not believe she has an eye to effect, and this is fortunate, since her beauty and her celebrity are on the decline, and no sensation is made by *débris* in a land of ruins. To be attracted by her it seems one must know her better.

A year later the critic had surrendered.

I have yielded [she wrote to Madame Récamier herself] to that penetrating, indefinable charm by which you subjugate even those to whom you are indifferent. I miss you as if we had passed much time together, as if we had memories in common. How is it possible to feel so much impoverished by the absence of what one did not possess yesterday? . . . I would already give of all that I have and all that I lack to know that you were happy. Be happy without me, but I demand a share of your sufferings. . . . I will say nothing more because I have thought of nothing else. There are too many indifferent matters to write of to those to whom one is indifferent.

There is no reason to doubt Madame Swetchine's sincerity; but allowance must be made for the exaggerated language which was merely part of the courtesy of the day—perhaps also for an exaggeration of sentiment scarcely less in fashion. "Je suis triste à mourir," wrote the Duchesse de Duras when Chateaubriand's daily visits were interrupted by an accident. "Nothing is so interior as happiness, yet what are external objects without him? He is the light which illuminates them; all is dark and lifeless when he withdraws."

Madame Récamier was too acute to accept Madame Swetchine's expressions in a literal sense; nor can it be denied that in letters to Mademoiselle de Virieu the sentiments inspired by her new-made friend were analysed with a clear-sightedness not altogether compatible with entire confidence or trust. Sweetness, elevation of character and disinterestedness she allowed her: all else had been so early subjected to the ordeal of success that development had been checked and the plant had lacked nourishment. Though acknowledging her fascination, it is plain that she was on her guard against too complete a capitulation to it. "I feel that to be of use to her, even to give durability to her affection, I must arm myself with reason and adopt the

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attitude befitting more than one of the vicissitudes I reckon on beforehand, and fear." The attitude may be prudent and wise, but it is not one to be assumed by a friend; and below the surface attraction each woman exercised upon the other, fundamental differences of nature and temperament probably forbade a real or lasting bond.

As years went on, Madame Swetchine took her place as a feature of social Paris, and by 1826 her salon could be described as one of its centres. It was a centre not limited or restricted to any single political or religious party. "Of what use would life be," she would ask, "if one heard nothing but the sound of one's own voice," and she continued to adhere to her system of comprehension in spite of the reproaches of those who would have had her shut her door on divergent opinions or politics. While, however, her aim was to be inclusive, the personal bent of the hostess could not fail to give colour and tone to the society she gathered around her; and, heterogeneous elements notwithstanding, the dominant character of Madame Swetchine's salon was that of a "foyer chrétien"—insensibly becoming besides a place whither drifted those in need of sympathy, help or counsel. Her biographer is at pains to disclaim upon her behalf the attitude of a director of consciences; the term disciple would have been abhorrent to her, nor was the vocation of a ruler to her taste. She was, he asserts, the soul of the society she gathered around her, rather than its *docteur*. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*; and the student, whether of her correspondence or her life, can scarcely fail to receive an impression contrary to that M. de Falloux desires to convey. Without, perhaps, deliberate intention—her emphatic deprecation of the habit of leaning upon others for support has been quoted—it can scarcely be denied that she acquired the position of an adviser and guide, "bringing to her inexhaustible affability the sense of a duty. . . . Her sagacity and her experience of the human heart was too great for her not to recognize her authority over so many and diverse hearts and minds." The position was perhaps more possible in Paris and at her day than in our own country and time, when the very

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reputation of a feminine adviser in spiritual matters would tend to give rise to opposition and to alienate rather than to conciliate. If the thing was to be done, Madame Swetchine did it well, without arrogance or pride, with tact, with no desire to acquire or strengthen personal influence, and with amazing patience. Neither sickness, suffering, nor love of study and solitude were permitted to interfere with the claims of the mendicants, rich or poor, who sought her *salon*.

In 1830 the tranquil prosecution of her labours and occupations was disturbed by the Revolution of July. In spite of her interest in political events her attitude was dispassionate and she stood in a manner apart from them. Though a royalist, she perceived that "legitimacy, admitted as a principle, is nevertheless only one point of order," nor was she in favour of a premature attempt to vindicate it. "One should know how to wait," she said, "and leave God to take the initiative."

The dramatic episode of the establishment and suppression of the *Avenir*, followed by the struggle of its promoters with Rome, almost simultaneous with the Revolution, was more interesting to her than any purely political crisis. There is no need to enter into that well-known dispute and its sequel. It was watched by Mme Swetchine with an eager anxiety not only due to its intrinsic importance but to the fact that Lamennais's two most eminent adherents, Lacordaire and Montalembert, were her close friends. The first explicitly attributed to her influence his ultimate submission: "Grâce à vous," he wrote, "j'ai traversé un défilé par où je ne repasserai jamais," adding that, before he had known her, counsel rather than friendship had been lacking. "You are the first who [for ten years] has guided me." Her letters to the young Montalembert, of admonition and remonstrance, are models of plain-speaking and affection combined. If he was unhappy, she did not disguise her conviction that he was partly to blame for it. "You feel yourself arrested in your course, but will not admit that you must retrace your steps."

Will you not [she wrote in November, 1833] repay me all my aspirations, all my prayers? You know whether it is in your power

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to rejoice or grieve me, and I will not believe that in the motherly feelings you have caused me to know, you have only condemned me to the sorrows of Rachel.

Had he been all that he should have been, how much greater an influence would he have exercised over a master—Lamennais—whose arm, like Clorinda's, was strong, but whose heart was weak! If the world judged him severely, she added, with adroit and affectionate flattery, it was a tribute to the hopes and expectations he had raised.

Your conduct, your sentiments, your talents, made you conspicuous. It is for this reason, my poor dear St Sebastian, that you are a mark for all arrows to-day. Men demand that you should render back what they fear to have given too lightly or too soon.

The tone of tender reproof, varied by the somewhat illegitimate argument of personal appeal which betrays the woman, illustrates the writer's method of dealing with those who leant upon her for support. A letter from Lacordaire shows the power she had gained over him.

At the moment of terminating so grave an affair [he wrote in December, 1833] I feel very strongly the need of thanking you for all the counsel—so good and so affectionate—that I have received from you, although possessing no claim to it. I shall remember it all my life. . . . You appeared between the two epochs of my life, so different from one another, as the angel of the Lord appears to a soul floating between life and death, earth and heaven. Once in heaven, one leaves it no more.

The help given and received was the beginning of the friendship lasting till Mme Swetchine's death. Lacordaire, even when the crisis had been passed, was not at the end of his difficulties, and through good report and ill her loving sympathy was ever at the service of a man who stood to her in some sort in the place of a son.

"Je vous félicite," he once wrote, "d'avoir un fils si mauvais que moi." A letter of January, 1837, testifies to the value he placed upon her affection.

I ask you one favour, it is to love me always, and not to weary of the storms of my soul and of my life. . . . As long as your friendship remains to me, I am content. . . . One has always need of a friend, and our Lord Himself had St John.

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Madame Swetchine's response was prompt:

I see, my dear child, that you do not yet know me as I am. You may sadden my heart by entering upon perilous courses, you may cause me disquiet by the precipitation and perhaps the lack of reflection of your first impulses, but I will never give you in pledge to anyone, and so long as you remain faithful and devoted to the Church,* you can neither break our ties nor injure my affection. Wrong-doing, even faults, will never separate me from you. . . . My happiness would have consisted in always approving you; but that is not necessary to my tenderness, and perhaps the violent shocks to which you subject it serve to renew my first adoption with the greater force.

Madame Swetchine was in Paris in 1848 and a spectator of the events of that year, somewhat of the calm of a philosopher mingling with the interest of an eyewitness. Watching the revolutionary spirit spread throughout Europe, she compared the constitutional struggle in England with the forces set loose in France.

What strikes me in the English struggles is something solid in the passions brought into play. You feel that, true or false, the people are up to their necks in them; that they make public matters their own; . . . that the interests they are called upon to defend have been transmitted to them, for the most part, by a great number of generations and have passed into their blood. There is a great difference between this and the factitious superficiality of new constitutions, in which vagueness and the fancy of the moment play so important a part, even when private interest does not decide them. I have certainly no wish to lower France in comparison with her rival, but in the matter of political customs you feel that in England they have become a second and real nature and that in France they are still conventional.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the later portion of Madame Swetchine's life, moving gently on in the channel she had chosen, till, nearing the ocean, "the light upon the shining sea" became more and more visible. If friends died—and they were bitterly regretted—others replaced them; and the young, to whom her heart was ever open, came to fill the gaps. Her *salon* was filled by such

*In the *Life* the proviso is curiously omitted by M. de Falloux, though he allows it to appear in the volume of correspondence.

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men as Eckstein, Auguste Nicolas, de Carné, de Cazalès, Bonetti, Rio, Turquety and others. Lamartine she knew but slightly, yet she possessed the faculty of doing justice to a man from whom she differed, and writing to his wife she paid him a tribute of admiration. "Though belonging to those who are on their guard against idolatry of genius, I am forced to recognize in M. de Lamartine an immense power for good or evil."

In 1850 her husband died suddenly, at the great age of ninety-two, and the companionship of fifty years was ended. Only then, says her biographer, did her friends understand how great was the place he had filled in her life. It may be so; yet a saying of her own recurs to the memory, when she observed that the vacancy caused by death is sometimes larger than had been filled by life. Not many years remained to her. Yet even these were marked by fresh friendships, that in especial with Alexis de Tocqueville being added to the list. Her correspondence with him began in 1855. A year later he was thanking her for a letter in which he, like so many others, had found evidence of an affection at once strengthening and comforting.

I never read you without receiving this double impression [he wrote]. The cause is, I think, above all that your soul is easily moved and your mind restrained and fixed by steady principles. It is this that produces your charm and your power. I wish I profited better by so precious a friendship.

Written to a woman above seventy and in failing health, de Tocqueville's letter bears testimony to the triumph of spirit over body. Scarcely more than a year later the end was to come in serenity and peace.

The story of the closing days, minutely described in a letter from de Falloux to Montalembert, is printed in the *Life*. Whether such intimate revelations, made by a friend to a friend, should be extended to the curious world is a question upon which opinions will differ. Yet if the man who watched her ebbing life was mistaken in yielding to the temptation to lift the veil and invite the public to share his vigil, his partial justification is to be found in the singular attraction with which his picture, painted when

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the memory of what he had witnessed was still fresh and vivid, invests his subject.

As she had lived, so she died, bearing her sufferings with gentle patience, considerate for others, facing the end with courage, surrounded by her friends. Those who watched her marvelled at her powers of endurance. "It is that I am glad," she said lightly; "it is nothing more *malin* than that." The acquaintances to whom her *salon* remained open were left under the impression that she was unconscious of her condition; she was not only fully aware of it but was watching the symptoms with tranquil interest.

I pass extraordinary nights [she told de Falloux]; twenty or thirty people enter my room. I try to make them leave it and cannot succeed. Thereupon I take my part. I converse with them quietly; but I say to them, "I know very well that you are phantoms; I shall survive you."

Lacordaire, in spite of urgent business, had come to Paris at the news of her illness, and remained some days, quitting her, somewhat reassured as to immediate danger, and promising to return speedily. She made no effort to detain him. "What God gave, she blessed Him for; what He did not send her, she refrained from desiring." It is useless to follow the details of her last days—details, it must be reiterated, with which the public have no concern. On the morning of September 10 the end came.

"Voilà l'heure de la messe," she said at half-past five; "il faut qu'on me lève." A few moments later all was over.

"Her last days," says M. de Falloux, "were the crown, the explanation and the résumé of her life."

ROMA SACRA

Principles of Western Civilization. By Benjamin Kidd. London: Macmillan and Co. 1902.

WHETHER history should be written as an empirical register of facts (now termed science), or on lines of grouping and interpretation which would challenge for it a place in literature akin to the drama, has been of late much debated. It is the old controversy about final causes extended to human events. Those learned men who deny that history admits of being so framed, have apparently not taken into account the principle which, foreshadowed by Hegel and applied by Darwin, is everywhere to be seen at work in science itself; I mean that ordered results may, and indeed must, be looked for as issuing from the struggle of elements and species. Biology is nothing if not a search after adaptations which enable organisms to survive. And what is history but a chapter in biology?

Grouping of facts, I say, cannot be avoided; and to group is to explain them as conspiring towards an end, however distant. Man gives the clue, by his nature and endowments, to that vast world preceding him which evolution has begun to marshal on its paths of ascent. Among the tribes of Adam, each seems to have its fate marked in its qualities, though free will is no less evident than destiny. There is a conflict of barbarous with civilized nations; and among the types of culture, ancient, modern, European, Oriental, dramatic situations arise, turning-points are visibly reached, and history affirms moral axioms, though scientific experts may decline to record them.

Within the last decade a question of startling magnitude has forced itself upon our attention, which could never be so much as put into words if history had no purpose. To quote Mr Benjamin Kidd, whose volume was composed in view of it, is the time at hand when we shall have to acknowledge as a mere delusion the idea so ardently cher-

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ished by most of us, that "the future of the world belonged to the Aryan peoples, to the Christian faith, and to our Western civilization"? *

That Europe and America will be required to answer this question proves it to be as real as life, a universe of solid facts beneath it. And that its solution may bring progress or decay in culture along all conceivable lines, should persuade us that facts have in them a moral quality. Which granted, we come back to the thought familiar in old historians, who wrote under a conviction that Providence was working out its plan with mankind for its instrument; or that history, well seen into, is a Bible. Let us lay down, with Mr Kidd, that civilization has principles. These principles are genuine causes, not our fancies about things, but roots and influences from which effects have been derived, and by which to-morrow will be shaped. True it is that our comprehension of them goes but a little way. Nevertheless, on looking back over the ages, we perceive an order of development so clear that we name and sum it up in a few great cities, in certain heroic figures, in epochs which make a story. Babylon is such a name, recently magnified by amazing discoveries. Athens, Jerusalem, Rome, fall into a sequence no less intelligible than satisfactory to the mind in search of order and purpose among the seeming accidents of time. Do we ask if Western civilization must yield to the Japanese? That is all one with asking whether the sequence just indicated has run its course. For Western civilization comes from Rome; and if it passes away Rome will be no more.

These thoughts were not strange to the present writer before he took up Mr Kidd's treatise. The merit of that volume lies chiefly in its attempt to construe facts by illuminating their march from the point of view which Weismann has fixed beyond Darwin. We may explain it thus: Darwin appears to have regarded the struggle for existence as taking place round the actual species, and entirely for their sake—in other words, as Mr Kidd represents him, that struggle aims at the "supremacy of the pre-

* *Principles*, p. 449.

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sent." No variation would be reckoned by Darwin as an advantage in the strife, unless it involved some benefit to the individuals *hic et nunc* making up the group. Such was its entire merit.* But Weismann proved that a much more extensive horizon was demanded; that evolution did, of necessity, look out towards the remote future and must provide for it under penalty of failing altogether; and hence that the individuals who came into consideration were the races yet to be, the majority unseen but none the less potent as final causes on present strivings. Evolution, in short, is not merely a device by which things are kept in equilibrium; it moves onward, and bears all that now is along with it to a further goal, which must have been decided upon in the past, or it would never be attainable. The centre of gravity, therefore, lies outside our actual species, forms, constitutions, systems, as now realized. They should be taken as steps in a movement, not as unchangeable states—as germinal, not as final, and as rudiments of something greater than we know. Our civilization will overcome, the writer maintains, not because it is perfect, but because it exhibits and carries on through the centuries that idea of progress, or of "projected efficiency" which breaks up every closed circle, melts the stereotype, and begins afresh to compete for existence on a higher plane. It is now fronting the yellow races, undaunted. And its standard-bearer is the genius of England (pp. 194-239).

Without committing ourselves to details in Weismann's philosophy, or wholly granting Mr Kidd's anticipation of the Anglo-Saxon triumph, we may put the question in another form, which is becoming more and more a subject of the day to Catholics at large. How does Rome stand in this new dispensation? Christian Rome,—the Rome of the Popes? For it is certain that the civilized world is entering on a phase at once more spacious and more liable to catastrophe than any it has yet gone through. East and West have begun a mighty struggle. The defeat of Europe would mean that Christianity in the

* pp. 34-42.

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social order had failed. As a private religion it would count its votaries; but as a world-power moulding society it would be extinct.

These are not imaginary perils. Japan rooted out its own Christianity by fire and sword. With fleets, armies, and the enthusiasm of *bushido*, may it not prove more than a match for the Western multitudes who believe in no ideals of patriotism, kick at every attempt to bring them under discipline, and live for greed and games? Rome, at all events, holds up still a loftier standard. So does England with its old laws, which have made good their footing in the United States as in the empire of Britain, and which control five hundred and forty millions, who will grow into a thousand millions ere the century ends. Can Rome and England agree? It is, I say it advisedly, the supreme Catholic interest that they should. But if they do not understand each other, they never will. Innumerable points of difference show them at deadly odds. The Englishman charges Rome with superstition, tyranny, a decadent civilization. The Roman retorts that English principles flout authority, breed heresy, are incompatible with St Peter's privileges. Yet between these extremes we, who belong to both worlds, know that a *via media* can be drawn. We glory in our faith; we have learned by fair trial how righteous and how reasonable on the whole is English law. The task of reconciliation lies upon us; in mere outline something of it shall be attempted here. With Rome we begin.

"There is not, and there never was on this earth," says the classic prose, "a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church." But Macaulay turns aside to his pictures and does not examine it. Another historian, Gregorovius, declares that "the origin of Rome from her cradle veiled in legend, and her unrivalled supremacy, will, next to the rise and triumph of the Christian creed, ever be the deepest of historical mysteries." How one city obtained dominion in language, custom and intellect over so many peoples cannot, the German writer affirms, be explained. We are at a

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loss to understand the inner law which governs the fact called Rome.*

Yet Gregorovius perceives that between the Roman spirit and the aim of Christ's followers a singular alliance is discoverable. Rome was the Cosmopolis of the ancient world; Christianity is the centre of all religions. A human or universal idea was common to both. Nor is that all. From the earliest we can glean of its character Rome was a holy city, its politics were consecrated by its pieties, and its government has ever been a Theocracy. We may reckon three Romes—sacerdotal, republican, imperial. Each has ruled the nations in its turn with a rod of iron or of gold; each has contributed to our civilization elements which are still indispensable; and each, under strangely altered forms, is living in the Europe of to-day. Three and yet one, for each passes into the other by subtle gradations, so that while we distinguish we cannot divide them. Consul, Emperor, Pontifex Maximus, have ever shown by their family resemblance that they partake of the same majestic idea; alike they embody and they execute the law of the world-city. In that law they live and move and have their being; apart from it, as individuals, they may appear great, but they are no longer Roman. Cæsar was the "foremost man of all this world"; yet not as "the mightiest Julius," who could fall murdered at Pompey's statue, but as Divus Cæsar, in whom the nations worshipped Rome herself. "Ubi Cæsar, ibi Roma," said the lawyers' maxim. And St Ambrose, "Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia." The parallel is complete. By it we are led into the secret of an adaptation, a taking up into the Christian order of names and powers, so thorough and so exhaustive that even a more sublime mystery will furnish the language wherein to characterize it, "non conversione divinitatis in carnem, sed assumptione humanitatis in Deum."

This analogy will warrant our accepting without fear the phenomena which have been insisted upon, in Middleton's *Letter from Rome* (1729) and repeatedly since, as proving a sort of identity between Pagan and Papal Rome.

* *Rome in the Middle Ages*, 1, 4, Eng. Tr.

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Were it an identity which lowered the Christian to the heathen level, it might embarrass our argument. But it is, on the contrary, a strong ground for believing that the course of events obeys a guiding hand; that the future is prepared from of old. Undoubtedly, the Catholic Church owes its extraordinary persistence in a changing world, among other causes more divine, to the way in which it has made its own the discipline, organization, and legal wisdom of the Roman Empire. Aristotle would see in it a pattern-society, combining what was best from every form. If this be so, there is as little reason to feel shocked when certain religious traits are brought out which we discern previous to Christianity and which it also exhibits, as to deny that the Canon Law borrowed its procedure from the Civil. Theories of development have, at any rate, this advantage: we need not be apprehensive in presence of well-known facts which, on any other hypothesis, would be inexplicable. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself," is not only a principle for theologians, it is a primary historical fact by which we are taught how the foundation-stones of Christendom were laid. Nothing of the past has been squandered. Heathen Rome serves in all its institutions as a prelude to its Catholic successor. And its special contribution was the image of a Theocracy governing by law. This truth, continually forgotten in our school-books, neglected even by serious writers, deserves to be illustrated at some length. In itself it is highly interesting; for the purpose of our present considerations it is all-important.

Athens, we say, is a memory, without pretensions ever again to school mankind from its Acropolis. Jerusalem is the Holy Sepulchre, sacred but dedicated to the past. Rome stands up a living power, precisely because it has never ceased to be a religious fellowship, a Church in the form of a State, whose members were united by one common worship.* That every ancient city had its patron god, its temple, its initiation to social privileges only through rites which bound the people and their god in

* "Templum in modum arcis."—Tac. *Hist.* v, 12.

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the same covenant, while holding aloof the stranger in blood, is undeniable. But whereas all other hieratic States have disappeared in the West, Rome abides. Japan, also, we remark as we move on, is a sacred empire, governed by its dynasty which claims to be the offspring of the gods. But the modern State is, by definition, secular; its constitution tolerates religious differences in express terms; therefore Churches are disestablished, creeds mere private views, styles of worship left to every man's choice, and government professes to be neutral, caring for none of these things at Paris or at Washington. Various other States, as England or Germany, hold a middle course; yet none now excludes a subject from citizenship on the score that he is a Dissenter. Theocracy at one end of the chain of history, the secular State at the other—in that opposition the whole problem comes to light. Hence Mr Spencer affirmed that all government might be traced back to ancestor-worship and implied the rule of the dead; while progress consisted in substituting for that idea the will of the living as determined by their interest.* Distinctions clean-cut in this peremptory way leave much unexplained; nor do they allow for the subtlety of nature, as Bacon warns us, which in man too goes beyond our logic. However, as provisional signposts we may keep them in view.

Ancestor-worship gave to Roman history the framework on which it was wrought, and dictated to its chroniclers their method of narration. Above all, it accounts for the privileges enjoyed by the Supreme Pontiff, by the college over which he presided, and by the Emperor in whom his prerogatives were finally absorbed. When Virgil chanted the *Æneid* and Livy composed his picturesque pages, the destiny of Rome was, in their eyes, fulfilled augury. Their attitude reminds us of Christian apologists dealing with our Old Testament: the poems and the speeches are conceived retrospectively, as though the mighty world-events had cast their shadow upon the imagination of earlier centuries advancing to meet them. Providence, the Augustan writers feel, was with Rome

* *Principles of Sociology*, secs 68-207.

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from the first. But it was a long while since that thought had taken hold of men's minds. We meet with it in Polybius (140 B.C.), the Greek counterfoil to Gibbon, as he looks on the upward march of Rome to universal sovereignty. Of the Roman constitution he writes, "It deserves the pre-eminence as comprehending divine things; that which others condemn I regard as the mainstay of the Roman Republic, viz., a superstitious fear of the gods." Polybius guided Cicero in his speculations on the meaning and fortunes of the Empire-City; while he taught Livy, who was no great philosopher, how to invest his fine rhetorical exercises with an air which we may term prophetic. Once realized, the mission of Rome is a keynote struck incessantly by authors as unlike as Josephus is to Plutarch, as Marcus the Emperor is to Augustine the Christian Father. But for all, without exception, it involves or it leads up to a sacred history.*

Livy himself is the more remarkable in that he affects a disdain for superstition, echoing Polybius; yet, though he will not pin his faith to the legends, he is compelled to narrate them in all their miraculous details. They are intertwined with every part of the political edifice. At home and abroad the auguries determine how generals and statesmen shall act. Rome is, to the letter, founded on them.† And its rise, its supremacy, are decreed in consequence. "If any people," says the historian in his Preface, "might be suffered to attribute their origin to the gods, such is the warlike fame of the Romans that when they call Mars their father and parent of their founder, mankind should be as patient under this allegation as they are submissive to the Empire."

In fact, the earlier legend of Romulus, native to the soil, and the later one of Æneas, by which the Julian family was glorified, did establish themselves firmly in the people's heart; they furnished matter for mythologies and poetic enterprises; together they made a sort of Roman

* Polybius, vi, 56.

† "Urbem auspicio inauguratoque conditam habemus; nullus locus in ea non religionum deorumque est plenus."—Livy, v, 52.

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Scripture. We must not dream that to the citizens of old these were fictions in which they never seriously believed. To long generations that which Livy narrates with a smile was (in our familiar phrase) as true as Gospel. And so they held Romulus Quirinus to be "a god born of a god, the King and Father of Rome," who was taken up in a cloud to heaven (Livy i, 16). He was, emphatically, the "Pater Romanus," in whom the attributes of Mars and Jupiter were blended. He would endure as long as the Tarpeian rock. Thus Virgil sings:

Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.*

Numa, the priest-king, did but complete by his sacred institutions the work which Romulus, "best of augurs," had begun. His flamens, vestals, pontifices, were all created by divine inspiration (Livy, i, 19-22). The city flourished while it obeyed the gods, declined when it forgot them, was destroyed by the Gauls in consequence of a judgement from on high. So Camillus argues in the fervent harangue composed for him by the historian, and to be compared with the funeral oration of Pericles, where he blazes up like a Hebrew prophet in denouncing the national sin, if the Romans should forsake their own deities and migrate to Veii. Let them dare that sacrilege, he exclaimed, and they would renounce the empire of the world (Ibid. v, 51-55).

This religion was, therefore, like Janus, doublefaced,—a system of rites and a State policy. It was magic rather than morals; omens and auguries, not sermons or ethical teaching; but, above all, it was ancestor-worship. Rome, as a city, was guarded by the Manes; by the ghost of Remus, sacrificed in its pomerium; by the gods who included every dead patrician, according to the law of the Twelve Tables, "Deorum Manium jura sancta sunt; hos leto datos divos habento." The family, no less than the city, depended for its existence on a rigid observance of ancestral sacrifices; and those images, blackened by their

* *Æneid.* ix, 448. Commentators think the "Roman Father" may be Augustus as head of the Senate; but the allusive style of Virgil includes gods and men under one image.

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smoke, which stood in the atrium, were household gods, not merely portraits witnessing to a long pedigree.* Rome had its secret name, never to be divulged; its everlasting fire tended by the Vestals; its Palladium, the pledge of a supernatural presence and protection. Over all these complicated rites, laws, usages, institutions, the Pontifex Maximus presided.† The Etruscans, most religious of tribes, taught and practised for the benefit of their Roman disciples the whole mystery which was concerned with propitiating heavenly powers. And these, observe, were the first duties incumbent on the State, neglect of which had repeatedly drawn down calamities so notorious that even sceptics like Cicero, who laughed at divination, could not explain them away.‡

To be a Roman citizen was, then, as strictly a religious privilege as to be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis. During four hundred and fifty years (down to 300 B.C.) the patrician gentes formed the State, the Patres Conscripti the Senate. So long as no plebeian could take the auspices, caste ruled; for religion alone gave a right to exercise authority, and religion belonged to the clan. In 300 B.C. the Ogulnian law threw open the sacred college of augurs and the priesthoods to the Roman plebs. That was their enfranchisement. By sharing the religion of the Patres they became full citizens. Until then, every effort which they made to win equality was resented as a sacrilege, a horrid confounding of things sacred and profane, which if permitted would bring down vengeance from the gods upon a faithless people.§

By and by the Republic fell. An Imperial dynasty sprang up, and with it a sacred legend, that of the godlike Æneas, whom Venus bore to Anchises as Rhea Silvia had borne Romulus to Mars. Julius Cæsar, their descendant, among his many functions, discharged the office of Supreme Pontiff. His successors in the Empire were not always Consuls; but the dignity of this high priesthood they never gave to another; it remained in their hands

* Pliny, xxxv, 2; Seneca, *De Benef.* III, 28.

† *De Divinatione*, I, 40-49; II, 25.

‡ Cic. *De Legibus*, II, 8, 12.

§ Livy, IV, 2; VI, 41; X, 6.

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until the Christian Emperor Theodosius resigned it. Under Augustus a great religious revival took place. We may compare him from this point of view with Napoleon, who in features also was marvellously like him. Both were profoundly indifferent to spiritual things; both re-established the Church after an era of revolutions; and both acted from motives of State policy.* Napoleon found a herald of his fame in Chateaubriand, Augustus in Virgil. The *Génie du Christianisme* pleads for the Middle Ages on grounds of sentiment, of art and letters, of piety and romance, in a tender vein. It is all reminiscence. And the *Æneid* owes much of its charm to the poet's musings on a legendary past. He dwells with devout rapture on the Mother-City—"rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma," we read in the *Georgics* (ii, 534)—on the Italian shrines and the Tuscan Tiber, that holy stream. He tells us of the Cumæan Sibyl; unrolls in his Sixth Book a splendid Roman Apocalypse; and celebrates the new divine era which the line of Julius had inaugurated. To Virgil, we need not shrink from saying, Rome was the City of God. His Fourth Eclogue, with little change, became an English poem exalting the Messiah. It was certainly derived, through the Jewish Sibylline verses, from the Old Testament.

But Virgil, whosoever the "child of the golden age" might be, was thinking of Augustus, described on his own medals as "Divi Filius," worshipped by Asiatics as a god, and chosen, according to popular repute, for his unique distinction by signs and wonders.† His very title, Augustus, meant "Holy Father"; it was not so much political as priestly; "sancta vocant augusta patres," we learn from Ovid; and its connection with taking the auguries cannot be doubted. The Emperor henceforth became a divine person; his house on the Palatine was a temple in its secluded part, his daily service a ritual. Incense was offered to him, the sacred fire borne before him. Living he was adored, and dying was translated to the Senate of the gods. He was Divus Cæsar. From Caius Julius to Diocletian

* See the principle in Cic. *De Nat. Deorum*, ii, 3.

† Suetonius, *Octav.* 94.

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fifty-three apotheoses of dead Roman great ones are on record. They include fifteen women, among them Livia and Faustina, to the latter of whom a temple in the Forum was dedicated, now known as San Lorenzo in Miranda. The Augustales, an order of priests who performed the worship of Augustus, were numerous and highly regarded. They have left memorials in East and West. Living Emperors were thought to be incarnations of the special divinities to whom they practised their devotions, and Augustus was Apollo.

All this cannot but strike the modern reader as something extraordinary; he is at a loss what to make of it. When, for instance, he opens Lucan's *Pharsalia* (i, 33-66), he lights upon an invocation of the god Nero, then alive, so fulsome in its language that, coming as it does from a passionate admirer of the old Republican freedom, he will suspect it to be fiercely ironical. Elsewhere, indeed, Lucan scorns the practice of deifying men, "Romanorum Manes calcate Deorum" (vi, 809; ix, 603). Yet such enormous flattery was popular; and Virgil had almost equalled it by anticipation in addressing Augustus (*Georgics*, i, 26-42). All other deities yield place to Cæsar in the heavens, and on earth he is entreated, "votis jam nunc adsuesce vocari." Horace writes in a similar strain,

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras.*

In early ages the Roman oath was, "per Jovem Lapidem"; men swore by the stone Jupiter of the Capitol. Now they swear by the Emperor; and Oriental cities contend with one another in setting up altars to him. The prosaic Pliny accommodates to Trajan, a Spaniard, all that the poet Lucan had sung of Nero's predestined godhead. We learn from Tacitus that Rubrius underwent a criminal charge as having "perjured himself in the name of Augustus," on which occasion Tiberius remarked that such a false oath was equal to deceiving Jupiter, but, however, "deorum injuriæ diis curæ" (*Annals*, i, 73).

* Epist. ii, 1, 15.

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It is worth while, moreover, to observe that Augustus, on becoming Pontifex Maximus, in B.C. 12, collected and revised the Sibylline books, which served as the Roman Bible, burning over two thousand other sacred volumes, and consigning those which he approved in golden coffers to the temple of Apollo. "Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum," says Horace, in the Epistle quoted above. These were the *Chronicles*, which recorded feasts, portents, prophecies, and which Augustus burnt. He was intent on putting down foreign rites in Rome, and bringing back the native worship to a grand patriotic form; but all he could do proved ineffectual as a defence against invasion from the East. The local religion could not expand to the greatness of the Empire.

Now we may grasp what the new rite of deification really meant. Lucan in bitter verses complains that after the civil wars which destroyed so many thousands of true Romans, a cosmopolitan city was growing up, which adored Cæsar (i, 511; vii, 404, 542). The vile custom was familiar to these immigrants. "From Syria and Asia Minor, but above all from Egypt," says a recent writer, "came the Oriental cults of excitement and mystery, with their orgies, initiations, mutilations, and symbolisms; and crowds were drawn after them." Rome had always cherished a stubborn dislike of these secret midnight worships, yet once and again had admitted them within her gates. Livy tells in an awe-struck tone the frightful story of the Bacchanalians, whom the State suppressed violently in 186 B.C. (xxxii, 8-19). Yet in obedience to an oracle, the great Mother Cybele, whose rites were even more shocking, had been translated from Pessinus, and her shrine was afterwards erected on the Vatican slope, not far from where St Peter's now stands (Livy, xxix, 11-14). As Italians became more convinced that their ancestors were Greeks or Trojans, and the myth of Æneas connected Rome with Phrygia, this dark Eastern colour spread over their primitive nature-worship; the insignificant or ridiculous gods who possessed no legends fell into oblivion; orgiastic cults, severe yet sensual, won innumerable

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adepts; and the Imperial city gave itself up to strange religions. The Syrian Orontes flowed into the Tiber, said Juvenal in a thrice famous line. Had he come upon a little Greek volume by one Lucas or Lucanus, dated before his own *Satires*, he would have read there about certain Jewish sectaries, who on the banks of the Orontes were first called Christians, and whose leaders were finding disciples in Rome.

When, therefore, the indigenous populations had been eaten up by war and the great houses by luxury; when slaves in thousands filled the palaces or cultivated the villas of new-made nobles; when freedmen and their sons governed the Senate, and foreigners were called into it;* when the Empire was given by soldiers from every province to a Spaniard, an African, or a Syrian; when the auguries were mocked, and unbelief was fashionable, and superstition like a fungus grew out of all this decay, it could no longer be imagined that the hard, uninspiring, purely formal incantations and ceremonies, which the Pontiffs went through with a smile, had any life left in them. A world State demanded a universal religion. The only question seemed to be, which of the Oriental cults now domiciled at the foot of the Capitol would mount up thither and fling down from his rocky throne Jupiter Optimus Maximus.

For a while it appeared as if the worship of Rome herself might suffice. Dea Roma, Divus Cæsar, were names of majesty. Together they furnished an ideal and a presence not unlike the object which modern Frenchmen, disciples of Comte, would have us adore—Humanity in its collective yet personified form. We must not disdain the notion as fanciful. Rome held in the minds of millions a place resembling that which the British Raj occupies in the thoughts of Hindu myriads to-day. These nations continue to serve their gods; but high above all gods towers the victor who has led them captive, and whom they dare not even curse. He is greater than Shiva, Lord of death;

* See the harangue of Claudius advocating these measures in Tacitus, *Annals*, xi, 25.

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more to be feared than a whole Pantheon of many-limbed deities. Such was Rome when she kept the peace from the Euphrates to Ultima Thule. The Spanish-Latin poet, Martial, writing under Trajan, echoes a world-wide sentiment, "Rome is the goddess of all lands, all nations; like unto her there is none equal, nay, no second." Patriotism, culture, and religion looked up to the Capitol as their source and centre (Martial, xii, 8).

Two gifts exceedingly diverse in their nature have come to Europeans from the East,—we mean religion and luxury. Rome, in adopting the Trojan legend, was by the Greeks of Asia confounded with Cybele, the "Mighty Mother," and appears in her image, wearing a crown of towers, "turrigero canas effundens vertice crines" (Lucan, i, 188). An astonishing page of Tacitus (*Annals*, iv, 56) shows us eleven Asiatic cities contending before Tiberius as to which of them might be allowed to set up a temple in his honour. The Smyrneans declared that they had been the earliest to worship Rome, during the second Punic war, and their argument carried the day. Augustus, though affecting the insignia by which Apollo was known, and ready to be called his son, would not accept divine homage unless Rome were joined with him. It was done at Pergamum and Nicomedia; while Cæsar in conjunction with Rome had shrines at Nicæa and Ephesus, where no Roman citizen might serve as the priest. The twofold cultus extended far and wide. It was a favour to be entreated from the Senate and brought large expense, with its troops of clergy, set feasts, games, and public inscriptions. Hadrian, that curious decadent who restored Agrippa's Pantheon, set up not far from the Colosseum a magnificent double temple to Venus and Rome, the empty platform of which is yet conspicuous near the Via Sacra. "This sumptuous building," says Gregorovius, "with its immense Corinthian pillars and gilded roof, was counted among the chief ornaments of Rome." The city now worshipped itself. And Emperors like Caligula, tainted with madness, presumed to take their seat by the statue of Capitoline Jove. In Martial's *Epigrams* the ordinary title

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of Domitian is "Dominus et Deus Noster." That came to be fulfilled which Tacitus had been assured was made a charge against the dead Augustus, of having "left no honour to the gods in his ambition to be adored, under their names and images, by flamens and priests" (*Annals*, i, 10).

But Roman pride, which detested every association it had not sanctioned, and which delighted in bringing to the city captive gods as well as nations, was captured in turn. For the religion of Italy could not hold out against Greek mythologies and Eastern superstitions. The Emperors gave way at an early date. It now seems a miracle (as in fact it was) that the cult of the Egyptian Isis or the Persian Mithras did not usurp the place of a universal Church, before Christianity had made converts enough to undertake its destined enterprise. Tiberius, indeed, banished to Sardinia four thousand Jews and worshippers of the Nile-goddess; others were to leave Italy if they would not give up their "profane rites."* But the people, who went headlong after every kind of sorcery and juggling, proved too strong for Emperor and Senate. In a little while the Cæsars themselves were found officiating at strange altars. What is now called faith-healing played no second part in the lugubrious comedy of which these ancient but still imposing rites were an exhibition. Isis Salutaris, the Health-giver, absorbed into her motherhood Demeter, Persephone, Cybele, Astarte, whom Nero adored; she became the Divine Mystery, "None hath lifted my veil"; all forms of worship, all powers of good and evil, were swallowed up in her pervading syncretism.† And she reckoned her votaries from Ethiopia to the uttermost bounds of the Empire, as inscriptions declare. Osiris, Serapis, followed in her train. Egypt overshadowed Rome.

So numerous were the adepts of Isis that Otho the Emperor, when he would escape, put on the robes worn by her priests. He had mingled with them in solemn festivals. Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, and even Alexander Severus, performed sacrifices to her. Serapis, according to

* Tacitus, *Annals*, II, 85.

† Plutarch, *De Iside*, etc., 337, c.

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Julian, was at once Zeus, Hades, and the sun-god. How many new ingredients are here combined for a fresh intoxication! Secret doctrines, marvellous cures, repentance, cleansing from guilt, communion with transcendent beings, glimpses into a hidden realm where the elect should be happy evermore. To Cybele or Cœlestis belonged the frightful baptism of blood known as the taurobolium, which conferred a plenary indulgence for all past crimes. But Isis had lights, lustral waters, sacred banquets also,—a discipline of the severest, and something lawless to be gained thereby. Magic or theurgy furnished the bait which these superstitions held out in a city, now beyond all we can imagine transmuted from old Roman to an Oriental and slave-ridden metropolis.*

In saying that the native tradition had lost power with Italians, we do not overlook that wonderful recovery of itself from degradation in public life as in literature which Rome accomplished when our second century opens. A more striking instance of reaction, equal in its effects almost to a new creation, it would be hard to find. Names like Tacitus, Juvenal, Pliny the Younger, Plutarch, Fronto and Marcus Aurelius, adorn a genuine reformation in morals, disclose such depths of meditation, and so frequently are associated with spiritual insight, as to have led some of the Christian Fathers to suspect that the Gospel was not unknown to the heroes of the Silver Age. That inference would not now be drawn by any critic. Seneca's *Letters to Lucilius* abound in the wisdom upon which Marcus the Emperor acted. Plutarch at Delphi wrought his philosophy of reconciliation among subsisting rites from materials close at hand, by fusion of authorities whom he cites or implies, but none Hebrew, much less Christian. Apuleius, travelling the Empire, worships at all shrines, but his Lucius ends significantly as a priest of Isis in Rome, where the college and fane established under Sulla had, after violent suppressions, been tolerated. "Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin," cried Lucan, apostrophizing Egypt (viii, 831). Stoic or eclectic reason-

* Döllinger, *The Gentile and the Jew*, Eng. Tr., II, 137-181.

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ing could and did construct a diagram of religion which, being abstract, was universal. But how should this mere formula win the multitude? In Seneca it is already fatigued; in the *Commentaries* of Marcus it breeds a killing sadness. Any superstition, however wild, was more likely to bear the race onward than such dreary ethics.

And so the Emperors themselves, however philosophical, plunged into Eastern idolatries. Rome, as we see on Hadrian's coins, was called the Eternal City. The court and the men of letters cultivated Latin for a while. That immortal achievement, the codifying of Roman jurisprudence, illustrates the period of the Antonines. The Empire was at peace. Never had the divinity of the goddess Roma been more fully recognized by her subjects, or even by the Northern tribes which were preparing to descend upon her treasures. It is in the hundred years between Nero and Commodus that the city becomes ecumenical and its charm so potent on the minds of our ancestors as never since to have been utterly broken. A religious charm, for the supreme impression given was of Holy Rome, "the most religious city in the world," with its two hundred and sixty-five parishes or *Vici*, each a devout corporation, as ordained by Augustus; its shrines of all gods, looking up to the new Capitol which had succeeded the old one, burnt in 69 A.D.; its consecrated walls dating from Servius Tullius; its crowds of priests, endless festivals, and most solemn sacrifices at which the Emperor led the ceremonies and chanted the prayers, himself girt about with ritual as a divine being. One hundred and thirty-five holidays of obligation were still kept by Marcus Aurelius in the calendar, though their number had been reduced. As no spot in Rome was without its pious memories, and every street had its tutelar genius, so every second or third day the people knew where a yearly service to some god would be celebrated. Above all appeared the priest-king, in whom Empire, Republic, law and tradition, were personified.*

Yet this august figure bowed to the incoming super-

* J. H. Middleton, *The Remains of Ancient Rome*.

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stitutions. Hadrian, wherever he went, took part in the local rites. His apotheosis of the Bithynian youth, Antinous, filled Egypt with temples and gave rise to a long-enduring cult. Marcus Aurelius, holding as Plutarch did that every ancient custom had a sound meaning, restored the solemnities of Isis; called to Rome priests from all parts of the Empire, who should offer sacrifice when he was setting out for his campaign on the Danube; was known to be a worshipper of Serapis; and in the Egyptian temples which he entered was beheld at his devotions. So little did the austere purity of his private thoughts avail to stem the torrent pouring in over civilized mankind from the "barbarous East." His untamed son, Commodus, became a priest of Mithras, Isis, Anubis, and sacrificed to them publicly. And Caracalla, fleeing from his conscience after the assassination of Geta, had recourse to strange rites in his wanderings from Gaul to the Euphrates.

But we reach a climax when his successor, alleged to be his son, comes forth as Elegabalus, priest of Baal or the sun at Emesa in Syria, who planted the symbol of his god upon the Capitol. This Eastern lad, with painted eyebrows, wearing a mitre and vestments falling to his ankles, practising the most infamous forms of orgiastic worship, was received with adulation by the people, reigned nearly four years, and, so far as we can tell, did not perish because of his extravagant superstition, which the Roman soldiers had even admired. The palace and the camp were debauched by long familiarity with subject Eastern races. That corruption fell upon the armies and their generals of which, many centuries later, we find evidence during not unlike circumstances, when rude medieval crusaders were overcome by Saracen refinements. To one priest of Baal succeeded another, but a better man, Alexander Severus. Of him it is on record that among the divine heroes whom he worshipped in his private chapel were Abraham and Christ. The warning is significant. When less than a hundred years should have gone by, it would be made clear that neither Isis, nor Mithras, nor any of the former deities, could be identified

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with a truly Catholic religion. They had been given their chance, and all had failed. The West lay open to be conquered by a new faith.

Rome completed its cycle of a thousand years under Philip the Arabian, and wrote "Æternitati" on its medals. Decius made a desperate effort to breathe life into a dead worship; Diocletian struck at the Christians throughout the Empire. But, amid so much that was uncertain, two things could not be questioned. The political centre of gravity had been carried eastward; the Roman people were extinct. Hope of the future, statesmen were beginning to feel, there was none except in the Christians who now filled so many high places, and in the Barbarians as long as they could be recruited for the Roman service. Divus Cæsar must become a Christian.

Looking back, we perceive that Rome had fulfilled the Virgilian behest, compelling the nations by her rule to live in peace, and, by her law, dispensing justice with a large sense of equity. As the chief centre of religion she had reduced the local gods everywhere to impotence, but could only substitute herself for them,—one idol instead of ten thousand. She had not the genius which strikes out new lines; and she became under the five good Emperors a fixed or even a closed State, beautiful to see, but without hope, resigned in a certain splendid way to the euthanasia which her philosophic Marcus preached. But the world was not ready for the funeral-pyre. Where could a principle of progress be found? Not in the Roman jurisprudence, which though it had slowly arrived at a conception of man as man, was from the nature of the case occupied with precedents, and had its view directed towards the past. Lawyers are never prophets. Again, not in the Roman religion, which was only another form of political practice, concerned with Cæsar's prerogatives as summing up in himself the Imperium. But when Cæsar became Elegabalus, the reduction of his divinity to the grotesque was inevitable. And the military chiefs who followed from Maximin to Diocletian were soldiers without ideals. The past, therefore, instead of giving inspiration, lay heavy on the

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present; it could neither anticipate nor guide the future. Euthanasia was the mildest fate in store for Rome.

One way of escape lay open : if the city which had taken to its heart Greek ideas in morals, which had assimilated Eastern systems of worship, and which had, nevertheless, preserved its own genius, though overlaid with foreign innovations, could now accept the Christian creed. Christianity was young, full of vigour, forward-looking, sure of its principles. Its gaze went beyond the Roman horizon; it appealed to something which force could not subdue, nor legislation exhaust; it relied on the freedom of the spirit, and knew how to create individual character. It was not bound to a single type. The State which it formed must be progressive. Thus it would break the enchanted ring within which Rome, like the dying gladiator, saw itself doomed to perish. The future would be assured, the past no longer a burden, if Christ reigned instead of Cæsar and the Cross were lifted up as the Roman standard. But who, in this new world, should be Pontifex Maximus? On the answer to that enquiry European progress would depend. Not only religion, but law and culture, were to pass under his rule. In Rome he would consecrate the past; but his miraculous achievement, as all men grant, was to be the Christendom of the future. We owe our civilization to the Pope. Can it survive without him?

WILLIAM BARRY

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE:

As Critic and Man of Letters

Évolution des Genres. Paris: Hachette. 1890.

Évolution de la Poésie lyrique en France. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette. 1893.

Études critiques. 6me et 7me séries. Hachette. 1895, 1899.

Essais sur la Littérature contemporaine. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1892.

Manual of the History of French Literature. London: Fisher Unwin. 1898.

Discours de Combat. 13me éd. 1re série. Paris: Perrin. (First published 1896.)

ON August 2, 1870, the Franco-German war was opened at Saarbrücken, and before a week had elapsed the armies of France were in full retreat; Bazaine with 170,000 men was locked up in Metz, Napoleon III surrendered his sword at Sedan, and the Second Empire died amidst the flames of battle. On September 6 the patriotic spirits of Paris prepared for the terrible siege that was to follow, while certain dilettanti headed by Renan mocked their enthusiasm and banqueted at Brébant's. This banquet was to become famous in after times. A call for vengeance on the invader was interrupted by Renan, who sprang to his feet and cried, "Perish France, perish our country! Above it all is the kingdom of Duty and Reason."

At that very moment a young man had enrolled himself in the army that was to defend Paris. Pure and noble patriotism was the animating motive; for defective eyesight had exempted him from the obligation to military service. This man was Ferdinand Brunetière, the greatest of modern French critics, "the most intellectual man of the nineteenth century," according to Tolstoi. Beside him on the ramparts of Paris fought Coppée, Daudet, Theuriet,

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Houssaye and Regnault, whilst Renan, Scherer, Gautier, Paul de Saint-Victor and the Goncourts regaled themselves with choice meats and cosmopolitan theories at Brébant's.

These incidents show us the condition of literary France at that critical moment, and reveal the grim fighter who was to defend during thirty-one years the purity and nationality of French literature against all new-fangled, dilettante and unnational ideals. They give us a glimpse of the militant critic who was to raise up and crush down more enemies than any other writer in ancient or modern times. Brunetière of the sword was conquered by the Germans; Brunetière of the pen humbled all enemies.

At the close of the war Brunetière was on the pavements of Paris without fortune and without friends, meditating on the Struggle for Life and the Survival of the Fittest. He was destined to illustrate this doctrine of Darwin in his own chequered career, and to use it as a canon of criticism in the examination of literary species. A stranger in a heartless city, Brunetière began the bitter struggle for life by giving private lessons and by acting as paid clapper in the theatres; but he sowed the seeds of knowledge in odd moments snatched from sleep and the play, and the seeds brought forth a golden harvest that made him rich in thought, if not in money. He had the proverbial attic of the poor author in the Latin Quarter, where the angel of fortune visited him in 1875, and offered the post of literary critic to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Then began the fierce war against Zola and realism which came to a close in 1887, with the famous article "La Banqueroute du Naturalisme." In 1886 he was appointed Maître de Conférences at the École Normale Supérieure, though he had failed in 1869 to qualify at the entrance examination to this school. In 1893 he was elected a member of the French Academy, and was appointed editor-in-chief of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From this year dates his evolution towards Catholicism, which culminated in his great lecture, "Raisons actuelles de croire," delivered on November 8, 1900, at Lille, before

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seven thousand persons. On December 9, 1906, France lost her great critic, her great Nationalist and her great Catholic.

To examine the many aspects of this versatile man-of-letters would exceed the scope of this article; but a few general principles bind and unify the heterogeneous mass of his writings. The reader who has thoroughly grasped Brunetière's views on impersonality and individualism, on the absolute and the relative, on tradition and change, has found the key to his critical armoury. It may seem a large order to master these groups of abstract and contrary terms; but they are not irreducible, as will presently be seen. For Brunetière all French literature may be reduced to three great epochs, which are marked respectively with the characters of subjectivism, objectivism and idealism. Romantic literature is subjective, personal, introspective; the writer proclaims his freedom from all laws except the faithful revelation of his own personality. Naturalism was a reaction against this form, and is characterized by an absolute subordination of the author to nature; it is impersonal, scientific, objective. The seventeenth century, the golden age for Brunetière, has the stamp of idealism upon its forehead; it preserves a happy balance between subjective and objective elements. The transitions from epoch to epoch he has shown in a masterly manner, making this evolution a distinctive feature of his *Manual of French Literature*.

Naturalism was supreme when Brunetière suddenly appeared as a new prophet who denounced with virulence the present and glorified with fervour the past. He preached a return to the laws that governed the seventeenth century, "le grand siècle du Grand Monarque." In his *Esthétique de Boileau** he shows the object of art in that period to be an idealized imitation of human nature, a beautified reproduction of what is universal, permanent and absolute in man. For Boileau as for Pope "the proper study of mankind is man"; but it is the eternal aspect of man that must be disengaged from all transitory and par-

* *Etudes critiques*, série 6me, éd. 2me. Paris: Hachette. 1905.

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ticular elements. It is this "eternal aspect" that constitutes the "essential character" of a literary work, which Taine in after years formulated as a fundamental criterion, thinking he had made some new discovery. And this imitation of nature, with a touch of the personal or subjective element, is the true object of art for Boileau. But Boileau had not the essential equilibrium of the faculties, and therefore he did not look for this balance in others. It is for this reason that he is condemned by his most illustrious descendant. Brunetière's own canon of criticism, the classic norma, as found in the English edition of his essay on Classicism and Romanticism, is as follows:

What properly constitutes a classic is the equilibrium in him of all the faculties that go to make the perfection of the work of art, a healthiness of mind, just as healthiness of body is the equilibrium of the forces that resist death. A classic is a classic, because in him all the faculties find their legitimate function—without imagination overstepping reason, without logic impeding the flight of the imagination, without sentiment encroaching on the rights of good sense, without the matter allowing itself to be despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form, and without the form ever usurping an interest that should belong only to the matter.*

We may distinguish three parts in this canon of criticism—matter and form, the creative faculties, and their equilibrium. The principles are not original. Aristotle had implicitly expressed them in his philosophy of æsthetic pleasure; the great physiologist, Bichat, had defined life as the "equilibrium of the forces that resist death"; and a brilliant but little-known French writer had based a whole theory of literature on the just balance of the faculties. Again, Brunetière only mentions three faculties—the mind, the imagination and the sensibility. The ear, however, is implicitly mentioned when he refers to the "charm of the form"; and the will, as guardian of morality and "high seriousness," kept watch over all his criticism. Yet another point is suggested by this law of

**Essays in French Literature*, Fisher Unwin. *Études critiques*, série 3me.

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taste. All art, and therefore literature, may be defined objectively as the creation of the beautiful (*réalisation de la beauté*) and subjectively as the creation of æsthetic pleasure. In other words, if you look at a masterpiece as an absolute reality without relation to the author or reader, it is a correct fusion of matter and form, a balanced expression of the beautiful; if you examine it in relation to the reader, it is that which causes balanced æsthetic pleasure; if you watch its genesis, you will see the balanced action of the creative faculties.

Now the literary work, which is a harmonious fusion of matter and form, will always produce a harmonious stimulation of the reader according to the essential hierarchy of the faculties; the appeal made to his animal nature will always be subordinate to the appeal made to his higher humanity. The *quality* of the æsthetic pleasure aroused will be noble, elevating and serious; it will give that "solace, sustainment and inspiration"* which Mr J. Churton Collins demands of the highest poetry. But the *quantity* of pleasure will vary according to the mental and moral equipoise of the reader. The whole philosophy of Brunetière's criticism may be based upon this subtle distinction between the quality and the quantity of pleasure. A masterpiece would produce this emotion, perfect in quality and quantity, on the ideal man, on the critic balanced by nature and refined by education, on the critic who is an embodiment of "sweetness and light" as interpreted by Matthew Arnold. Just as the man of trained judgement and disciplined will becomes the "standard and the law" of right for Aristotle, so the man of balanced faculties becomes the law of taste for Brunetière. But such a critic is not found on the highways of literature. He is as rare as the great auk or the dodo. The deficiencies of nature, therefore, must be filled up, and for this Brunetière demands a thorough education in the school of the seventeenth century and the just application of principles learned in this school. We have quoted the classic law—equilibrium of the faculties—which he has drawn from

* *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*. George Bell and Sons. 1906.

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this source. Let us see how he applies it to three great schools—the romantic, the impressionist and the school of “art for art’s sake.”

About the beginning of the nineteenth century an unknown spirit suddenly appeared in Europe, laid a spell on the dying literatures, and quickened them into new life. It was called Romanticism, and different writers gave to it different interpretations. Its characteristics may seem neither elusive nor shadowy; but to bring them all under one head has not been found easy. Many attempts were made, and many failures registered. “The name *romantic*,” says Madame de Staël, “has been introduced into Germany to designate that poetry which has sprung from the songs of the troubadours, that poetry which has been born of chivalry and Christianity.”* Schlegel, writing on the same subject, says, “The spirit of ancient art and poetry is *plastic*, but that of the modern *picturesque*.”† Professor Caird gives as primal element “the interpretation of nature,” whilst Mr Beers in his *History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*‡ defends his conception of romanticism as being essentially a “revival of interest in the mediæval past.” “The renaissance of wonder” is the suggestive label of Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton; an “extraordinary development of the imaginative sensibility” is the phrase of Professor Herford. Want of comprehensiveness is the chief objection brought against these formulæ; authors have been called up who could not be ranged under them. They are, however, most elastic; and in dexterous hands they can be drawn out to enfold many seeming exceptions. But, perhaps, Brunetière has diagnosed the essence of romanticism more clearly than any other writer. It is a favourite question with him.

Romanticism [he says in his *Manual of the History of French Literature*] is above everything else the triumph in literature and art of individualism, the entire and absolute emancipation of the Ego. . . Each of us according to the Romanticists is his own undisputed master. The artist and poet, as such, are subject but to one

* *L'Allemagne*. † *Dramatic Literature*. Henry S. Bohn. London. 1846.

‡ Kegan Paul, London.

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law; it is incumbent on them to reveal themselves in their works. . . The truth is that all the other matters about which so much noise was made—hostility to classicism, liberty, truth in art, local colour, the imitation of foreign literatures—merely served to cover or disguise the primary preoccupation of the period, which was self-exhibition.*

Romantic literature, therefore, is subjective, personal, introspective, lyrical. Brunetière has not arrived at this explanation of romanticism by a detached study of some few representative writers. He has shown in his *Manual* that these characteristics are the climax of a long process of evolution from the impersonal and traditional elements of classicism, and then on beyond romanticism he has carried the development to naturalism and the social character of modern times.

But why has Brunetière condemned romanticism? Because each particular writer of this school constituted himself the measure of things, and his work could not therefore bear the essential character of a classic—equilibrium of the faculties. Man the measure of all things—*πάντων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος*—if you like; but it is the ideal man, the balanced and trained man, who is the “standard and the law” of taste; it is the man in whom “all the faculties find their legitimate function”; and we have already stated that such a literary abstraction is a *rara avis* in the world of letters. Indeed a genius is generally one in whom some mental or moral force predominates and destroys the equipoise. A few examples will explain. If the imagination predominates in a romantic poet, it will also predominate in his writings; for he obeys no law, according to Brunetière, except the faithful revelation of his own personality. Such was Victor Hugo. If the sensibility, the passions, the emotions, lord it over the other faculties, they will assert their sovereignty also in the literary work, and create a morbid sentimentality. Such was Rousseau. If the exigencies of the will, the interdependence of art and morals, are not respected, then an elevating and ennobling character will not stamp the book—“reason and the will

* pp. 427-429.

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of God will not prevail." Such was Alfred de Musset. Romantic literature, therefore, was condemned by Brunetière because the writers of that school sought above everything else the manifestation of their own personalities, because they did not recognize as a supreme test the harmonious expression of all the faculties.

Count d'Haussonville, receiving Brunetière into the French Academy, addressed these words to him: "Vous trouvez que la personnalité envahit trop la littérature. Comme à Pascal, le *moi* vous paraît haïssable." We have just examined one form of this invasion—romanticism—and Brunetière's fight against it. Impressionism is another type of the "personal" invasion as it affected the critical mind. The impressionist is a critic who tests his appreciations by no external laws or principles, who bases his judgments on mere subjective impressions. No touchstone exists for him outside his own personality. The earlier Sainte-Beuve, Charles Lamb and Walter Pater were impressionists of this type; M. Jules Lemaître and M. Anatole France, two exquisite dilettanti, are living doctors of the same school.

Many attempts [says Walter Pater] have been made by writers on art and poetry to define beauty in the abstract, to express it in the most general terms, to find a universal formula for it. . . . Such discussions help us very little to enjoy what has been well done in art and poetry, to discriminate between what is more and what is less excellent in them, or to use words like beauty, excellence, art, poetry, with a more precise meaning than they would otherwise have. Beauty, like all other qualities presented to human experience, is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and useless in proportion to its abstractness.*

The relativity of knowledge and beauty seems to be a fundamental tenet of the impressionists. They appear to base their theory on the idealism of Kant. Truth and beauty for them are mere forms of the mind; they have no absolute and constant value. The critic can only express a personal liking for this or that work of art. When he says it is beautiful, he merely says it pleases him. There is no

* *The Renaissance*, preface.

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reason in the essence of things why it may not be ugly for another. With the impressionist there is no comparison of work with work; no balancing of *this* pleasure with *ideal* pleasure, of *this* beauty with *ideal* beauty.

The critical mind [says M. Jules Lemaître, quoting from Sainte-Beuve] is by nature pliant, mobile and all-embracing. It is a great and translucent river which meanders and winds round the works and monuments of poetry, as around rocks, fortresses, slopes clothed with vineyards, and wooded valleys which line its banks. Whilst each object remains fixed in its place and troubles little about the others, whilst the feudal tower despises the dale and the dale knows not the slope, the river goes from one to the other, laves them without injury, embraces them, clasps them, reflects them; and, when the traveller is curious to know and visit these various scenes, it takes him in a boat; it carries him without tossing, and unfolds before him in succession the whole changing spectacle along its course.*

The good critic for M. Anatole France is a similar dilettante, a creature of impressions "who relates adventures of his own soul in the land of masterpieces."

Such a method will commonly produce elegant and refined criticism; it lends itself to the expression of pretty things on art and literature, but it is scarcely philosophic. It is the quintessence of subjectivism, and how could such a method find favour with Brunetière, the most objective of critics—with the man who commenced his lectures on the evolution of lyric poetry in France with these words: "You will soon remark, Gentlemen, that my personal tastes are for nothing in my judgements. . . . I shall extol to the clouds what at heart I scarcely like, as on the contrary I shall criticize severely what delights me"—with the man who wrote in *L'Art et la Morale*: "Alas! there is no critic or historian worthy of this name who does not argue against his tastes, who does not combat his own pleasures, who does not resist his own impulses"? Brunetière held that the beauty of a literary work was something absolute, something independent of the reader, and that the discovery of this artistic value was the object of criticism. "It

* *Les Contemporains*, preface.

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seems," he says, "that one cannot treat literature or art as documents, and that one must sooner or later, after having proclaimed their *relativity*, introduce into them the idea of the *absolute* under the name of beauty."*

These statements have a touch of pure dogmatism. We may admire an absolute, impersonal and independent Brunetière, but we cannot follow him in everything. There is a middle term between absolute and relative beauty, a combination of both. Again, impressionism may be correct in theory, though the possibility of great errors and abuses may forbid the general application of its principles. If Aristotle's ideal man, the "standard and the law" of taste, can exist, then impressionism is theoretically sound. Can we not conceive a critic so balanced by nature and education that his impression will be an exact image of the artistic value, and his expression in words an exact replica of the idea impressed?

It may be comparatively easy to discover the character of truth, the justness of ideas, in a work of art; but there are other accents, other elements, in its constitution, and these produce diverse impressions on men according to variety of talent, of temperament and of training. It may be objected that the supreme authority in all ages has been the verdict of mankind, and that such a verdict is based on impressionism; for works have been ranked as masterpieces by the judgement of men before the existence of critical canons. True; but mankind acting thus was really the ideal man, the "standard and the law" of taste—the idiosyncracies of the individual were stripped from the collective judgement. The ordinary critic, therefore, cannot be a mere impressionist; he must measure by some norma, and the supreme norma is, says Brunetière, equilibrium of the faculties.

So much for the *intellectual* side of this question; the theory jarred also on the *will* of Brunetière, on his high sense of morality. The impressionist is a sceptic, a cynic, and a dilettante in literature. He has invented a "criticism," says Brunetière, "the character of which is to have

* *Evolution de la Critique*, p. 372.

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none at all." He holds no definite doctrine, no fixed principles, no guiding laws. He puts to sea, having no critical chart on board and no polar star in the heavens. An air of *insouciance* hangs round him as he carols his own blithe notes or transforms those of others in the inner spheres of his own personality. He is satisfied to be sprightly, amusing, ingenious, witty and sails on without struggling against the trend of things or testing his maxims with any touchstone. In everything the impressionist is a prey to his own artistic fancies. According to Brunetière he suffers from an "incapacity, a paralysis of the will, if not an obfuscation of the moral sense." The great impressionists, however, have always had the redeeming quality of exquisite style, and by this they won authority. M. Jules Lemaître and M. Anatole France are considered by many to be masters without rivals amongst living Frenchmen.

The last theory of literature to which we shall apply Brunetière's analytic principles will be that of Art for Art's sake, an offshoot of naturalism which blossomed into such writers as Théophile Gautier, Flaubert, Pater, Swinburne. All the naturalists held that "imitation or, to use a stronger term, the reproduction of nature ought to be the object of art; scrupulous following of the model its methods; whilst its triumph will be the annihilation of the personality of the artist in virtue of the truth of his creation."* But this reproduction was carried out either in a brutal manner, and you had the realism of Balzac and Zola; or in a highly polished manner, and you had the art for art of Gautier and Flaubert. These writers and their followers formed that esoteric circle of Naturalists who glorified the senses and worshipped form. They held that art was its own end, and that it moved accordingly in an empyrean of its own, independent of all morality. That art in its own end may be admitted† (it was the theory of Aristotle); that art is independent of moral restraint by no means follows from this concession. If the primary end

* *Manual of the History of French Literature*, Brunetière, p. 459.

† This admission does not, of course, make art *absolutely* independent. There is the great Final End to which all things are subordinate.

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of all art is subjectively the creation of æsthetic pleasure, then art is its own end; for the characteristic of æsthetic pleasure is freedom from utilitarian impulses; it is independent and disinterested, self-centred and self-sufficient. "Nor is it true," says Aristotle, "that in all pleasure there is an end distinct from the pleasures themselves."* And in his treatise on Rhetoric we read: "Of possessions, those are useful which bear fruit; those liberal, which tend to enjoyment. By fruitful, I mean those that yield revenue; by enjoyable, where nothing accrues beyond the using."† The same views are expressed by Herbert Spencer in his *Principles of Psychology*, where he says that æsthetic pleasures are produced by actions of the faculties which are "dissociated from life-serving functions." But what faculties are to be stimulated? This emotion certainly does not spring from the isolated action of single powers, otherwise the discovery of some hidden truth by the intellect, or the triumph of the will over carnal desires, or the strange figments of the imagination would be accompanied by æsthetic pleasure. This exquisite feeling caused by beautiful objects is a perfection added to the balanced activity of *all* the artistic faculties; it is a delicate efflorescence, "like the bloom of health on the face of the young."‡ Now one of these faculties is the will, and the will in its normal state cannot be pleased with what is low, vulgar or immoral. Aristotle's ideal man, the "standard and the law" of taste, seeks for something elevating and ennobling. As Brunetière again and again stated, art is made for man, not man for art; and morality will always be a commanding element in literature and art for the majority of men. The verdict of mankind, the final court of appeal, has never ignored the functions of the will; it would be the mutilation of man, the suppression of a superior faculty. "To abstract from morality," says Brunetière, "in the representation of life is really to mutilate the model, and to mutilate it in a very arbitrary manner." Art that is its own end may be moral, and will be moral, if the artist observes the essential hierarchy of

* *Nic. Ethic.* bk. vii, chap. xiii. † *Rhet.* i, 5. ‡ Aristotle, *Laws*, ii, 667.

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the faculties, the just balance of intellectual, moral and sensitive powers.

The reader will recall the five creative faculties—mind, will, imagination, sensibility and ear—whose equilibrium is essential to perfection of art. We have examined two of them—the mind and will—in Brunetière and in the great literary movements he criticized. It remains for us to say a few words about his imagination, sensibility and ear. Analysis of his style will best reveal the character of these faculties, for their respective functions are to give colour, movement and rhythm. Brunetière made little use of the imagination and ear to brighten and harmonize his own style, though his appreciations of other writers show that he possessed them as critical faculties. Those who heard him lecture say that he could be pathetic and moving as occasion required; but in his articles a cold, logical mind holds sway, which seems to consider the glitter of imagery and the fire of passion as meretricious ornaments. Count d'Haussonville said to him, “*Votre phrase parlée s’allège et se vivifie*”; but the written sentence—*la phrase écrite*—has been a block of stumbling unto many. M. Camille Pelletan, former Minister of Marine, once asked this question: “*Du cacologue Brunetière et du cacologue Faguet, lequel des deux est le plus horriblement cacologue?*” Another speaks of the “barbarity of his style,” whilst M. Jules Lemaître, I think, compares it to a “thicket of brambles and bindweed.”

The style is the man, and in Brunetière the mind-element overshadows all others. He has strong original ideas to express, and he expresses them in a vigorous and straightforward manner, albeit at times a peculiar mental cast torments them into difficult shapes. Elements of imitation in his style can be traced back to the literary forms of the seventeenth century; but these do not affect the deep vein of originality that stamps his expression. One who digested and assimilated all that he took unto himself could not write in “patches and shreds of remembrance.” He has hurled his scorn at the glorification of egoism and the subjective note in French literature; but he does not

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thereby forego the essential characteristic of style—individuality. The form of his writings is a true and living reflex of the man, of his cultured, sincere and indomitable personality. Brunetière rejoiced in his own vigour and richness of resource; for of strong ideas he had an abundance, and wealth of association he could command. Imagination, however, was given to him in small quantities, and melody of phrase he abandoned as an aerial spirit with which he could not grapple. You will find in his writings neither gorgeous imagery nor metallic brilliance. He has burned midnight oil in the acquisition of vast knowledge, but never in the elaboration of bright images and ringing sentences. He did not grow weary in a vain hunt after the graces of style and the turns that charm, yet his stored mind overflows in his words, making them suggestive with rich associations and subtle innuendoes. He commended the theorists of art for art's sake, because they recalled writers to a "sense of the power and virtue of form"; but he did not hold the doctrine of one great exponent—Flaubert—that "there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify it, one verb to animate it." Flaubert "gave himself superhuman labour, in every phrase, for the discovery of that word, that verb, that epithet"; Brunetière gave himself superhuman labour for the discovery of ideas; he travailed not in the incarnation of thought. He may be often archaic and rugged to modern ears, but he is neither affected nor insincere. We must remember that he was not so much one born out of his age as one preparing the way for a revival, that is, for a return to older and more national forms. He had the consolation before his death of witnessing the beginning of this revival—the renaissance of idealism and the socialization of literature.

The foregoing analysis shows that the mind dominated all other faculties in Brunetière. But there are two forms of the mind—the analytic and the synthetic. Did he possess both of them? The analytic mind examines each object as a distinct and separate reality. It grasps the object as a whole, decomposes it into its constituent ele-

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ments, considers these in themselves, then judges or gives its impression. The synthetic mind soars above its object, scans the horizon from this elevated position, sees the relation of the object to the great or little world around, then makes it enter as a part in some great system. Were a critic of the analytic mind to examine the literature of a country, he would give you a chronological succession of authors, a gallery of portraits; the synthetic mind, on the contrary, would show the genealogical succession of species, the internal and external causes of changes, the laws that governed the birth, growth and decadence of literary forms.

Now it is rare to find men gifted in a high degree with these two forms of the intellect, to find men possessing what is called the analytico-synthetic mind. Of the three great writers who dominated French criticism during the nineteenth century, Sainte-Beuve was analytic, Taine* synthetic, and Brunetière analytico-synthetic.

The synthetic Brunetière is seen in his application of evolution to literature, but little space remains for the discussion of this theory. Some writers judge it to be Brunetière's chief legacy to posterity and his best title to immortality; others consider it the weakest part of his work—an unstable structure built on sand. Brunetière was fascinated all through life by the theory of evolution as conceived by Darwin, and used it on more than one occasion to throw light on literary problems. He has given us the evolution of criticism, of lyric poetry, of tragedy, of Victor Hugo, of French literature from the Middle Ages to modern times, and of European literature during the nineteenth century. But evolution, as understood by him, is a very elastic theory; it is an hypothesis, a method of classification. He has employed it in his *Manual of the History of French Literature*, and this is what he says of his method in the Preface to that work:

It is from the genealogical standpoint then that I have endeavoured to study in the history of French literature the perpetually

* Taine, however, is analytico-synthetic in *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*.

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changing succession of ideas, authors and works, and if there be any novelty in this Manual it is constituted by this attitude.

According to him a history of literature resuscitates the past, it gives an animated and coloured account of works and writers; whereas evolution does not propose to bring back to life the past, but to understand it. History tries to make us interested spectators or visitors in the world of letters; it calls up the dead before us by anecdote, details, characteristic notes; it omits nothing that can make the picture a vivid reality. Evolution has no ambition to say all; the bare necessary is its object; it attempts to show how literary species are born and differentiated, how they develop through elimination of what injures and assimilation of what helps, how they decay through impoverishment or disintegration, and how their exhausted elements are caught up and moulded into new species.* As Brunetière remarked, "If the programme is simple to propound, it is less simple and less easy to fulfil."

For more than eighteen years Brunetière had worked with the analytic mind in the quarries of literature; and having extracted, shaped and polished vast quantities of stones, he thought the time had come for synthesis. Accordingly in 1889 he laid the foundations of his great structure, *Évolution des Genres*. In the introduction to his lectures on the evolution of French criticism he sketched the plan of this grandiose work, which he was destined never to complete. The building was to be divided into various apartments, called: *Existence des genres, Differentiation des genres, Fixation des genres, Modificateurs des genres, Transformation des genres*. The Dome was to illustrate this theory of evolution by means of three paintings: a History of French Tragedy, which would show *comment un Genre naît, grandit, atteint sa perfection, décline, et enfin meurt*; a History of Lyric Poetry in France, which would explain *comment un Genre se transforme en un autre*; and a History of the French Novel, in which we should see *comment un Genre se forme du débris de plusieurs autres*. Such was the plan of Brunetière's great building—

* See *Évolution de la Poésie lyrique*, tome 1er, pp. 4, 5.

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the projected *monumentum ære perennius*—which has remained to our day unfinished.

Brunetière, however, developed in a suggestive and original manner one part of his plan—the *Modificateurs des genres*. These forces known as Race, Environment and Moment, had been systematized by Taine in his great work on English literature; but Brunetière, in accordance with the latest researches of science, lessened enormously the influence of Race and Environment, and trebled that of Moment. “Through the influence of Moment,” he says, “and through that influence alone I promise to explain all that is really explicable by general causes in a literary work. . . We shall try to prove that the great action which operates in literature and art—after the influence of the individual—is that of works on works.”* And in the introduction to his *Manual of the History of French Literature* we read:

Of all the influences which make themselves felt in the history of a literature, the principal is that of *works on works*. . . We wish to be different from those who have preceded us: this design is the original and determining cause of changes in taste as of literary revolutions.

This is the original part of his synthetic criticism—the application of Natural Selection to literature. At a given moment a writer appears who is *unique*, who introduces something new into literature, and whose work *survives*. This work acts upon other works, moulds them after its own pattern, creates a new school; and there is fixity of species until another puissant personality comes on the scene who wishes to be “different from his predecessors.” And then the process of evolution recommences with differentiation, assimilation and disintegration. The theory is suggestive, and much fruit may be drawn from it without admitting the variability of species. “Even admitting that species do not vary,” says Brunetière, “it would be an advantage to study them as if they did.” The theory also saves the most essential characteristic of literature—individuality; for it is based on the permanent

* *Evolution de la Critique*, p. 262.

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power of a great personality—on the Survival of the Fittest. But there was really no need to invoke evolution in support of such a genealogical succession of authors, and Brunetière must have seen this; for the Preface to the French edition of his *Manual of the History of French Literature* contains no mention of Darwin's theory. As an appeal to English readers, he wrote a special Preface for the English edition, in which he showed the application of Natural Selection to literature. From a rigid scientific synthesis evolution had become for Brunetière an elastic method of classification—"a means of arranging or gathering under a single point of view facts or ideas that would otherwise escape us."*

What is Brunetière's place in the history of literature? Perhaps it is best summed up in the eulogy which he addressed to his great countryman, Puvis de Chavannes, and which, with two slight changes, we would now address to him:

You have obstinately remained faithful to many things which were thought dead, which at any rate were buried with a blare of trumpets to produce perhaps the illusion of their death; and now, when we see a revival of these things, the real significance of your work begins to appear in its fullness and in its amplitude. You did not think that the object of art was to display the virtuosity of the artist or to flatter the fashion of the day and corrupt it by obeying it. Neither did you believe that its rôle was to mirror nature and excite our admiration, according to the famous dictum, by the imitation of things which we do not admire in their reality. But carrying your vision higher, you have given sincerity as the object and law of art. Knowing well that the [critic], like the poet, has charge of souls, you have made your work express what we call ideas. . . . You have brought back art to the dignity of its function or social mission. . . . These are great things, and I do not fear that anybody will contradict me when I say that they will secure for you throughout the future not only the title, rank and glory of one of the masters of [criticism], but also those of a benefactor of your time and of mankind.

P. J. CONNOLLY

**La Moralité de la Doctrine évolutive*, p. 88.

†*La Renaissance de l'Idéalisme*, p. 38.

TWO POSTHUMOUS POEMS

I. St Patrick of the Blessings

THEY were the words of wisdom that Patrick said to us,
Who saw him plant lus-mary* like sunshine in the bogs,
Who heard him utter nothing that was calamitous
To kinder things than serpents or sweeter-voiced than
frogs.

Love was Saint Patrick's gramarye,† as all the fairies knew;
And when they met his glances, unclouded was their
mirth.
He blessed them in their deathless youth, the People of the
Dew,
Who pass in dance, undying, invisibly from earth.

His were the words of beauty; his were the words of peace.
He went about the country in tune with all its good.
He blessed the grunting boneens‡ and bade their tribe in-
crease.
He blessed the croodling cushat, the quicken§ in the
wood.

He laid his fingers on the rock, and there the lichens grew
Like olive velvet over it for climbing feet to press.
He trod on sand 'twixt cliff and sea, and sand was fruitful
too,
And yielded blue sea-holly with exultant eagerness.

His were the hands of wisdom; his was the heart of love;
His were the eyes of healing, whose look at pain sufficed.
His was the voice of sweetness that matched the lark's
above,
The voice that hushed the gods of night and sang the
law of Christ.

* Marigold.

† Occult learning.

‡ Little pigs.

§ The quicken, or rowan, is sacred to fairies.

Two Posthumous Poems

II. Saint Juliet

I AM Saint Juliet, and I pray
You all some soft petition say—
All maids who love, all wives who bear
Beneath their glossy coils of hair
Dreams of the child that shall be born
Some windy eve or stormy morn
With bitter tears and crying strong,
To lift the worn world's cross along.

I am Saint Juliet, and I was
A maid that danced on orchard grass,
That plucked of full delight the flower
When Tarsus was a place of power.
My shoe-strings were of twisted gold,
And wolf-skins kept me from the cold;
About my throat great pearls I wound.
The world so sweet a world I found
That everywhere was holy ground.

I am Saint Juliet. Clad in green
And gold, I went one festal e'en,
And raised my eyes, and saw my love,
And all the bliss and pain thereof.
My lover took me by the hands:
He was a soldier without lands.
He had no gold, he had no gear,
But he was beautiful and dear.
I laid my love beneath his feet,
That he might take or trample it.

My lover's God for mine I took;
I made his soul my missal-book.
He wedded me, and then we fled:
Our heads were priced and coveted.

Two Posthumous Poems

We loved each other half a year
With love that did abolish fear,
Although men from our hiding-place
Drew us and forced us to retrace
Our steps to Tarsus as to death:
So well we loved who died for faith.

Given to lions my lover died;
I might not perish by his side;
But, when my little son was born,
They brought me out one golden morn
(My twenty years had been so sweet!)
They bowed my head; they lagged my feet;
But my belovéd leaned (I knew)
From heaven to see his wife keep true.
And so I went out like a bride,
With guards before and guards beside.
A yellow veil upon my hair
I wore, as brides are wont to wear.

I had not thought that they would make
My babe a martyr for Christ's sake;
But him upon my breast they slew,
Ere my first dying breath I drew.
I think I did not greatly fear
The beasts, my lover was so near—
So near the God he perished for;
But when I saw the opening door
Of Heaven, it looked so grand a place
That, as I died, I hid my face.

Oh, it is all so long ago,
I have forgotten every throe
That shook my body; for I am
Safe with the father of my lamb.
Only when mothers pray to me,
My days on earth I seem to see;
And one old sorrow hastens back,
The death of little Cyriac,

Two Posthumous Poems

My baby. Therefore you who know
The two best things that women know,
The glory of your lover's kiss,
The joyous pain that bearing is,
Pray God to keep us in His rest,
Till every heart beats in His breast.

NORA CHESSON

A MODERN THEORY OF HUMAN PERSONALITY

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By T. J. Hudson.

Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine.
By W. James.

The Psychology of Religion. By E. D. Starbuck. (Contemp. Science Series.)

The Varieties of Religious Experience. (Gifford Lectures.) By W. James.

Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. By F. W. Myers.

THE relation of theological to secular science may be regarded as one either of conflict or of reconciliation. It is a conflict so far as the movements of secular and theological thought are perpetually reacting one upon the other, and bringing about modifications in the expressions of either side; and it is a reconciliation so far as any true advance on either side prolongs the converging lines which must ultimately meet in eternity at the point of perfect truth. They approach truth at different angles: the one is the effect of divinely safeguarded thought acting upon a divinely given revelation; the other is a divine order interpreted by human intellect. Each then has its own work to do, and it is only to be expected that impatient partisans on either side should from time to time exchange missiles and insults; but this does not involve the actual conflict of the two parties.

But, by whatever name we call this continual struggle, its scene is continually shifting from one continent of thought to another. At one time it concerned the constitution of the universe, and we had the skirmish round the name of Galileo; at another time, philosophy; at another, the mode in which creation as we know it came into being. At the present time, and in the immediate future, it has been well remarked, we must look to psychology as the field in which the conflict lies.

Human Personality

I

Now the very heart of psychological inquiry lies in the question of human personality,* and it is with a modern theory of personality that I wish to deal. It is no more at present, even with those who acknowledge no authority in matters of faith, than a hypothesis that explains a large number of otherwise apparently inexplicable phenomena, but it is a hypothesis which, so far as my very limited knowledge of the subject goes, is increasing in favour among the most eminent, or at least the most popular, psychologists both in America and Europe. It is worth while therefore for Catholic students of psychology to consider it on its own merits, to see whether or no it may be found compatible with authoritative Catholic teaching, and to sift, if necessary, what is false in it from what is true. This paper, then, is no more than an attempt of an amateur to indicate the outlines of its dangers and its possibilities.

Roughly speaking, there have been in the past two theories of personality current among psychologists: the first, that self was a monad, a single unit that had as its instruments faculties of experience and action; the second that self was a composite thing—in technical language, terminal, not initial—the result rather than the origin of its component parts. The theory of which I wish to speak now is one that is a combination of these two. Let me state it first and illustrate it afterwards.

And perhaps I may state it first in the form of a sonnet, which seems to me a very admirable but wholly pessimistic description of the theory:

This is my chiefest torment, that behind
This brave and subtle spirit, this swift brain,
There sits and shivers in his cell of pain
A groping atom, melancholy, blind,

* Throughout this paper I propose to use the word "personality" only in the conventional, not the strictly theological, sense. I would have used another word if it had been possible; but I am not aware of any that would suit my purpose: the word "consciousness" perhaps most nearly approaches my need; but that too is inadequate.

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Which is myself: though when spring suns are kind
And rich leaves riot in the genial rain,
I cheat him dreaming, slip my guarded chain
Free as a skiff before the dancing wind.
Then he awakes, and, vexed that I am glad,
Pricks his thin claw within some delicate nerve,
Sets his dull heel upon the throbbing cord:
And all at once I falter, start and swerve
From my true course, and fall, unmanned and sad,
Into gross darkness, tangible, abhorred.*

In prose the theory is as follows:

Man's inner nature consists of two divisions, which have been labelled by the names of the objective and the subjective (or subconscious) self—the supraliminal and the sublimary self. I ask my readers to picture them under the image of two rooms one above the other, connected by a trapdoor which may or may not be open. As a rule it is at least partly open. In the upper of these two rooms reside the ordinary and practical faculties—powers, let us say, such as those of observation, reflection and induction; in the lower there are mysterious inhabitants, some of whom we know, and others of whom we know but little or nothing at all—some which we know in their nature and some which we know only in their effects. Such faculties as those of the imagination, the powers of idealism, art and intuition—all these, according to the theory in question, live in the lower gloom. These lower lodgers, in one sense, are the more noble powers of our nature, and in another, the more dangerous. The deepest roots of passion and feeling dwell here, endowments which give fire to the whole man, and which, if uncontrolled, set him ablaze. Here, too, is the receptacle of all objective actions which if repeated tend to form physical or moral habits, which in their turn reassert themselves even against the intention of the objective will; together with the natural tendencies deposited by the process of heredity. Roughly speaking, also, man in his childhood tends to act chiefly from his subjective faculties; he idealizes, feels, dreams; he has a wonderful metaphysical instinct, uses deduction rather than induction in matters

* Arthur C. Benson, *The Professor, and Other Poems* (John Lane. 1900), p. 7.

Human Personality

of reason, asks strangely searching questions. In order to correspond with his requirements, good educationists must meet him on his own level, and appeal rather to his imagination and his memory than to his reasoning faculties. Then comes the crisis of puberty, when he is peculiarly open to influence. It is at this age that "conversion" most frequently takes place in evangelical sects—for it is at this age that the centre of gravity begins to pass up from the lower to the upper room, and the whole nature is astir. The reasoning faculties awake, the gracious sensitiveness of childhood passes for the present, and we find the boy has become a hobbledehoy, with a contempt for idealism and a passion for external and coarse things that stimulate his objective faculties. Later in life, however, when individual character has begun to take shape, we notice the following facts with regard to the two partitions of man's nature. Where the two sets of inhabitants are at war, the man has lost his peace. Where the upper party has gained the mastery and banged the trapdoor down altogether, the man is an unimaginative and unkindled blockhead. Where the lower party has gained the mastery, broken the trapdoor off its hinges and swarmed upstairs, the man becomes a fantastic madman; his powers of observation and induction with regard to the facts of life have been bound and blinded; he deduces non-existent facts from his own fictitious principles, and, because he once pictured himself in his imagination as the Emperor of China or the Pope of Rome, he indeed believes that he is in truth one of those potentates, his imagination has trampled down his reason, and he riots gloriously in a padded cell at Hanwell, believing it to be the Summer Palace or the Vatican.

But where, on the other hand, the trapdoor is just so far open as to allow of the free play of the powers that dwell in the lower room, that they may inspire and kindle the practical qualities, and that those others in their turn may check and guide the fiery forces below; where either side of his nature ministers to, without tyrannizing over, the other; where, in fact, there is perfectly balanced co-operation instead of competition or civil war, the result is what

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we call a genius. Napoleon matured his splendid schemes for the conquest of the world in his lower room, and yet was able upstairs to attend to the bootlaces of his soldiers. Raphael dreamed colour and line in the twilight downstairs, and made it real in his upper partition. Robert Louis Stevenson wove his extraordinary web of romance and mystery in his gloom below, and, above materialized it into such solid objects as maps of Scotland, road-making and two-handed swords.

II

This line of thought, as worked out by Mr Hudson in his *Psychic Phenomena* and illustrated by Mr Starbuck in his *Psychology of Religion*, is a very interesting and suggestive one, but I wish to approach it from a slightly different angle. There are, according to the theory, other mysterious downstairs powers besides those of art and imagination; and it is in some of these that we shall find our most startling illustrations.

I. One of these powers is that of memory. We are all conscious of the double nature of this faculty. We are in the act of telling what we believe to be an amusing story, and at the moment when we arrive at what we consider to be the point, it entirely forsakes us, and we are left apologizing. And yet we know that we know the point. Somewhere within us is the climax of the story; but to feel for it is like trying to draw a cork out of a bottle into which it has slipped. We can touch it, but cannot grasp it. What has happened? According to this theory, our objective memory suddenly has failed us; and as we peer in dismay through the trapdoor into the gloom we can only faintly discern the presence of that elusive joke in the unfailing memory of the subjective self. Another illustration of the same thing is to be seen in senile decay. The objective memory has broken down. The old man forgets that his wife died last week, but talks accurately and descriptively of the plaid frock that he wore to be photographed in at the age of four. The subjective memory has ascended through the broken trapdoor and is lording it upstairs. For not onlo has the objective memory broken down; but

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with it has gone too the faculty of common sense, through which alone he can be informed that his plaid frock is not interesting, or at least the self-control necessary to restrain him from describing it. Yet one more illustration is found in the alleged phenomena of approaching death by drowning. In one moment the perfect subjective memory has asserted itself in the place of the stupefied objective knowledge; and the man sees his past life go before him at once wide and detailed in an infinite instant.

2. Let us pass on again with Mr Hudson to another of those mysterious powers of the subjective or sub-conscious self. We are all aware of the power, possessed perhaps by ourselves, certainly by other people, of counting the passage of time. We have not been thinking about the time, we may have been interested or bored by the conversation of our friend; but in a moment, when we are questioned, we mention the exact time of day.* And it is interesting to notice that this power is more easily exercised when our objective self is nearly or completely unconscious or absorbed. We can wake at will at an unaccustomed hour. Something within us—and that, according to this theory, dwells in the subjective self—something marks the passage of time with an extraordinary accuracy and taps, as it were, upon the trapdoor at the appointed hour to wake the sleeping powers above. I will ask you to bear in mind particularly this latter point—namely, that the subjective self acts most perceptibly when the objective self is least self-regarding—for it bears materially upon the conclusion I hope to draw at the end of this paper.

This latter point is indeed illustrated by an enormous number of phenomena. For example, in deep imaginative thought the thinker's face often assumes an appearance of entire vacancy. It is not always a reproach to a preacher that the faces of his congregation take on them such an expression of drowsy gloom. Persons will even close their eyes in deep thought to shut out objective experiences, or fix them upon a bright spoon at breakfast or a candle flame

* It is no argument against this theory that sometimes we make mistakes; the marvel is that we should ever succeed.

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at dinner, thereby inducing something that approximates to a hypnotic slumber in which the objective self grows dim.

There is perhaps one other double illustration of this same exercise of the subjective powers—that is, when a musician is asked to name a note struck out of sight upon a piano.* Many persons of course can do this, and it is scarcely possible that what we call the objective faculties should be the seat of this power; but the extraordinary expression of absorption that often accompanies the effort is one more example of a withdrawal from the world of sense.

We have seen then that the subjective powers are most energetic when the objective powers are lulled or distracted; a man closes his eyes in order to think deeply or to appreciate eloquence or music; and a final illustration is to be found in hypnotism, under which the deeper powers of the mind become vastly enhanced. A thought-reader's faculties are rendered far more acute if his objective powers are lulled in a hypnotic trance.

3. And this brings me by a natural line of thought to, perhaps, the most significant section of my subject. One of the most mysterious powers of this lower region is that which I have already mentioned—namely, telepathy. It is difficult any longer to doubt the reality of this faculty: it is manifested in a thousand ways. For example, a man has an uneasy sense that a friend is in trouble; he mentions it to another, and on the following day news arrives from his friend that justifies his presentiment. Two persons in sym-

* In this connexion, too, we may remark in passing that the whole relation of music to man's inner nature is one that has not yet received the attention due to it. While all the other arts—sculpture, painting, literature and the rest—are imitative or descriptive of natural objects, music alone stands distinguished from them by its creative element; it cannot be said to be descriptive of the sounds of nature in the same sense that painting is imitative of its colours, or literature a rescript of its events. Music, it may well be, rises from a spring within man himself, and if imitative at all is imitative of something beyond the world of sense. It is no compliment to a composer to tell him that his overture is like thunder and singing birds; but it is a great compliment to the thunder to say that it is like an organ-pipe.

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pathy with one another are sitting together in silence; their trains of thought are travelling far apart; but they suddenly meet, and one speaks of a subject that is on the tip of his companion's tongue. Or, again, in the case of deliberate experiment, one of the same two persons takes a pack of cards, cuts it at random, looks at the exposed card, and presently the other names it. It would be possible to multiply instances indefinitely, but it is probably not necessary.

According, therefore, to the modern theory, another faculty of the subjective self is a strange power of communicating thought (independently of the exercise of the objective senses) to the corresponding faculty in another's mind; and this power, I have remarked before, is extraordinarily enhanced when the objective faculties are quieted by hypnotism. Let me give a single example witnessed by myself, which has, I think, a peculiar interest.

Two boys were hypnotized in a room in Cambridge several years ago. There were present in the room, besides these and myself, Professor Henry Sidgwick, the President of the Psychical Research Society, and his wife, and no one else. After one or two successful but conventional experiments we separated the boys, putting one, whom we will call James, in another room, with two doors between him and his friend. We then told the first, whom we will call Arthur, to look in a glass of water, telling him he would see there the spectacle of a cow climbing up a steeple. (We may remark in passing that this is scarcely a sight sufficiently familiar to suggest itself naturally or by coincidence to a third person.) When Arthur, under this suggestion, told us that he saw the cow well on its way up the steeple, James was brought in, and directed to look too at the glass of water. He presently said that he saw a large animal climbing up a thin thing—so far Arthur's subjective self had communicated the outline of the thought to James; but—and this is a significant point—James's trapdoor was not wholly closed; his telepathic power entreated from the inhabitants of his upper room an explanation of this phenomenon, and he presently declared that he saw in the

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water a bear climbing up a pole. This appears to me an excellent illustration of the two sets of faculties working together, but in slight discord.

But this power of telepathy is not only evoked by a sympathetic presence, or enhanced by hypnotism; it comes into sudden and vivid play in moments of great crisis or anxiety. There is a well-authenticated story of a man who was crossing the Channel with his little boy: the boy was not in the cabin as the father fell asleep; and the father mildly imagined the horror of returning home to his wife telling her that Jack had been drowned; but his anxiety was not sufficiently great to rouse him to search for his son. Simultaneously in England his wife saw her husband standing in her room, dripping with water and without their son, and on discovering that he had not come home was filled with apprehension that the boy had been drowned. But, on the contrary, Jack had not been drowned; he had slept on deck all night; and the family lived happily ever afterwards.

But by far the most common example of this telepathic power is to be found in stories of death-bed appearances. These are so numerous that it is unnecessary to relate even one; but I will only remark that the old objective theory of an actual appearance of the spirit of the dying man has many almost insurmountable difficulties. For example, a spirit cannot reflect light, and therefore cannot be subject to the objective power of sight. Again, it is not the spirit alone that is seen, but his clothes, and even a background of a ship's bulwarks, a candle upon a table, a picture on the wall. The wildest spiritualist cannot say that candles and pictures have spirits. Again, the appearance can scarcely be in the objective place since it is often invisible to others, in the company of the seer. If, on the other hand, we accept the telepathic theory, these difficulties cease to exist. The dying man, called the agent, is himself conscious of his surroundings; his thought, quickened to exceptional life by the catastrophe of death, communicates itself to the other's perceptions, and comes, as it were, trailing clouds of circumstance behind it. As the card to the mind of the

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thought-reader appears for a moment like a phantom, so impressions of the ship's bulwarks or the dressing-room door are also conveyed across space by the energy of the agent's thought.

It is not within the scope of this paper to deal with appearances after the time of death; they demand a separate treatment; and I will not do more than remark here that many who hold this modern theory of personality and deny the existence of the soul after death, profess to explain even the phenomena of the old-fashioned haunted houses by the same method. Some one, they say, is aware of the story; his telepathic power is evoked by excitement, and he conveys to the mind of the new inhabitant of the house the impression of the expected phantom. To myself, and, I suppose, to most people, granted the truth of such stories, this particular application of the theory appears elaborate and unnecessary: there seem to be (to me at least) two simpler explanations besides that of hallucination: but it would not be relevant to enter into them here.

So far, then, we have gone with modern psychologists, such as Hudson, Myers, James, Starbuck and others. We have seen how there are a large number of phenomena, themselves beyond the shadow of suspicion, which up to recent times have been labelled, according to the fancy of the labeller, as preternatural or ridiculous. We now have an hypothesis which appears to solve a large number of these phenomena, and to trace their origin to ordinary though unfamiliar powers situated within and not without man's nature. There are those two divisions, we have seen, with a way of communication between them of which the open or closed or semi-closed condition accounts for the varieties in the exercise of the subjective powers. We have seen, too, that the lulling, or absorption, of the objective powers often gives an opportunity for the manifestation of those we have called subjective; and that emotion or anxiety or crisis often opens up the way of communication between the two divisions, so as to allow of an uprush of strange but natural powers.*

* We may notice here, too, in passing, that this point is further illus-

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Now of course there are numerous difficulties connected with this theory, even beyond the vital question as to whether it is reconcilable with current Catholic teaching upon the nature of Personality. As regards this latter point it is not necessary to say more in this place than that the same point approached from the two sides of scholastic and modern psychology may wear very different aspects and yet be an objective whole. But as regards more superficial criticisms it may be as well to select three, and to indicate possible lines along which they may perhaps be answered.

Firstly, it may be said that, according to this theory of the subliminal, sub-conscious or subjective self, reason, the noblest faculty of man, appears to be assigned to man's objective and mortal part.

It appears that the endowment usually named Reason may be conveniently described as consisting of two sets of powers which we may call by some such names as Intuition or Appreciation, and Logic. Of these two the former (and greater) would be placed according to this theory in the subjective self and would survive the dissolution of the body, the latter (and inferior) in the objective self. Intuition is the essential part of Reason and is exactly the part best adapted to an ideal state of existence; logic, it is sincerely to be hoped, will find there no objects on which to exercise itself. Reason, therefore, as we know it, does not according to this theory perish with the objective powers; it only sheds that husk of itself which was necessary in this world but will probably be unnecessary in the next.

If it be objected that the hypothesis seems to present the subjective self as a passive inert thing, at the mercy of external influences from the spiritual and the natural worlds, I would answer that it does not, because the will,

trated by the phenomena consequent on other disturbances of man's nature. In some stages of typhoid fever and in drunkenness, new and apparently uncharacteristic elements are laid bare : the simple religious girl becomes blasphemous in her language; the unimaginative merchant waxes poetical under the influence of alcohol.

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situated in the objective self, is the guardian and director bidding it open itself to this influence and deny itself to that. By the process of choice and rejection the character of the subjective self is gradually formed for good or evil. But it is no more at the mercy of malevolent influences than it is the plaything of any other unpleasant circumstances. When that character is fully formed, the will resigns the reins to "divine necessity."

Thirdly, it may be said that irrational animals appear, according to experience, to possess at least some of the qualities assigned by this theory to the subjective immortal part of the psychological nature.

Against this I would first object the extraordinary difficulties of drawing any psychological conclusions as regards creatures whose chief modes of expression consist in barking or neighing, and who have not yet produced any important philosophical or artistic work. Secondly, I do not see why we should not allow to them the possession of inner powers which bear the same kind of relation to our own as a bird's nest does to Buckingham Palace. But I do not see that we are compelled by this concession to grant them immortality—at any rate as we understand the word.

Now these considerations, it is obvious, can be only very lightly treated in this paper. They open up, of course, innumerable by-lanes of controversy impossible to traverse in the time at our disposal. It will be more relevant, therefore, to leave them at once, and to pass on to what, after all, is far more fundamental.

III

Our first question then will be, Does or does not this hypothesis tend in the direction of establishing a presumption, on the scientific side alone, for a belief in the survival of the human personality after death?

To this I venture to answer in the affirmative.

Science can never do the work of, and far less supersede, Faith; but, if it is true to itself, it cannot contradict the conclusions of Faith. It can even do more than this negative work; it can lead us by a fairly well-defined road to the

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edge of a gulf that demands the wings of Faith for its crossing. And that, I believe, it does in this instance.

For consider. We have seen that this hypothesis is accepted by persons who do not yet explicitly acknowledge the survival of the human personality after death; and yet they make two most important concessions in that direction.

(a) The first is that human nature contains powers that seem to act independently of the ordinary channels of sense, observation and communication. Thought and even visualized images are conveyed from one personality to another by means of another set of faculties than that with which we carry on the more materialistic business of our lives. In fact, it is when those more workaday powers are lulled, as in hypnotic sleep or under the influence of narcotics or stimulants, that these more mysterious faculties come into play. When the mind, as we have hitherto understood it, is least capable of doing its ordinary work, or incapable altogether, it is then that these deeper powers exercise their fullest energy. Surely it is not unreasonable to suggest that, if this theory is true, it goes at least one step towards the presumption that those nobler faculties are independent to some extent of the mortal part of man, and are therefore capable of surviving its dissolution.

(b) The second concession that these theorists make goes even further in the same direction. It is not under the artificial effects of hypnotism or narcotics that these deeper powers commonly have their fullest play; but under the actual circumstances of the physical dissolution of the body. In senile decay the subjective memory asserts itself with startling force; and it is at or about the very moment of actual death that these strange faculties rise to their greatest and most effectual intensity. When the eyes and ears are dull to the sounds and sights of the objective world, when the engine of the heart that has worked the body so long is hammering out its own destruction; or when some sudden and fierce catastrophe approaches in the form of violent death—it is at or about this moment of dissolution, when the powers that dwell in the upper

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room are either sinking in lethargy or are paralysed by shock, that the mysterious dwellers in the twilight of the subjective self swarm up through the trapdoor, and exhibit their wonderful energy in a flash of vision or sound sent across the world to some other sympathetic personality through channels at present unknown to us. Could there be any clearer indication than this that man's most real and deep self does not perish with the objective powers that have controlled and disciplined him so long; when, in spite of the collapse of those powers, it does not collapse with them, but on the contrary produces an energetic effect of which it has been incapable during all the years of earthly life?

It has been objected, of course, that this strange and sudden energy of the subjective powers at the moment of death can be accounted for as rising merely from physical conditions—for example, that a rush of blood to the brain may stimulate organs which are commonly not used. I put this possible explanation to a man who is a sound student of science at Cambridge, and he told me it was an extremely unlikely one. He said that under the circumstances of death, if such a stimulation in the brain took place at all, it would affect not the subtle powers of which we have been speaking, but simpler faculties such as those of speech—and that this is not the case. In other words a merely physical disturbance would, from the point of view of the scientist, bring about more obviously physical results, and not those with which we have been dealing.

To resume. Is not this image which we have formed of the subjective self after all a very fair though wholly untheological description of what we mean by the soul; namely, that part of our being which wakes when the rest sleeps, which is at the mercy of our will for good or evil, which takes the imprint of our actions and forms them into first habits and then ineradicable character; which lies strangely open to the influence of other beings like itself, which has a perfect and imperishable memory or rather record of every detail of life through which it has passed, which has marvellous powers of intuition, leaping gulfs

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untraversable by reason, which itself reacts by inspiration or lethargy upon the ordinary mental powers; and which is yet so far independent of them as not to perish when these die, but which, under certain circumstances, makes its presence most felt at the moment when the others are passing into dissolution, before itself going out into the interior and invisible world with which it has so mysterious an affinity?

2. It remains to consider one more objection, which no doubt has suggested itself to many, an objection which appears at first to constitute a serious obstacle to the acceptance of the theory by those who lay great store by the arguments from "spiritual experience."

We have seen how the subjective self by this theory may be held to be responsible for a large number of phenomena which have hitherto been regarded as evidences of the supernatural. Does not this deprive us of aids to our faith without giving us a corresponding advantage? Does it not do more than this? Does it not strike at the root first of the spiritual experiences of the Saints, the revelations or visions that they have had, and secondly of the spiritual experiences of ourselves, by suggesting that the origin of both comes from our own nature, whether from a strain of heredity or from ingrained habit, and not from without?

To be more precise, must we not, if we accept this theory, explain the visions of St Francis and the intimations and interior guidance which we ourselves believe that we have received from God, as being merely the reaction of our subjective upon our objective self? A man of an extraordinary psychological constitution meditates upon the wounds of Christ; he makes, that is, a series of acts of attention towards them, each of which acts echoes in the lower room of his nature and records itself as in a phonograph in one of the receptacles of the subjective self. Little by little the record is made, and at some future time the receptacle pours out with vivid energy what it has received from the effort of the objective powers. The message coming up from the twilight has all the accents of a supernatural voice; it comes, it may be, when it is not

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expected; it is vivid and impressive; the objective powers respond as in the case of appearances at the time of death, the visualization is made, and the Saint sees presented before him the crucified Saviour held up by the great angel and adores what he believes to be a supernatural favour.

Now there are some psychologists who frankly answer "yes" to this solution. All spiritual experience, they say, is nothing more than this reaction of the subjective upon the objective powers; but one at any rate, Dr James, has the candour—not to reject the solution indeed, because he is an agnostic—but to confess that it is not the only possible explanation. He distinguishes, in a little pamphlet called *Human Immortality*, between the function of the subjective self as a storehouse of experience and as an antechamber to the invisible world beyond.

There is no reason, he says, to conclude, because some of our apparently spiritual experiences rise from the subjective self as their origin, that all do. Even scientists can be in no way certain that this lower room has only one door, namely, that communicating with the objective self; it may well have another, lower and deeper and more mysterious still, through which revelations and intimations may come from the further invisible world to which the subjective self is cognate.

We may surely accept without any disloyalty to our own convictions this distinction between subjective echoes and actual outside intimations. In fact, we already do make that distinction. St Ignatius gives rules for the discerning of spirits—for it is one of the difficulties in the cultivation of the spiritual life to distinguish between impulses that rise from self and those that come from God; between scruples created by a bad habit of timorous action, and the warnings of an inspired conscience; between desires generated by a weak and imaginative nature, and intimations conveyed by Almighty God to a perceptive soul; and the difficulty is further increased by the fact that even outside intimations must be coloured to some extent by the atmosphere of our own character through which they have to pass. But it does not follow that our subjective character

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originates what it appears to affect. Purple glass in a window affects but does not originate the light that fills the room.

If, for other reasons, therefore, we find ourselves prepared to accept this theory of our divided nature as at least a working hypothesis, we need not be deterred by this apparent difficulty as regards the origin of our spiritual experiences. It does not in any way throw doubts upon their reality, nor upon those of the Saints and mystics. Even the question of possession remains unaffected by it, or rather is only illuminated, if we accept Dr James's suggestion. A demoniac would be one who has had the outer door of his lower room forced by an evil personality stronger than his own, who has entered in and is controlling him; and even the intricate and shadowy phenomena of such widely differing subjects as that of foreknowledge and alternating personalities themselves have light cast upon them. In the second instance, granted that the apparently double characters of a person do not rise from hysterical simulation but are a reality, they can be explained also by this theory. The outer door is partly ajar, and sometimes the person is lord of himself, and sometimes controlled by an outside personality who has entered. In the former instance, that of foreknowledge, especially in those manifestations of it that appear to have no adequate reason for their existence, it is surely only possible to attribute it to some second door in the region of the subjective self that opens out upon that transcendent world where all things are equally present.

I have tried to put forward this theory as a hypothesis and nothing else, but a hypothesis which is commending itself at the present time to a large number of psychologists; and I have attempted to show that it is the key which, although it cannot fit the locks of all our mysteries, at least fits a good many of them, and perhaps is not itself an impossible instrument in the hand of a Catholic. It is for Catholic theologians and psychologists to settle that, and to deal with the question as a whole.

I have not attempted to deal with the more extraordinary

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phenomena which are occupying the attention of many engaged in psychical research—such as appearances after death, the manifestations claimed by spiritualists, and the like. Questions such as these present peculiar difficulties and dangers; besides being far beyond the scope of this paper. I have only treated, and that in a very bald and allusive manner, of common phenomena that have probably come within the range of us all. We shall still have to wait a great many years before we shall know, with even a moderate degree of certainty, whether the theory can be more than a possible hypothesis; but it may yet be our hope that Science, which has been for so long regarded in the popular mind as an opponent of revealed religion, may have found a neutral meeting-ground with it in psychology.

In psychology, science and religion are very near to one another, for its subject is nothing else than the soul of man. Science in her winding explorations has been for centuries drawing nearer to this centre of the maze; she has traversed physical nature—the direct work of God—and philosophy—the direct product of man; now it appears that she has found at last whither her wanderings are leading her, and that to a mysterious centre which is the very key of both physical and philosophical phenomena. Religion, on the other hand, through those same centuries, while on one side looking to God and giving Him worship as the source and centre of all things, has known that man is His mirror and likeness, and has been striving to restore the cracked thing more perfectly to the image in which He was formed.

May it not be our hope, then, that after a few more mutual explanations Science may come to understand that the Church does not reject the fruit of her labours, but welcomes them? Is it too much to hope that when Science has advanced yet a few steps more she may have come to Faith with the human soul newly discovered in her hands?—Here is a precious and holy thing that I have found in man—a thing which for years I have denied or questioned. Now I hand it over to the proper authority. It has powers of which I know little or nothing, strange intuitions into

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the unseen, faculties for communication which do not find their adequate object in this world, a memory that since it seems eternal must be made for eternity, a force of habit that is meaningless if it ends with time, an affinity with some element that cannot rise from matter as its origin. Take it from my hands, for you alone understand its needs and its capacities. Enliven it with the atmosphere it must have for its proper development, feed it, cleanse it, heal its hurts, train it to use and control its own powers, and prepare it for eternity.

R. H. BENSON

SAINT NINIAN

A Missionary of the Fifth Century

Ave, pater et patrone,
Præsul, pastor pie, bone,
Confessor eximie!

Roga Deum, Niniane,
Pro salute sero mane
Præsentis familiæ.

Tu per terras et per mare
Dire victos liberare
Non cessas Christicolas;

Esto nobis spiritalis
Tutor, salvans nos a malis
Loci hujus incolas.

—*Liber Ecclesiæ Beati Terrenani de Arbuthnott.*

IN the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* by St Bede it is written:

In the year of our Lord 565, when Justin the younger, the successor of Justinian, had the government of the Roman Empire, there came into Britain a famous priest and abbot, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the Word of God to the provinces of the northern Picts, who are separated from the southern by steep and rugged mountains; for the southern Picts who dwell on this side of those mountains had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry and embraced the truth by the preaching of Nynias, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth.*

From these words of the Venerable Bede, written in the seventh century, the earliest light falls on St Ninian, one of the first apostles of the British Isles concerning whom we have authentic information. After the brief notice by the illustrious monk of Jarrow there is a long silence, until in the twelfth century St Ailred, Abbot of the Cistercian Abbey of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, gave to the Church and the world *The Life of St Ninian, Bishop and Confessor, translated from the Anglic Language into Latin.*

* Bæda, H. E. lib. iii, civ.

Saint Ninian

It pleased thy holy affection [writes the saintly and literary son of St Bernard, addressing, it is believed, Christianus, Bishop of Candida Casa] to impose upon mine insignificance the task of rescuing from a rustic style as from darkness and of bringing forth into the clear light of Latin diction the life of this most renowned man. I embrace thy devotion, I approve thy desire, I praise thy zeal, but I know my own inexperience and I fear to strip it of the coarse garments . . . and not to be able to deck it in those in which it may appear more comely.*

Relying, however, upon the divine aid and the intercession of the Saint whose life he is about to write, supplied with ancient documents and local tradition, Ailred proceeds:

I undertake, therefore, the burden which thou layest upon me. . . . I will labour as He will deign to aid me. . . . May the grace of the Saviour bless this undertaking!†

This is not the place to discuss the question as to the exact regions evangelized by St Ninian. They have been specified as the modern counties of Perth, Forfar, Kin-cardine, Kinross, Fife and Clackmannan, inhabited in his days by the *Austres Picti*; and it is certain that from Gal-loway to *ultima Thule* shrines and lands are still called by his name. The supreme interest attached to his life is that he was a pioneer British missionary influencing Erin before the arrival of St Patrick. At the school he founded by his Church of Candida Casa, St Finnian of Moville, one of the preceptors of St Columba, was trained, and Candida Casa was organized by one who had received his training at the threshold of the Apostles. The altars of Iona were lighted from the lamps of Erin, and the lamps of Erin were kindled from the fires of Rome. St Columba crowned and consecrated Aidan,‡ the second founder of the Dalriadicor Scottish colony in Caledonia, and the representative of the vigorous race which in the ninth century was to dominate the land and in the seventeenth century was to unite the

* *Vita Niniani Pictorum Australium Apostoli*, auctore Ailredo Revallensi, Prologus. † Ibid.

‡ *Vita Sancti Columbæ*, De Angelicis Visionibus, auctore Adamnano, p. 196.

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thrones of North and South Britain. It is therefore permissible to speculate how far the mission of Ninian influenced not only a half-savage people, but the destinies of the British nation.

St Ninian was born about the year 360, when Liberius sat on the Throne of the Fisherman, and Constantius and his brother on that of the Cæsars. The territory in which he first saw the light was that known as *Caledonia Romana*, embracing the present southern Scotland and northern England. The history of the Province is wellnigh lost in antiquity. The very name of Caledonia Romana suggests to the student mystery, and he is sadly reminded in the words of the Poet of the Mist concerning this remote past, that "the awful faces of other times are silent." That the silence is not wholly unbroken, while the mist has cleared occasionally, only increases the desire to hear more distinctly, and to see less dimly. There is a singular fascination in the fact that not only in Southern but in Northern Britain there was for 400 years a Roman world, protected by Roman legions, and governed by Roman laws. The Great Wall of Antonine was the utmost barrier of the world-wide Empire, and the barrier also of the little Caledonia Romana. Without and North of that sheltering rampart dwelt the untamed tribes, the aborigines of the land, to whom Tacitus gave the name of *Caledonii*, and Eumenius in his Panegyric on Constantius the name of *Picti*. The period of Ninian's birth was one of great disquiet. The wild native tribes were storming the Roman Province, and only by the strenuous efforts of the General Theodosius was tranquillity temporarily restored, when he secured the marches, and renamed the Province after his imperial master,* *Valentia*. The powerful pagan nation of the Picts consisted of the Di-Caledones and the Vecturiones, or the Southern and the Northern Picts. Not far from the "the steep and rugged mountains" referred to by St Bede, but secure within the walls of Rome,† re-

* Valentinian I, 364-375.

† About the year 120 the Emperor Hadrian began to build the Great Wall or Rampart from the Tyne to the Solway, which was completed by the Emperor Severus, and is sometimes called the Wall of Severus; and

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sided the southern colonists, and those tribes they had conquered and Romanized, the *Meatæ* or Midland Britons, who were subdivided into the tribes of the *Selgovæ*, the *Ottadini*, the *Novantæ*, the *Gadini* and the *Damnii*.

The wild Caledonii without the Wall of Antonine were not more anxious to penetrate within the frowning barrier of the mysterious region which Rome had made her own than are the antiquaries of to-day. An historian has expressed the wish that some strange fortune would bring to light the journal of Pytheas, the navigator of Massilia, who about B.C. 350 enjoyed a tour round British coasts. Far more may we desire that some carved inscription on the buried granite, or parchment treasured by the sand, would yet appear to throw more gleams of light on that land which sixteen hundred years ago felt the touch of the high civilization of the mistress of the world, and on whose stern features the mark of Rome was impressed. *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* were asleep in dust and ashes before the Roman had penetrated into the dark recesses of the *Sylva Caledonia*, yet we have the means of knowing a little at least of the daily life of the classic towns, and there are some who have been tempted to regret that an eruption had not overtaken the northern land, and hidden its secrets beneath the kindly sheet of ashes, for then how readily we could have encompassed its hearths and altars! We know, however, enough, and possess enough, to excite intense curiosity.

The Romans brought the mythology which owned Olympus for its heaven from the banks of the Tiber to the *Bodotria Æstuarium*, in modern language the Firth of Forth; and altars have been found dedicated to Jupiter, Minerva, Apollo, Diana, the *Deæ Matres Britannicæ*, and many others. There are winged victories and prostrate savages, even the Roman eagle catching the lightning in his claws, for the sculptor ignored the fact that there were heights of *Mons Grampius* to which the Imperial eagles

about 139, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, "the high Pontiff and Father of his country," Lollius Urbicus, the Roman Lieutenant in Britain, erected another rampart, the Wall of Antonine or Grime's Dyke, from the Forth to the Clyde.

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never flew, mountain fastnesses where the legions never penetrated, and tribes Rome never subdued, and knew not that it was to be the proud boast of the medieval historian that the Roman "conquest y^e world fra y^e begynnyng all but Scotland."* The Roman roads and remains of camps and forts are still ours, and glimpses into a long-vanished domestic life are still afforded. The heating apparatus for the indispensable bath, and probably also to provide the natives of a southern land with the warmth denied by the cold suns of Caledonia, has been discovered. There are vessels of fine Samian ware, such as northern hands never fashioned. There are *amphoræ*, *pateræ*, *fibulæ*, *mortaria*, coins, lamps and such like:

Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps whose light no time recalls—
Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals.

Sepulchral tablets too suggest their own pathetic story—such as a tablet erected by her mother "to the shade of Pervica," a Roman maiden who faded beneath our bleak skies,† or another "to the Manes of little Constantia, the infant daughter of Philas Magnus, who died at the age of one year, eight months and nine days."

Within this territory of Caledonia Romana, where we grope about in semi-darkness, occurred the one event of absolutely supreme importance in the national annals, the introduction of the religion of Jesus Christ. The testimonies of Tertullian, St Hilary of Poitiers, St Chrysostom and St Jerome are strong as to the early faith of Britain, and that it was brought from Rome by Romans is indisputable. The Church which abode in "quiet peace, inviolate and entire," which in Southern Britain had given at least one martyr, St Alban, to Christ, and had sent Bishops to the Councils of Arles, Sardica, Nice and Rimini, existed in Caledonia Romana long before the time of Ninian's birth. Ninian's father was a Christian prince, dwelling by the Solway Firth, where Plotemy placed the tribe of the Novantæ, and where Leukopibia was the principal town.

* *Ancient Chronicle of the Scots*, p. 386.

† See Wilson's *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*.

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Ninian was a singularly holy youth, preserving "immaculate the nuptial robe which clad in white" he had received in baptism.

While yet a boy, though not in sense one, he shunned whatever was contrary to religion, adverse to chastity, opposed to good morals. Happy was he whose delight was in the law of the Lord day and night, who like a tree planted by the waterside brought forth his fruit in due season. Wonderful was his reverence about churches, great his love for the brethren. He was sparing in food, reticent in speech, assiduous in study, agreeable in manners, adverse from jesting and in everything subjecting the flesh to the spirit.*

The future missionary was brought face to face with two idolatries, the mythology of Olympus and the mythology of the Caledonii. If both systems exhibited their deepest evils, so both possessed their temptations for the cultured mind. The actual form of the mythology of the Celtic race—a race, says Cæsar, "given over to religion" †—is unknown. Tacitus avers, "The gods of those northern tribes were not confined within dwellings or represented by images in human form, but were of a spiritual nature, beheld only by the spiritual eyes of the worshippers, who devoted to them and called by their names certain groves and sacred places." ‡ To bring to the aborigines in their gloomy forests the Light of the World became the desire of the young Ninian's heart, and he resolved to seek for the arduous mission he had in prospect the seal of consecration from the successor of the Prince of the Apostles. Of the little provincial world of Caledonia Romana Rome was the sun and centre. Of Rome and its peerless glories every Roman Caledonian had heard from his infancy. To the Rome of the Immortals the pagan turned in his dreams. For the Rome of Christendom, for the threshold of the Apostles, for the city from which his faith had reached him yearned the Christian. The call "Go to Rome" was like that which had come to Abraham in the morning of the world. To leave Caledonia for Italy implied in the fourth century very great sacrifice, very great courage. To all who set forth

* *Vita*. † *De Bello Gallico*, vi, 13, 17. ‡ *Germania*, cap. ix.

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thither there was the probability of never revisiting home and country again, and the severance from kith and kin, if not for ever in this world, was in any case a long farewell, whilst only at weary intervals could the exile hope for tidings from home. If the distance was immense, the journey tremendous, yet it must be remembered that the road was open not only to Rome but to Jerusalem,* open as it never was to be again until the railway and the telegraph linked together the ends of the earth. The fact that a certain general, Marcellus Ulpian, who flourished in Caledonia, 193-6, had all his bread sent to him from Italy, proves the possibility of comparatively rapid communication. Doubtless the bread was stale, and the narrator is careful to explain that the general's object was that the uninviting article might prevent him from over-eating himself.

"I have sought in mine own land," said Ninian, when he was about twenty-one years of age, "Him whom my soul loveth. I sought Him, but I have found Him not. I will arise now, I will compass sea and land. I will seek the truth which my soul loveth. Surely needeth it such toil as this. Was it not said to Peter, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'? Therefore in the faith of Peter there is naught inferior, naught obscure, naught imperfect, naught against which false doctrine and perverse opinions, like the gates of hell, can prevail. And where is the faith of Peter but in the See of Peter? Thither certainly, thither I must betake me, that going forth from my land, and from my kinsfolk, and from the house of my father, I may be deemed meet in the land of vision to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple. Wherefore, animated by the impulse of the Holy Spirit, spurning riches and treading down all earthly affections, the noble youth betook himself to pilgrimage; and having crossed the Britannic sea, and entered Italy by the Gallic Alps, he safely arrived at the city."†

* See *The Historians of Scotland*, vol. v, Introduction to Life of St Ninian, A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin.

† *Vita*.

Saint Ninian

Says a quaint old chronicler:

He came to Rome in little space,
Hale and sound by God's grace.*

We have no details of the journey of St Ninian either to or from "the City." St Ailred writes of the travellers of his own day:

How do they conduct themselves when journeying? Is not the body like the mind all day in motion while the tongue is idle? Rumours and the doings of wicked men are in men's mouths; religious gravity is relaxed by mirth and idle tales, the affairs of kings, the duties of bishops, the ministries of clerics, the quarrels of princes, above all the lives and morals of all are discussed. We judge every one but ourselves, and what is more to be deplored, we bite and devour one another, that we may be consumed one of another. Not so the most blessed Ninian, whose repose no crowd disturbed, whose meditation no journey hindered, whose prayer never grew lukewarm through fatigue. For whithersoever he went forth he raised his soul to heavenly things, either by prayer or by contemplation. But so often as turning aside from his journey he indulged in rest, either for himself or for the beast on which he rode, bringing out a book which he carried about with him for the very purpose, he delighted in reading or singing, for he felt with the prophet, Oh, how sweet are thy words unto my throat! yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth.

The Rome in which St Ninian dwelt for so many years was still the Rome of the Cæsars. When the exhaustion of the long journey was over—thanks in great measure to the Baths which the lavishly watered city provided for the weary and travel-stained pilgrim—he was able to awaken to the fact that he was in Rome. Then, what a vision of magnificence met the northern stranger's eyes! Churches, temples, forums, the Colosseum where cruel but enthralling sports were dying hard, statues innumerable, mighty aqueducts filling the rushing fountains, and the vast Baths of Titus, Constantine, Diocletian and Caracalla, the triumphal arches of Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, Valens, Gratian, all in their early glory, and the arch of Septimius Severus, re-

* Barbour's *Die Schottischen Nationaldichters Legendensammlung*.

† *Vita*.

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calling the intrepid old Emperor who leaving his Imperial splendour and repose had travelled beyond even the wall of Antonine to the Moray Firth. Past them all, with eager feet, we may believe that the young Ninian hastened to the first St Peter's, the Basilica of Constantine the Great, where, encompassed by pillars of Parian marble, lay enshrined the relics of the Fisher of Galilee. From thence the pilgrim would betake him to the Ostian Way where the Basilica of the Apostle of the Gentiles was rising on consecrated ground. Then did he pass on to that vast Cathedral, *Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum mater et caput*, "the glorious Capitol of the city of Peter and Paul," the residence of the Popes?

In 366 St Damasus I, the "virgin doctor of a virgin Church," succeeded Pope Liberius. The Holy Father gave the young stranger from the ends of the earth, his "benysone," as he received him "with good cheer and tenderly at him gan speir, for what cause he cam here, and who he was, and of what Countree."* With the Pope's "benysone" Ninian settled down in Rome. He had now leisure to visit all the places of devotion, and the modern traveller may be interested to know that in the fourth century a guide-book was provided. Although Christianity had conquered, the surrender of the enemy was a reluctant one, and the period was one of transition. Many pagan temples stripped of their idols, and whose orgies were forbidden for ever, were turned into Christian churches; but in the *Forum Romanum magnum* statues of the gods of Olympus were not yet overthrown. The catacombs were no longer refuges for the persecuted, nor were they used as general sepulchres, but Saints often desired to lie beside the ashes of Martyr Saints; while for pilgrims St Damasus, the literary and artistic "Pope of the Martyrs and of the catacombs," provided every facility, and he wrote verses on marble tablets over the silent cities of the dead. The vestal virgins still lingered in their doomed convent, still owning the custody of the "sacra fatalia" and the Palladium; for the Vestal Order was not suppressed and the daughters of the State

* Barbour.

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were not banished till A.D. 394. In the Atrium of their stately cloisters the white rose and the jasmine bloomed on, and so too by the Imperial Palace did the myrtle, the flower of Venus, divine ancestress of the Cæsars.* There were men alive in Ninian's time who remembered well processions of knights to the Capitol, where they sacrificed to Jupiter, and who had seen the Emperor Constantine in the flowing robes of an Asiatic monarch, refusing to participate in pagan rites.† But the end of the old order was at hand, and despite spasmodic attempts to revive idolatries, in 391, the *Ædis Romæ et Veneris* was closed, never to be reopened.

St Ninian was the first British student in Rome. "I heard," writes St Augustine, "that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept quiet under a restraint of more regular discipline; so that they did not, at their pleasure, petulantly rush into the school of one whose pupils they were not, nor even were admitted without his permission."‡ But far above the teaching of any school was the value of a sojourn in that Eternal City which was the centre of the religious and intellectual life of the world, and where at the meeting of Councils men of various nationalities, including "wise men from the East," were welcomed.

Amongst the great Saints of the fourth century appear St Jerome, St John Chrysostom the Golden-Mouthed, St Cyril of Jerusalem, St Ambrose and St Augustine. It was a high privilege to live in such an age of Saints. The influence of St Jerome was powerful in Rome, although he often became unpopular by his denunciation in very strong language of the "fopperies and meannesses of some of the clergy," and by his vigorous onslaught on the sins of Roman Christian society, which, even then, in reaction from the austere conditions of the days of persecution, was tending to softness and luxury. Under the guidance of St Jerome great ladies, virgins and widows, accustomed to purple and fine linen, adopted a most ascetic life and, when he finally departed for the Holy Land, followed him thither.

* See Lanciani, *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, p. 232.

† See *The Throne of the Fisherman*, by T. W. Allies, p. 160.

‡ Aug. Conf. lib. v.

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All encouragement to literary work was given by St Damasus, who founded the first Christian library, San Lorenzo in Damaso, and who, in 391, commissioned St Jerome to undertake the revision of the New Testament. This revision expanded to the finished work of the Vulgate: a mighty gift to Christendom, its authentic version of the Word of God.

In 384 St Damasus I died, and was succeeded by St Siricius. By Siricius, Ninian, who had some time before received the priesthood, was consecrated bishop about the year 396, and then he "went homewarte, for to travail in God's yard." "He went homewarte"! What a wealth of faith and love do these words imply! To bid farewell for ever to the glorious city, to the tombs of the Apostles, to the dwellings of the Bride of the Lamb in all her beauty, to the living Saints, to the Sabine and the Alban hills, to the library at San Lorenzo in Damaso, to the radiant climate, and to set his face towards the bleak mountains of his half-savage and more than half-pagan fatherland. On his way home Ninian turned aside to visit St Martin, Bishop of Tours, the "glory of Gaul"—the glory also of the universal Church, for his name was to be given a place after the Apostles in the canon of St Gregory's Sacramentary. Concerning this visit St Ailred says:

The pillars in the tabernacle of God are joined one with the other, and two cherubim stretching out their wings touch each other. . . . Therefore, coming back from these exalted things to what is earthly, blessed Ninian besought of the Saint masons, stating that he proposed to himself, as in faith, so in the ways of building churches and in constituting ecclesiastical offices, to imitate the holy Roman Church. The most blessed man assented to his wishes; and so, satiated with mutual conversations as with heavenly feasts, after embraces, kisses and tears shed by both, they parted, holy Martin remaining in his own See, and Ninian hastening forth under the guidance of Christ, to the work whereunto the Holy Ghost had called him. Upon his return to his own land a great multitude of the people went out to meet him; there was great joy among all.*

** Vita.*

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The first care of Ninian was to select a site for his church. St Ailred says:

But he selected for himself a site in the place which is now termed Witerna, which, situated on the shore of the ocean and extending far into the sea on the east, west and south sides, is closed in by the sea itself, while only on the north is a way open to those who would enter. There, therefore, by the command of the man of God, the masons whom he had brought with him built a church, and they say that before that none in Britannia had been constructed of stone. And having first learnt that the most holy Martin, whom he held always in wondrous affection, had passed from earth to heaven, he was careful to dedicate the church in his honour.*

The church was called Candida Casa or White House, and excepting the church of St Martin's at Canterbury, is the only known British dedication of Roman date. "In many a rough wild heart, the sight of that fair church, conspicuous on its promontory, may have produced the first perceptions of the beauty and stability of the new faith, brought by a British prince from a city heretofore associated with legions, ramparts and iron-hearted repression."†

St Martin died on November 11, 401, and his dying words, "Lord, if I am still necessary to Thy people I would not draw back from the work, *non recuso laborem*," had echoed to the wilds of Galloway. The Saints belong to no nation save the Kingdom of God. The metropolitan Cathedral of the diocese of Lucca is dedicated to San Martino, and in Ross-shire and Aberdeenshire, in the glens of Scotland, which has done its utmost to sever connexion with the Saints, there are, thanks to St Ninian and Candida Casa, humbler churches called after the great Bishop of Tours, whilst the autumnal term of the North is Martinmas.

Very briefly and quaintly does St Ailred describe the missionary Bishop's enterprise:

Meanwhile the most blessed man, being pained that the devil, driven forth from the earth within the ocean, should find rest for himself in a corner of this island in the hearts of the Picts, girded himself as a strong wrestler to cast out his tyranny. . . . Fortified and surrounded by the society of his holy brethren as by a heavenly

* *Vita*. † Bright's *History of the Church*, p. 228.

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host, he invaded the empire of the strong man armed with the purpose of rescuing from his power innumerable victims of his captivity: wherefore, attacking the Southern Picts, whom still the Gentile error which clung to them induced to reverence and worship deaf and dumb idols, he taught them the truth of the Gospel. . . . God working with him, . . . the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised, . . . the faith is received, error renounced, temples cast down, churches erected. To the font of the saving laver run rich and poor, young and old, young men and maidens, mothers with their children. . . . They give thanks to the most merciful God, who had revealed His name in the islands that are afar off, sending to them a preacher of truth, the lamp of their salvation. Then the holy Bishop began to ordain presbyters, consecrate Bishops, distribute the other dignities of the ecclesiastical ranks and divide the whole land into certain parishes.*

At Candida Casa St Ninian established a monastery and a seminary. What were the altar rites in the white church by the Solway? The only suggestion regarding the Use there are the words of Bede, who expressly speaks of St Ninian as "Qui erat Romæ regulariter fidem et mysteria veritatis edoctus."†

What was the form of the monasticism of Candida Casa? On this we can but speculate. Its founder we know had probably come in contact with many undeveloped schemes for the organization of religious life in Rome; forms which had been imported from Egypt and Syria by St Athanasius, by Honoratus and by John Cassian. From St Martin, the "father of monasticism in Gaul," Ninian had received his latest impulse, and he may have visited Ligugé or the "cradle of monasticism in Gaul," Marmoutier on the banks of the Loire.

In the school of Candida Casa,

Many, both nobles and men of the middle rank, entrusted their sons to the blessed Pontiff to be trained in sacred learning.

That discipline was duly maintained, we are reminded, by mention of "the rods, the severest torments of boys," being "made ready" for a very naughty pupil. We know that

**Vita.*

† See *Liber Ecclesiæ Beati Terrenani de Arbuthnott; Missale secundum Usus Ecclesiæ Sancti Andreae in Scotia.*

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there was a garden near the monastery, by an account of the miraculous springing up of leeks when the refectory table was bare. The monks also possessed flocks of sheep and cattle, tended by shepherds who lived in huts. The Bishop visited his farms; he gathered men and animals around him in the evening, gave them his blessing, and, having commended them for the night to God, "the man of God turned aside to rest for the night at the house of a certain honourable matron."* Of the miraculous legends in the life of St Ninian there is only space for one here, the legend of the shower of rain:

Whence the Divine power bestowed such grace upon him, that even when resting in the open air, when reading in the heaviest rain, no moisture ever touched the book on which he was intent. When all around him was everywhere wet with water running upon it, he alone sat with his little book under the waters, as if he were protected by the roof of a house. Now it happened that the most reverend man was making a journey with one of his brethren then alive, a most holy person by name Plebia, and as his custom was he solaced the weariness of his journey with the psalms of David. And when . . . they turned aside from the public road, that they might read a little, having opened their Psalters, they proceeded to refresh their souls with sacred reading. Presently the pleasant serenity of the weather, becoming obscured by black clouds, poured down from on high to earth those waters which it had naturally drawn upwards. What shall I more say? The light air, like a chamber arching itself around the servants of God, resisted as an impenetrable wall the descending waters. But during the singing, the most blessed Ninian turned off his eyes from the book, affected a little by an unlawful thought, even with some desire was he tickled by a suggestion of the devil. Whereupon at once the shower, invading him and his book, betrayed what was hidden. Then the brother, who was sitting by him, knowing what had taken place, with gentle reproof reminded him. . . . Straightway the man of God, coming to himself, blushed that he had been overtaken by a vain thought, and in the same moment of time drove away the thought, and stayed the shower.

The work of St Ninian's life, the conversion of the

* *Vita.*

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Southern Picts, being accomplished—accomplished so far as the work of man is complete—the day of his *natalis* dawned. “Then,” breaks forth St Ailred:

Then verily, O blessed man, the winter was past to thee, when thou wast deemed meet with joyful eye to contemplate that heavenly fatherland, which the sun of justice doth illumine with the light of His glory, which love enkindleth, which a wondrous calm, as of a genial springtime, tempereth with an unspeakable uniformity of climate. . . . The celestial odour of the flowers of Paradise breathed upon thee, O blessed Ninian; . . . to the flowers of the roses and the lilies of the valleys is this empurpled and radiant one summoned, ascending from Libanus, that he may be crowned among the hosts of heaven. . . . Wherefore blessed Ninian, perfect in life and full of years, passed from this world in happiness, and was carried into heaven. . . . But he was buried in the Church of Blessed Martin, which he had built from the foundations, and he was placed in a stone sarcophagus near the altar, the clergy and people present, with their voices and hearts sounding forth celestial hymns. . . . At his most sacred tomb the sick are cured, the lepers are cleansed, the wicked are terrified, the blind receive their sight; by all which things the faith of believers is confirmed, to the praise and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

St Ninian's Office is in the Breviary of Aberdeen, and the *propria* of the Mass of St Ninian is in the Missal of Arbuthnott. The prayer in the Mass is as follows:

O God, who hast converted the people of the Picts and Britons by the teaching of St Ninian Thy bishop and confessor to the knowledge of Thy faith, graciously grant that as by his instructions we are imbued by the light of Thy truth, so by his intercessions we may attain to the joys of the heavenly life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The memory of St Ninian or Ringan is perpetuated from the Solway to Shetland, to Nairn and Aberdeen in at least fifty-one churches dedicated to him, and many other churches have an altar to the Saint of Galloway. A fresco representing St Ninian, probably the only fresco saved from the wreck of the sixteenth century, is on the wall of a church

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at Turriff. We come across his name also in other lands.* In the church of the Carmelite Friars at Bruges and in a church at Erfurt Scotsmen have endowed his altars, and the duty imposed on goods from Danzig to Aberdeen long kept alight the lamp of the Kirk of St Ninian on the Castle Hill of the City of Bon Accord. Some of his relics were preserved in the Scots' College at Douai. There are at least two dedications to St Ninian in England, where he sometimes appears as Tronion. In 1477 Edward IV permitted his brother Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III) to grant to Queen's College, Cambridge, certain lands for founding four fellowships in that college "in the honore and lovyng of Almyghtie God and all seyntes and in especialle in the worschip of our Lady seynt Mary, seynt George, seynt Anthony and seynt Nynyen." Daily in his Mass a priest was to say "a Collett of seynt Nynyan." In the same year the Duke erected a collegiate church at Middleham in Yorkshire, and named six stalls respectively after St George, St Catherine, St Ninian, St Cuthbert, St Anthony and St Barbara. A fast of peculiar severity, known as St Ninian's Fast, and lasting for forty hours, found favour amongst the devout in northern England as well as in Scotland so late as 1563. It was condemned by Protestants with "golden Fridays" as a pitiful superstition. It has been said:

If there were any real evidence that a fast of this duration can be connected with the name of St Ninian, it would be interesting as suggesting that it was a survival of the forty hours' fast known as early as the time of Irenæus, corresponding, as it would seem, with the fast referred to by Tertullian, as being during the time that the Bridegroom was taken away, and under the power of death, which seems to have been reckoned from noon on Good Friday to four o'clock on Easter morning.

St Ninian died about 432, the period which is usually

* In the National Museum at Copenhagen there is an altarpiece representing Saint Ninian, a painting apparently of the late fifteenth century.

† See note on the Foundation of Richard Duke of Gloucester, at Queen's College, Cambridge (1477) in *Transactions of the Scottish Ecclesiological Society*, vol. 1, part ii, 1904-5, by the Rt Rev. Bp Dowden, D.D., LL.D.

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assigned to the commencement of the Apostolate of St Patrick in Erin, or Scotia as Erin was then called. Whether the great Saints ever met is unknown, but in doctrine and zeal for souls they were united if not by ties of country and kin. Candida Casa, called also the "Magnum Monasterium," or Rosnat, or Futerna, long continued a famous seminary, and very friendly relations existed between it and Noendrum the great school of learning in Scotia. Amongst many Saints who were trained by the Solway appear St Finnian of Moville, St Tighernach, St Monennus and St Wynnin of Ayrshire, who is mentioned with honour by Pope St Gregory the Great. St Monenna sends her spiritual daughter Brignat to Candida Casa to be trained in religious life, the children of the King of the Britons attend school there, and the daughter of the King of the Picts receives a secular education.

The See of Galloway now represents the ancient Candida Casa. From about 805 till the twelfth century the See was vacant. On its restoration by King David, the youngest and the greatest of the sons of St Margaret, devotion to its founder revived, aided by the Biography of "the amiable Ailred." The White House soon became a favourite resort for Scottish, English and Irish pilgrims. Thither hastened pious matrons, including the Queens of Scotland, to ask God's blessing on their babes unborn and to return thanks after their birth. James III and James IV paid many a visit to St Ninian's, and James V writes to the Holy See that the sacred tomb was still frequented.

Through the wear and tear of fifteen hundred years little now is left at Candida Casa.

Where the white cliffs over the shore of Galloway are dashed by the Irish Sea, is the cave of the Saint with the cross carved on the rock, and the inscription "*Sanct Ni.*" And here from time to time he escaped to rest in the midst of his weary toil, and to "fill his soul in solitude with the great thought of God." On certain stone monuments in Galloway there are Christian inscriptions, the oldest probably in Britain, Roman letters carved by a Roman chisel. They are "a voice from the Catacombs."

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“Here lie the holy and excellent priests—Ides, Viven-
tius, and Moravius. Initium et Finis.”

“The place of S. Peter the Apostle.”

“Te Dominum Laudamus.”

“Latinus aged 35 years, and his daughter of 5. Here the
descendants of Barrovad made the monument.”*

The fragrance of St Ninian's life still lingers:

In Paradiso Ecclesiæ,
Virtutum ex Dulcedine,
Spiramen dat Aromaticum,
Ninianus Caelestium.

* *The Early Christian Monuments of Scotland*, by J. Romilly Allan, p. xiii.

MARGARET KINLOCH

THE FEAST OF THE DEAD

Adonis, Attis, Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion.

By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, etc. London: Macmillan. 1906.

DR J. G. FRAZER, the distinguished author of *The Golden Bough*, and of other important folk-lore studies, has recently delighted his numerous admirers by the publication of a new volume. The general drift of the work is sufficiently indicated by its full title, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion*. As will be anticipated by those who are familiar with his previous writings, Dr Frazer does not restrict himself to a bare exposition of the facts which are available for the fuller understanding of these Oriental cults, but he draws a good many inferences concerning the influence exerted by the worship of Adonis and the rest upon the early developments of Christianity. The reader who accepts his guidance is left with the impression that Catholic dogma and practice as they were handed down to the devout believers of the later middle ages contained very little that was new, and still less that was admirable. Mediæval Christianity, according to Dr Frazer, was in fact nothing but a rearrangement of pagan superstitions mostly of Oriental origin, and dating back in their essential features to the childhood of the race, thousands of years before the coming of Christ.

Now of Dr Frazer's general conclusions I do not in the present paper propose to say anything, at any rate directly. Incidentally one may confess to a profound distrust not only in the cogency of his reasoning, but in the reliability of his data. If on the one hand in treating of religion nothing can be more instructive than the use of that comparative method which has done so much for the study of philology or anthropology, so nothing can be more treacherous than the conclusions suggested by such comparisons unless they are controlled at every turn by careful sifting and appraising of the evidence. But there is one

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section of Dr Frazer's new volume to which special attention has been invited by its publication separately as an article in *The Fortnightly Review* as recently as last September. It does not seem unfair to take this particular chapter as a sort of test-case and to judge the writer's work as a whole by the reliability of his procedure in dealing with one definite issue. It is at any rate an issue to which he himself has elected to give prominence.

The article just referred to, which appeared under the title of "Feasts of All Souls," is incorporated unaltered in the work before us on pp. 242-256, where it forms part of Dr Frazer's exposition of the official festivals of Osiris. The thesis there presented and defended with a great array of illustrations drawn from every country and every period is that the Feast of All Souls, as now recognized by the Catholic Church, is nothing more nor less than an ancient Celtic festival of the dead which the Church authorities, being unable to suppress, were at length induced to assimilate. What precise relation this discovery may have to the cult of Osiris is not, to say the truth, made very clear. In its present setting the chapter bears somewhat the appearance of an interlude, introduced to give actuality to a subject which for the most part deals with rather far off themes. However, it is quite complete in itself, and we shall do Dr Frazer no injustice by discussing it apart from the cult of the Egyptian deity to which it is now tacked on.

And here be it said first of all that even were it true that our present annual commemoration of the departed replaced some pagan festival of the same kind, there would be nothing in this which need outrage Christian sentiment. That not only pagan temples, but in some measure pagan institutions also were taken over and christianized, instead of being exterminated, in order that by the toleration of what was innocent the people might gradually be weaned from what was idolatrous, is a fact familiar to all students of early Christian history. The classical testimony on the subject is the letter of St Gregory the Great*

* Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* i, chap. xxxi. For an admirable discussion of the whole topic of the infiltrations of paganism the reader may be referred to

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to our own St Mellitus, the successor of St Augustine in the archbishopric of Canterbury. It is too well known to need to be repeated here, but I may remind the reader of St Gregory's decision that barbarous peoples had to be raised from their superstitions "by steps and not by leaps," and that consequently popular festivals celebrated with revelry and with sacrifices of oxen or other animals need not be entirely suppressed, but that such occasions should be used as Christian festivals on which Mass might be more solemnly offered, while the slaughter of oxen might still be permitted to provide the wherewithal for material enjoyment. In this way the festivities would still take place, but the occasion for idolatry would be removed.

There can be no doubt that this principle had been acted upon in similar cases many centuries before the date of this letter. A familiar example, which is interesting as having taken place in Rome itself, is the institution of the procession and litanies on St Mark's day, April 25. It is quite certain that the procession of monks and clergy replaced the old pagan procession of the *Robigalia*. Not only was the date identical, but the very route of the procession was maintained, and the object of the older heathen ceremony, which was to avert a visitation of blight (*robigo*) and to implore the blessing of heaven on the fields and crops, remained practically unaltered.

It will be understood therefore that if in the pages which follow, Dr Frazer's theory of the origin of All Souls is uncompromisingly rejected, it is not from any necessity of defending a dogma vital to the Catholic position. If Dr Frazer could bring any reasonable evidence to support his thesis, we should all be willing to accept it. But on the other hand it is precisely his failure to do so which strikes one as so significant of the looseness of his procedure in other speculations, where the facts of the case are far less accessible. In the present instance we might admit the whole of Dr Frazer's contention and none the less celebrate the

Father H. Delchaye's chapter on "Reminiscences et survivances païennes," in his *Légendes Hagiographiques*. A translation of this work for the Westminster Library is now in the press.

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feast of All Souls with a clear conscience. Indeed I will venture to make Dr Frazer a present of an illustration which he has himself overlooked, but which is intimately associated with the matter before us. It strikes one as one of the most remarkable examples of the survival of a heathen observance in Catholic worship which the history of Christianity affords.

Anyone who opens his Roman Missal in the portion devoted to Masses for the Dead will find that special prayers are appointed to be said on the third, the seventh, the thirtieth day, and also on the yearly anniversary after the burial of any deceased person for whom Mass is offered. Why are these special days selected? To answer this question, let us take any ordinary dictionary of classical antiquities, and under the word *funus* let us examine what celebrations were customary among the Greeks in honour of the departed after their burial. I quote designedly from the old edition of Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities* (1853), which will not be suspected of having been written intentionally to fit the Christian parallel.

On the second day after the funeral a sacrifice to the dead was offered called *τρίτα* (third). Pollux (viii, 146) enumerates in order all the sacrifices and ceremonies which followed the funeral—*τρίτα*, *ἐννاتا*, *τριακάδες*, etc. Aristophanes (*Lysistr.* 611 with Schol.) alludes to the *τρίτα*. The principal sacrifice, however, to the dead was on the ninth day, called *ἐννاتا* (*Æschines*, c. *Ctesiphon*. p. 617; *Isæus*, *de Ciron*. *Hered.* p. 224). The mourning for the dead appears to have lasted till the thirtieth day after the funeral (*Lys. de cæd. Erat.* p. 16), on which day sacrifices were again offered. . . The *νεκύσια* were probably offerings on the anniversary of the day of the death, though according to some critics the *νεκύσια* were the same as the *γενέσια*.*

* Smith, *Dict. of Antiq.*, 1853, Art. "funus," pp. 549–550. The question of the Greek sacrifices on the third, ninth, thirtieth and anniversary has been discussed by E. Rohde, *Psyche, Seelencult und Unsterblichkeitsglaube der Griechen*, third edition, Tübingen, 1903, vol. 1, pp. 232–234. Some writers have considered that it was not clear whether the thirtieth meant the thirtieth day of the month in which death occurred or whether it was the thirtieth day after burial; but Rohde shows clearly that the latter was intended. See also Sartori, *Die Speisung der Toten*, pp. 53 seq.

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As to these facts all authorities are agreed; and the dates, third day, ninth day, thirtieth day, with the anniversary, are all of them guaranteed by clear statements in classical authors who wrote three or four hundred years before the birth of our Lord. Surely it is impossible not to suspect a connexion between these intervals and the third, seventh, thirtieth and anniversary day in our existing Missal. But, it may be objected, one, and that the most important, of these pagan sacrifices was on the *ninth*, not the seventh day after interment. Strange to say, the exception in this case fully proves the rule. One of the very earliest documents of the English Church is that which goes by the name of the Penitential of St Theodore, the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury, who was consecrated (668) and sent to England by Pope Vitalian.* Now in one of its sections, that which is consecrated to the suffrages for the dead, we read as follows:

ON MASS FOR THE DEAD.

1. According to the Church of Rome, it is the custom, in the case of monks or religious men, to carry them after their death to the church, to anoint their breasts with chrism, and there to celebrate Masses for them; then to bear them to the grave with chanting, and when they have been laid in the tomb, prayer is offered for them; afterwards they are covered in with earth or with a slab.

2. On the first, the third, the ninth, and also the thirtieth day, let Mass be celebrated for them, and furthermore, let this be observed after a year has passed, if it be wished.

3. For a monk deceased, let Mass be said on the day of his burial, and on the third day, and after that as often as the Abbot may think well.

4. For the secular clergy who die, let Mass be offered thrice in the year, the third day and the ninth and the thirtieth, because the Lord rose the third day, and at the ninth hour He gave up the ghost, and the children of Israel wept for Moses for thirty days.

6. For a good layman, let Mass be said on the third day, for a penitent on the thirtieth day, or on the seventh day, after the fast, because his relatives are bound to fast seven days and to offer oblations at the altar, as we read in Josue the son of Sirach, and the

*The authenticity of this Penitential, I may note, is accepted by Haddan and Stubbs, and by Wasserschleben.

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children of Israel fasted for Saul; after this let Mass be said as often as the priest may think good.

Similar instructions are found in other Penitentials of the West, but this of St Theodore—who was a Greek by birth—is probably the earliest in date and the original of the rest. It will be noted that here we not only have the precise intervals of third, ninth, thirtieth and anniversary day, but that Christian symbolism has already set to work to find mystical reasons for just those terms. Further it may be remarked how in the reference to laymen the seven-day period, enforced by a Scriptural example, has also begun to take root. For the old Greeks and Romans the week as a measure of time did not exist.* Consequently the Greeks, and the Romans too in their *novendiale*, kept a nine days' period of special mourning. When the *week* was introduced, and the weight of Christian authority and practice was added to it, there was probably for some time confusion and diversity of usage, but in the end the seven-day period prevailed. I think, however, that we still retain a trace of the old nine-day arrangement in the *novendiali* of the papal obsequies, and possibly also in the "novena," which is the familiar period for our more protracted prayers of special intercession.

Now there can be no need to excuse or apologize for such an adaptation of pagan observances as we have noticed in this instance. It was clearly a usage of immemorial tradition to make special memory of the dead on the anniversary and on the third, ninth and thirtieth days after their burial. In this custom, taken in itself, the Church saw no evil, but for the pagan sacrifices and for the possibly riotous banquetings she substituted the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum* or night Office of the Dead, leaving the intervals of time unchanged.

Another analogous survival of pagan customs is probably to be seen in the strange Roman usage of administering the Blessed Eucharist, when possible, at the very moment

* It was introduced into pagan Rome, seemingly from Alexandria, about the second century after Christ.

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before the dying man breathed his last. The object of this was apparently that the Sacred Host might rest unconsumed upon the tongue after death. Indeed it seems for a while to have been customary, when this had not been done, to place the Holy "Viaticum" upon the tongue of the deceased even after death had occurred.* To discuss this would take us too far, but I see no harm in believing that we may recognize here another deliberately adopted Christian substitute for a familiar pagan rite. In this case it was clearly the obol intended for Charon or the sop to Cerberus which the Church desired to eradicate from the practice of her less well-instructed children.

And now it is high time to allow Dr Frazer to state his case regarding the feast of All Souls. After dwelling at great length upon the universality of the usage of propitiating, providing food for, or making offerings to the shades of the departed, more particularly upon some one day at the beginning of the year, Dr Frazer proceeds thus:

A comparison of these European customs with the similar heathen rites can leave no room for doubt that the nominally Christian feast of All Souls is nothing but an old pagan festival of the dead which the Church, unable or unwilling to suppress, resolved from motives of policy to connive at. But whence did it borrow the practice of solemnizing the festival on that particular day, the second of November? In order to answer this question we should observe first, that celebrations of this sort are often held at the beginning of a New Year, and, second, that the peoples of north-western Europe, the Celts and the Teutons, appear to have dated the beginning of their year from the beginning of winter, the Celts reckoning if from the first of November and the Teutons from the first of October.

The difference of reckoning may be due to a difference of clime, the home of the Teutons in northern central Europe being a region where winter sets in earlier than on the more temperate and humid coasts of the Atlantic, the home of the Celts. These considerations suggest that the festival of All Souls on the second of November originated with the Celts, and spread from them to the rest of the

* For the facts I may refer to an Appendix on this subject in Cardinal Rampolla's recent work *Santa Melania Giuniore*, pp. 254-256. The practice was afterwards strictly forbidden.

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European peoples, who, while they preserved their old feasts of the dead practically unchanged, may have transferred them to the second of November. This conjecture is supported by what we know of the ecclesiastical institution, or rather recognition of the festival. For that recognition was first accorded at the end of the tenth century in France, a Celtic country, from which the Church festival gradually spread over Europe. It was Odilo, abbot of the great Benedictine monastery of Clugny, who initiated the change in 998 A.D. by ordering that in all the monasteries over which he ruled, a solemn Mass should be celebrated on the second of November for all the dead who sleep in Christ. The example thus set was followed by other religious houses, and the bishops, one after another, introduced the new celebration into their dioceses. Thus the festival of All Souls gradually established itself throughout Christendom, though in fact the Church has never formally sanctioned it by a general edict nor attached much weight to its observance. Indeed, when objections were raised to the festival at the Reformation, the ecclesiastical authorities seemed ready to abandon it. These facts are explained very simply by the theory that an old Celtic commemoration of the dead lingered in France down to the end of the tenth century, and was then, as a measure of policy and a concession to ineradicable paganism, at last incorporated in the Catholic ritual. The consciousness of the heathen origin of the practice would naturally prevent the supreme authorities from insisting strongly on its observance. They appear rightly to have regarded it as an outpost which they could surrender to the forces^A of rationalism without endangering the citadel of the faith.*

Now there are many things which call for comment in this passage, but I cannot leave without a passing reference this last suggestion that the Church authorities at the Reformation period refrained from insisting on the observance of All Souls† because they were troubled by an un-

* *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, pp. 253-5. Lack of space compels me to omit the footnotes which quote authorities in justification of the text.

† I know no evidence for this allegation, and I can find practically nothing in the books to which Dr Frazer refers in his footnote. So far as I can trace the course of Dr Frazer's logical inductions, his argument is simply this. He finds in historic times many superstitious and apparently heathenish customs associated with All Souls' day, and hence infers that there must have been a primitive and pagan feast of the dead at the beginning of November. But surely it is equally possible that if a Christian feast of the dead was instituted at the beginning of November, as we

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easy consciousness of the heathen origin of this celebration. Surely it would not be easy to imagine a more ludicrous misconception of Catholic feeling at the beginning of the sixteenth century than to suppose that men like Blessed John Fisher or Sir Thomas More or Cardinal Contarini detected any savour of paganism in the practice of praying for the dead. When Dr Frazer is so hopelessly at sea regarding the tone of thought of the people who lived only four centuries ago, how can we trust his intuitions of the mental processes of prehistoric races about whom nothing but the most meagre fragments of information are preserved to us?

But this is only by the way. Let us turn to questions of fact, and first of all to the statement regarding the commencement of the Celtic and Teutonic year. Despite Dr Frazer's unhesitating assertion I venture to say that the whole matter is wrapped in obscurity. Not only does he not produce a single fragment of evidence to show that the Celts or the Teutons before the time of St Odilo celebrated a feast of the dead at the beginning of November, but he really gives us no reason for believing with any confidence that November was the beginning of the Celtic year. As regards the Teutons, the clearest piece of evidence we possess—I refer to the fragments of the old Gothic calendar included in the palimpsest manuscript which has preserved for us the Bible of Ulfilas—shows plainly, according to Achelis, its latest and most competent editor, that the Gothic year began with the month of December.* This is in direct conflict with Dr Frazer's statement that the Teutonic year began with October. Again he himself quotes a fellow folklorist, Dr Tille, who "prefers to date the Teutonic winter from Martinmas, November 11." This manner of speaking does not look like the language of a man who is dealing with scientifically ascertained facts. The

know was in fact the case, it may have attracted to itself many of those various superstitious observances regarding the shades of ancestors of which we find traces among barbarous races at every season of the year and in every part of the world.

**Zeitschrift f. N.T. Wissenschaft*, vol. 1, pp. 308 seq.

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whole thing is, in fact, a piece of guesswork. What is certain is that the great Athenian celebration of the dead took place on the 11-13 Anthesterion, roughly corresponding to February, while in Rome the *parentalia*, a similar festival, lasted from February 13 to February 21. In neither case is the festival kept exactly at the beginning of the year.

But to come to the facts of the institution of the feast. No doubt Dr Frazer is right in saying that it is St Odilo who is mainly to be credited with the festival which we keep to-day. But the idea had been floating in the air long before his time. Even as early as the days of Amalarius, at the beginning of the ninth century, it seemed natural to that writer, after commenting on the Proper for the Saints, to turn immediately to the Office for the Dead. In his work on the order of the Antiphonary he remarks, "After the Office for the Saints I have introduced the Office for the Dead, for many have passed out of this world without at once being admitted to the fellowship of the Saints, but for whom the office is performed in the ordinary way."* Again, it is notorious that one of the great religious movements of the eighth and ninth centuries, which took its rise apparently in England, and was hence transported by such English missionaries as St Wilfrid and St Lull to Germany and central Europe, was the institution, especially among the great monastic houses, of mutual compacts prescribing a carefully regulated number of masses and psalters to be offered for the repose of the soul of every member when he departed this life. We can study each stage of the development of this movement, which spread and grew with extraordinary rapidity.†

Moreover, what is more to our purpose, it is plain that several attempts were made to establish some general day when all the departed, at least those who were in any way connected with the monks of a particular order or confraternity, should be prayed for together. Thus I may call

* *De Ordine Antiphonarii*, cap. lxxv.

† See Dr Ebner's important monograph, *Die klösterlichen Gebets-verbrüderungen*.

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attention to the following document which was drawn up about the year 800, between the Monastery of St Gall and that of Reichenau. The agreement prescribes that when in either monastery the death of a monk was announced belonging to the other, all those who were priests should celebrate three Masses that same day for the soul of the deceased, while those who were not priests should recite the psalter and sing the night Offices for the same intention. A week afterwards thirty psalms were to be said for the monk who had died, and on the thirtieth day each priest would again say Mass, and each non-priest would recite fifty psalms. At the beginning of each month the Office of the Dead was to be said by both communities for all their deceased members, and a special commemoration was to be made for the soul which had last passed away. Lastly, both monasteries would celebrate every year a solemn anniversary on the xviiith of the Kalends of December (November 14). On that occasion each priest would say three Masses, and the rest would recite the whole psalter and chant the Office for the Dead.*

When we remember that a custom was widely prevalent in the later middle ages, allowing priests to say three Masses on All Souls' day, and that this is still the privilege of the Spanish clergy even in our own time, we are led to the conclusion that all the honour of instituting a feast to commemorate the faithful departed cannot be ascribed quite unreservedly to the initiative of St Odilo of Cluny in 998.

But this was far from the only attempt to institute a feast closely analogous to our present commemoration of the departed, and on each occasion of which we have record the date selected appears to have been a different one. The agreement just mentioned speaks of November 14, which was not according to Dr Frazer's ideas the beginning either of the Teutonic or the Celtic year. In the life of St Eigils we have an allusion to an attempt to

* Piper, *Liber Confraternitatum S. Galli* in the *Monumenta Germaniæ, Necrologia*, p. 140.

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found a similar commemoration on December 17.* In a manuscript calendar of Autun of earlier date than the time of St Odilo we find another like commemoration attached to January 23, and again the Life of St Bertulf incidentally alludes to yet another attempt to establish such a commemoration on the Monday after Pentecost, while Osbernus Uticensis pitched upon June 26 for the same purpose.† It seems obvious that there cannot have been in any of these local and temporary institutions, all of them belonging to the ninth and tenth century, any idea of perpetuating an ancient popular observance attached by immemorial tradition to a fixed day.

But the whole theory becomes more and more improbable the more closely we consider it. The idea of a concession to some ineradicable pagan superstition, which is the aspect of the situation put forward by Dr Frazer, might more easily be entertained if we were dealing with the period when Christianity was engaged in some sort of life-and-death struggle with an expiring paganism, but in 998, accepting the date mentioned by our author, the population of Gaul had unreservedly accepted Christianity for more than four hundred years. Again Dr Frazer, as already mentioned, does not produce one single scrap of evidence to show that any pagan festival of the departed had ever been celebrated either in that district or in any other district of Gaul on November 2. He simply assumes that it must have been so. Lastly, even granting that there were places where we might expect to find some yielding to the superstitious usages of heathendom, a great abbey like Cluny, then at the height of its fervour and ruled by a Saint whose reputation for inflexible austerity was spread throughout Europe, is the very last spot in which such a compromise with paganism would be likely to take its rise. Not only were the monks in an exceptional degree shut off from outside influences, spending

* See the references given in Mabillon, *AA. SS. Benedict.* Præfat. in III Sæc., n. 101; as also the article by Dom Plaine in the *Revue du Clergé Français*, vol. VIII, pp. 432-446 (1896), and Jardet, *Saint Odilon, Abbé de Cluny* (1898), pp. 276-312.

† See Mabillon, l.c.

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their lives in austerity and constant prayer, but they were as a body to be reputed among the most cultured and highly educated men of that rude age. If any were capable of making a stand against pagan practices it was precisely they; and why, we may ask, should this fervent community at the climax of its reputation suddenly have given in to those same heathen influences which the rest of the Church of Gaul had successfully resisted for 400 years?

On the other hand, it is not disputed by anyone that it was at Cluny that our present festival of November 2 really took its rise; and that in the time of St Odilo. Contrary to what we should certainly expect if the new institution had been a concession to some deeply rooted popular superstition, the new feast, though backed by all the prestige of Cluny and adopted by the other houses of the Order, spread very slowly. It is not until two centuries later that we find it generally entered in the calendars of France, England and Germany, or that the Missals and other service books exhibit any recognition of the feast as a liturgical celebration.

The real history of the festival, which has been studied from a non-Catholic standpoint by Dr Sackur, the historian of Cluny, in an appendix to his monograph upon the beginnings of the Order, appears to be this. Dr Sackur fully recognizes the deep popular impression produced by the prayer confraternities among the different religious houses, and he lays stress upon the idea of the Communion of Saints, which was summed up in such a festival as that of the first of November, as also upon the trust reposed by the laity in the monks as intercessors. The religious of Cluny had the greatest reputation of that age. In 1016, for example, Pope Benedict issued a bull, commending the abbey in the most glowing terms. "And therefore," he says, "because in this same spot continual prayers and the celebration of Masses and abundant alms are offered for the state of the holy Church of God, and for the salvation and repose of all the faithful living and dead, any injury done to it is to be reputed the common

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loss of all Christendom.”* In particular the reputation of St Odilo himself reached an extraordinary height. All the great personages of the day, like the Empress Adelheid, the Duchess of Aquitaine, King Sancho of Navarre, King Stephen of Hungary, and many more, assiduously besought his prayers. The most extravagant legends were in circulation, as we learn from contemporaries, regarding the number of souls that he rescued from purgatory, and even, so it was said, from the very flames of hell, either by releasing them outright or by obtaining for them respite from pain during two days of each week. Pope Benedict VIII was reported to have appeared after death to Bishop John of Porto, and to have told him that only through Odilo’s prayers could he be rescued from eternal torment. The result of all this was that petitions for prayers poured in upon Cluny from all parts of Christendom, and it would seem that Odilo was constrained to meet the difficulty by instituting a new and special occasion for rendering aid to the departed, not only by Masses and psalters, but by the recitation of the Office for the Dead, and by almsdeeds.† The date and the precise terms of the decree as first promulgated by Odilo are quite uncertain, but all are agreed in admitting the authenticity of a still extant document, which belongs to about the year 1030, St Odilo being still alive. This ordinance may be only the extension and confirmation of an older document, but it may also be the original instruction sent to all houses of the Order. Needless to say that there is not the slightest suggestion or indication in its wording that any popular custom was being legalized or any older usage revived.

If the monks had instituted this Christian celebration with the object of weaning the rude country people around them from the practice of semi-pagan superstitions, we should have expected this purpose to be men-

* Jaffe-Löwenfeld, *Regesta*, 4013. Cf. Sackur, *Die Cluniacenser*, vol. II, Appendix.

† Contemporaries state that the immediate occasion for the decree was the report of a vision seen by some pilgrim, who announced that innumerable souls were saved by the prayers of St Odilo and his monks. See Plaine in *Revue du Clergé Français*, vol. VIII.

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tioned. But there is not a word to this effect, neither is there the slightest suggestion that the festival was to be kept by any but the houses of the Order. The decree simply says that "as the feast of all the blessed saints was already celebrated throughout the Church of God, so it seemed desirable that at Cluny they should also keep with joyous affection the memory of all the faithful departed who have lived from the beginning of the world until the end."

It seems to me, therefore, that there is not much of probability left in Dr Frazer's hypothesis when we study it in the light of sober history and expert opinion. Even if we could trust the accuracy of the accounts which he quotes of the superstitious observances alleged to be associated with the feast of All Souls in Belgium, Italy, France and other places, these constitute no evidence of the pagan origin of the feast itself. They are at best mere accretions.

Finally, it remains to quote a further hypothesis supplementing the first which Dr Frazer puts forward in the same chapter:

Perhaps [he says] we may go a step further and explain in like manner the origin of the feast of All Saints on the first of November. For the analogy of similar customs elsewhere would lead us to suppose that the old Celtic festival of the dead was held on the Celtic New Year's Day, that is, on the first, not the second, of November, May not then the institution of the feast of All Saints on that day have been the first attempt of the Church to give a colour of Christianity to the ancient heathen rite by substituting the saints for the souls of the dead as the true object of worship? The facts of history seem to countenance this hypothesis. For the feast of All Saints was instituted in France and Germany by order of the Emperor Lewis the Pious in 835 A.D., that is, about a hundred and sixty years before the introduction of the feast of All Souls. The innovation was made by the advice of the Pope Gregory IV, whose motive may well have been that of suppressing an old pagan custom which was notoriously practised in France and Germany. The idea, however, was not a novel one, for the testimony of Bede proves that in Britain, another Celtic country, the feast of All Saints on the first of November was already celebrated in the eighth century. We

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may conjecture that this attempt to divert the devotion of the faithful from the souls of the dead to the saints proved a failure, and that finally the Church reluctantly decided to sanction the popular superstition by frankly admitting a feast of All Souls into the calendar. But it could not assign the new, or rather the old, festival to the old day, the first of November, since that was already occupied by the feast of All Saints. Accordingly it placed the Mass for the dead on the next day, the second of November. On this theory the feasts of All Saints and of All Souls mark two successive efforts of the Catholic Church to eradicate an old heathen festival of the dead. Both efforts failed.

But here again Dr Frazer is quietly arranging the facts to suit his own hypothesis, while disregarding the authority of the best and most expert opinion. Even Professor Caspari, in the latest edition of the *Realencyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie*, gives excellent reason for believing that both the institution of the feast of All Saints and its celebration on November 1 are to be traced to papal initiative at Rome itself. It was, therefore, not a Celtic but a Roman feast, and in Rome the year certainly did not begin in November. Again, when Dr Frazer appeals to Bede as vouching for the existence of the festival, he is relying upon the so-called *Martyrologium Bedæ*, which every student now knows to have been freely interpolated at a later date. On the other hand he tells us nothing of the evidence of Catulphus and Alcuin, which proves that in the time of Charlemagne there was at any rate no general recognition of the feast, either in Germany or France.

The conclusion to which we are led by this brief examination of our folklorist's procedure, is that Dr Frazer's methods are the methods of a special pleader, not those of a scientific searcher after truth. Not in this chapter only, but throughout the books of this able writer, we have constantly to deplore the same extraordinary reluctance to state or even consider the most obvious arguments which may be urged against his views. Dr Frazer's learning and his good intentions may be worthy of all respect, but he is a guide in whom no one who studies his procedure carefully can possibly feel confidence.

HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

COUNT LALLY

Of Fontenoy and the Bastille

AMONG the many Irishmen who rose to high rank in the service of Continental States during the eighteenth century, and who thus secured for themselves a place in the pages of history, must be put almost the first that Count Lally whose name is closely connected with the battle of Fontenoy, and whose military exploits covered so wide a field as is presented by the limits of Falkirk in Scotland and Wandewash in India. I say almost the first, because that place undoubtedly belongs to Ulysses Count Browne, but in romantic episodes and human pathos Lally's career stands alone. If we had all the details of his hairbreadth escapes during his visits to England, Ireland and Russia, a story might be compiled that would surpass the adventures conjured up for his heroes by the imagination of Dumas. It is to the terrible ingratitude of the French King and his Court towards the best soldier in the French army that we owe as much knowledge as we possess about the private life and public career of Count Lally. Voltaire, Condorcet O'Connor and Lally's own son Lally-Tollendal have mainly contributed to preserve the reputation of the gallant soldier so cruelly done to death at the Place de Grève on May 9, 1766.

The story of Lally, like that of so many of his compatriots in exile, begins with the Limerick Convention. His grandfather, James Lally of Tullendally, or Tullenedally, in the county of Galway, represented Tuam in the Jacobite Parliament summoned at Dublin in 1689. James Lally married the Honourable Jane Dillon, sister of Theobald Viscount Dillon. Their son Gerard Lally was a lieutenant in the Dillon regiment of James II's Irish army, commanded by his mother's brother, Colonel Arthur Dillon.* After the departure of the bulk of the Irish

† Arthur Dillon, one of the handsomest men of his time, born at Roscommon in 1670, died in 1733, as general in the French army, at St-Germain-en-Laye, where he is buried. His son James, colonel of the

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troops for France in 1692, the Dillon regiment became the recognized leading Irish regiment in the French service, and its Colonel was created Count Dillon by Louis XIV. We have but few particulars of the career of Gerard Lally, who was created a baronet by James II. In 1701 he married a French lady of good family, Marie-Anne de Brissac. To them was born in January, 1702, at Romans in Dauphiné, a son, who was named Thomas Arthur. The day of his birth is not known, but he was baptized on January 15 in that year.

From the first, custom and the exigencies of the position filled by the Irish in a foreign country prescribed a military career for the young Lally. Very soon after his birth the name of Thomas Arthur Lally was therefore inscribed on the roll of the Dillon regiment. The War of the Spanish Succession had begun, and Gerard Lally's home became the camp. The Dillon regiment was sent with the force under the command of the Duc de Noailles to Spain in 1706, and later on took a prominent part in gaining the battle of Almanza, where the Duke of Berwick defeated the English. In 1711, when Thomas Lally was only nine years old, his father sent for him because he wished him to smell powder before receiving a grade in the regiment. Having thus received his baptism of fire in the trenches before Gerona, he returned to his school at Douai, but in 1714 his father again summoned him to the camp and gave him "a holiday treat" by allowing him to form one of the party that stormed the breach at Barcelona. During these campaigns the Lallys were brought into close contact with two remarkable men, the Duc de Noailles, who long afterwards gave Thomas Lally his first command as Aide-Major-General in 1741, and the Duke of Berwick, whose knowledge of the Irish Brigade went back to the Boyne. The younger Lally's Spanish service continued down to Dillon regiment, was killed at Fontenoy; another son, Edward, died at Maestricht of wounds received at Laffeldt, 1747. His grandson Theobald, count and general, was assassinated by his troops at Lille in 1792. Theobald's brother Arthur succeeded to his title and the command of the Dillon regiment, and was guillotined during the Terror in 1794. At the same time the Dillon regiment disappeared from the French army.

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1717, and, thanks to the good opinion of the two generals under whom he had served and the favour of the Regent Orleans, whom he styled at a later period his Patron, he found himself at the age of fifteen holding the rank of captain.

There is no information as to what were the vicissitudes of his fortunes between 1717 and 1733. There is some reason to think that, after the conclusion of peace, he returned to Douai to complete his education at college, but certainly in 1733 he was still only a captain in the Dillon regiment. From having been the youngest of his rank on the roll he had become one of the oldest, and this long inactivity might well have damped his military ardour. The check to his promotion was attributed to the death in 1723 of his patron Orleans, but it was probably no more than the natural consequence of the long peace following the Treaty of Utrecht. There is, however, another explanation of this stagnation; it may be attributed to the excessive modesty of Sir Gerard Lally. Speaking in India long afterwards, Lally said, "If my father had not purposely stopped my promotion from 1717 to 1733, I should have been Marshal of France long ago by mere seniority, and I should not have been obliged to seek my baton out here."

When Louis XV made the claims of his father-in-law to the kingdom of Poland a *casus belli* against the Empire in 1733, the Duke of Berwick was entrusted with the command of the French troops sent to operate on the Rhine. The Dillon regiment formed part of his army, and with it went both Gerard Lally and his son. By established usage the command of the Dillon regiment was restricted to a member of that family, but Sir Gerard Lally was a Dillon on the maternal side, and Count Arthur Dillon, on becoming a General of France, had assigned the active command to him. At the attack on Kehl in December, 1733, with which the campaign opened to secure the passage of the Rhine, young Lally attracted the attention of all by his gallantry in the assault, but it was in the attack on the lines of Edtlingen, when Noailles brought a force to aid Berwick in the siege of Philippsburg, that he covered him-

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self with glory. During the severe fighting in the assault of that position he saved the life of his father, who was wounded and on the point of being taken prisoner. He also obtained for his general conduct and valour in the final assault on Philippsburg his own long-expected promotion to the rank of Major. The unfortunate death of the Duke of Berwick before that place was not merely a severe loss to both the Lallys, but it also affected adversely the general status of the Irish Brigade, which, being in the service of a foreign Government, naturally stood in need of the good word and support of the men in power, and in Berwick it lost the last champion who could speak direct to the King of France on its behalf.

Peace was restored in 1735, and with this event began the more adventurous portion of Lally's career. He resolved to break away from the monotonous routine of regimental life and to enter upon a career in the political arena. The dull sixteen years from 1717 to 1733 had not been at all to his taste, but after the peace of 1735 the French service promised for a time at least no excitement. To procure it and also the chance of greater distinction Lally's thoughts turned in a new direction.

The Irish Brigade was in France because of the loyalty of a large part of the Irish nation to the Stuart family. The Lallys were prominent representatives of the chieftains of their native land. They had served France well, but they had not forgotten Ireland. On the Continent they were merely soldiers of fortune; could they but regain their native land with honour, they would recover their estates and their rank. This could only be done by the triumph of the Stuart cause, which was represented by the pensioner of St-Germain, H.M. James III, or in the less respectful phrase of the English historian, the Old Pretender. In 1708, again and more seriously in 1715, this prince had made an effort to recover the thrones of his ancestors. He had failed, but the hope of retrieval had not entirely left the breast of the prince and his partisans. It was revived at each reception at St-Germain, and fanned the flickering zeal of the exiled supporters of the White Cockade.

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It was not surprising that the talk of the Court at St-Germain, where he passed much of his spare time, fired the imagination of Lally, then in the prime of life, an officer of approved courage, and possessing a long experience of war. The young Prince Charles Edward was a boy of promise. It looked as if he might infuse fresh vigour into the Stuart cause, and the hopes of the ambitious and the audacious began to centre round what he might accomplish in coming manhood. Long before the landing in 1745 the Stuart party was beginning to prepare for a fresh appeal to fortune.

Such was the situation at St-Germain when Lally returned from the Rhine. He found there also a great desire to know something sure as to the state of public feeling in England. The failure of 1715 had seriously injured the Stuart cause. It had led to the death or ruin of many of the principal Jacobites, and there was a general discouragement in this party in England that seemed tantamount to its death and extinction. Before anything could be attempted it was obviously necessary to ascertain what reception would be given to the Stuart champion when he came, and on what support he might rely. To get this information required both a brave man and a discriminating observer. He put his life and liberty in jeopardy if his errand became known, for Hanoverian spies were many even in Paris, but all his daring would be thrown away if he allowed himself to be misled, or if he brought back a pleasant but fallacious tale merely to gratify those who sent him. Lally volunteered for the mission, for which he was in every way well qualified. Bitter hater as he was of the English, he was none the less an excellent English scholar, and spoke our language with ease and fluency. This he owed to the care of his father, who kept up his hope of seeing his home again by instructing his son in the language of their own country.

It is very regrettable that there should be no particulars available about Lally's visit to England in 1737. He travelled as a French officer taking advantage of the peace, and not as a Jacobite emissary. He went out into

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society, and no doubt he lost no chance of making discreet inquiries among the members of what were called Jacobite families. But he failed to discover any Stuart party, and the report that he brought back to St-Germain was that "there was no chance of a Stuart restoration save through the support of a foreign Power." In 1737 there was no prospect of France being that Power. A peace had only just been concluded, and Cardinal Fleury wished before all things that it should continue unbroken. But Lally was a man of inexhaustible energy and hopefulness. He had a suggestion to offer, and more than that he was prepared to risk his own life in an attempt to prove that it was feasible. France was for the time being outside the range of hope, therefore he suggested Russia, and surely in all Stuart schemes the idea of enlisting the aid of an Empire then scarcely emerged from barbarism and still, after a lapse of 170 years, only partially qualified in civilization, against England was the most fantastical and far-fetched that could be conceived. It would perhaps be an injustice to Lally to suppose that in this idea he had any other motive than the wish to force the hand of France, and to thus obtain at least her sanction for the employment of the 20,000 veterans of the Irish Brigade in a national cause of its own.

There are somewhat contradictory accounts of this visit to Russia, but according to the more likely version Lally proceeded to Russia on the invitation of his kinsman, Marshal de Lascy, to take part in a campaign on the Pruth against the Turks.

He had to obtain leave of absence from his regiment, and news of his proposed journey to Russia thus reached the ears of Cardinal Fleury, who, though an advocate of peace, was not averse to intrigue. In that day a great deal of curiosity was felt about Russia, and the French Minister thought he would like to have a report on the country from a competent person. Fleury sent for Lally, and he is reported to have begun the conversation by saying, "I hear that you are going to Russia as a Volunteer-Grenadier. Have you any objection to go also as a Volunteer-

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Diplomatist?" He then commissioned Lally to prepare a report on the state of the Russian Empire for him. He also commissioned him to promote French interests by ingratiating himself with the Empress Anne, thus laying, if possible, the basis for a future Franco-Russian alliance.

Lally left for Russia in high spirits, because while he was serving his own cause he might reasonably consider himself a French envoy. The Empress Anne gave him a flattering reception, and Biren, Duke of Courland, the favourite of the day, took him up and fell in with his views. Lally wrote glowing accounts of his progress to Fleury, but the Minister made no reply and sent no further instructions. Lally soon found himself in what he thought was a false position, and began to fear that he would be thrown into prison as an impostor, for, he wrote, "Russia is only half civilized." Smarting under the neglect of the French Government, Lally hastily quitted Russia and hastened to Paris, where he presented himself to Fleury and upbraided him for his desertion. He closed his impetuous attack with the words, "I entered Russia like a lion, and 'tis due to you that I have left it like a fox." It seems as if Fleury had forgotten his envoy, but it must be conceded that he showed great forbearance under his attack, merely chiding him for his impatience when other Ministers thus assailed would have surely signed a "lettre de cachet" for the Bastille. Lally had prepared the two reports he had been commissioned to write, and he left them with the Minister, but although every one who saw them declared them to be admirable both in conception and execution he never received a word of thanks or any recompense whatever for his Russian mission. So far also as the Stuart cause was concerned, it proved a dead letter.

Not very long after the return from Russia the war-clouds again burst over Europe. The immediate cause or excuse for war was the Prussian attack on Austria in Silesia. During the first and second Silesian wars England was the ally of Austria, and France of Prussia.

In 1742 the French army was placed under the command of the Duc de Noailles, with orders to cross the

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Rhine and advance into Bavaria. One of the Duc's first acts was to summon Lally to his camp and to nominate him to the temporary rank of Aide-Major-General. Military operations in this quarter were confined chiefly to the Battle of Dettingen, fought between Noailles and the English under George II in person, which the French declare would have been a signal victory for them but for the impetuosity of the Count de Grammont and the Maison du Roi. At it turned out, however, the French army was repulsed and thrown into confusion. Their retreat would have become a rout but for the gallantry of Lally in covering it, and the obstinate defence of the Irish Brigade. Describing the battle to a friend in a letter written immediately afterwards, the Duc de Noailles wrote, "Lally and the Irish troops saved the retreating army by checking the pursuit and enabling it to rally several times." George II corroborated this statement. He exclaimed when he saw his army held at bay by the Irish soldiers, "By what blunder did my family lose such valuable subjects?" For his services at Dettingen Lally was given permission to raise a regiment of his own, and in 1744 he left the Dillon regiment to become Colonel-Proprietor of the Regiment de Lally. After Dettingen Noailles wrote to King Louis XV asking for the services of Maurice de Saxe, then becoming famous, but the King refused them, alleging that Noailles wanted too much. In the next campaign Saxe was entrusted with the chief command in the Netherlands, and Noailles,* sinking the question of age and seniority, served on his staff as First Aide-de-Camp.

The year 1745 was remarkable for the battle of Fontenoy, fought near the city of Tournai in Belgium. The allies had three commanders, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Waldeck and Count Kielmansegge; they would have fared better if there had only been one. The French army was commanded by Marshal Saxe, son of Augustus

*The Duc de Noailles, born 1678, died 1766, was a fine representative of the old French chivalry. His long career was a succession of noble deeds. He married Françoise d'Aubigné, niece of Madame de Maintenon, and he left most interesting memoirs.

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the Strong of Saxony and Poland, and Aurora, Countess of Königsmarck, whose brilliant exploits, by a curious inversion of rôles, not uncommon in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were achieved for France, instead of for Saxony and the Empire. Lally's command consisted of the Irish Brigade of six battalions. The only phase of the battle of Fontenoy that concerns this narrative was the part taken in it by Lally and the Irish Brigade. As some doubt is occasionally cast on the reality of this achievement, it will be as well to put the authorities on record as well as the incidents.

The battle of Fontenoy was fought on May 11 (N.S.) 1745. Striking as was Lally's contribution to the victory, there is room to think that his most meritorious service was performed the day before the battle. He insisted on making a personal reconnaissance of the ground between the two armies, and thus discovered a hidden hollow road leading from Antoing to Fontenoy which would have enabled the Allies to turn the flank of the French army almost unperceived. Lally called Saxe's attention to this defect, and during the night three redoubts were thrown up and armed with sixteen cannon. It was the fire of these forts or batteries that kept the Dutch troops at a respectful distance throughout the day.

It will be remembered by those who have read accounts of the battle that the impetuous attack of the English infantry in a serried mass on the centre of the French position had almost decided the day in favour of the Allies. The French Guard—les Gardes Françaises, not to be confounded with the Household troops or *Maison du Roi*—were broken to pieces, and could not be rallied. Louis XV said he drew his sword to rally them; Saxe wrote that he made several attempts to do so, but all in vain. At this critical moment Saxe gave orders for a counter movement. To Lally on his right he sent orders to fall on the left flank of the English column with the Irish Brigade, while the Brigade de Normandie assailed it on the right, and the *Maison du Roi* attacked it in front. By the admission of all observers the Irish Brigade's attack was delivered first. It

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is said that Lally addressed his men as follows before leading them to the charge:

“Remember you are attacking not only the enemies of France but your own enemies. Do not fire a shot until you have the points of your bayonets at their stomachs!”

The seemingly resistless attack of the English infantry, who were loudly shouting “Victory, Victory,” was first arrested, and then turned into a retreat. In the memoirs of Marshal Saxe are three distinct accounts of this battle, and all give the first place to the Irish in the decisive part of the struggle. It will be well to preserve the original French. The first account says:

“Les Irlandais, qui ont pris un drapeau, la Maison du Roi, la Gendarmerie et les Carabiniers méritent des éloges particuliers.”

The second reads:

“La brigade des Irlandais fut la première qui entourait cette colonne; ils y coururent comme des chiens enragés avec des hurlements, comme les sauvages. Ils furent repoussés à dix pas sans qu’un seul tournât le dos.”

The third account is in Saxe’s letter to the Count d’Argenson:

“Nous nous ébranlons, et la Brigade Irlandaise, qui avait la tête, les chargea aussi audacieusement qu’il est possible.”

When it is remembered that in those days military reports were not made up of picturesque phrasing, and that generals deemed it correct to describe in cold and colourless words the decisive turns in the fortune of a battle, it will not seem an exaggeration to assert that the Irish Brigade under Lally played the chief part in repulsing the English column, and turning an almost lost battle into a signal victory.

Louis XV, who had been in the thick of the confusion when the French Guard broke and refused to rally, showed very clearly what he thought. He sent his son the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI, to bear his thanks to the commander of the Irish Brigade. This prince found Lally in the midst of his soldiers with the Lieut.-Colonel of his own regiment beside him wounded in the eye, and near by his

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Major wounded in the knee. When the Dauphin expressed his father's thanks, the ready wit of the Irishman even in that scene of slaughter could not be suppressed. Lally replied, "The thanks of the King are like those in the Bible—they fall on the one-eyed and the lame." Some time afterwards the King himself rode up, dismounted and embraced Lally several times, and then appointed him on the spot to the substantive rank of Brigadier. Here again it may be necessary to remark that the official account confines itself to the statement that the King embraced several officers, and among them Brigadier Lally. Twenty-one years later the King showed that he had forgotten the incident, and Lally was too proud to remind him of it.

The defeat at Fontenoy was a rude blow to England and to the Hanoverian dynasty. If it had been as well followed up as for a moment it promised to be, it might have proved fatal to the latter. Flushed by his success on land, Louis decided to champion the Stuart cause, and the Young Pretender was ready to strike a blow for his father's rights and his own. A really formidable French army was assembled at Ostend and Dunkirk, and placed under the command of the Duc de Richelieu, who led the centre at Fontenoy. It contained several of the corps which had fought in that battle, but none of the Brigade, as Louis would not part with any of his Irish regiments. Some of their officers were, however, allowed to accompany Prince Charles Edward, and Lally was appointed Quarter-Master General to assist Richelieu in organizing the force that was to be thrown across the Channel into Kent. Everything seemed arranged, and never did the Stuart prospects appear brighter, when suddenly the French King changed his mind, or at least faltered in his resolution. The Duc de Richelieu never sailed, the expedition did not land in Kent. But Charles Edward, urged by despair instead of hope, sailed in one French man-of-war with eight companions, including O'Sullivan of the Brigade, for Scotland, and Lally, hearing that he had gone, got or took leave soon afterwards to follow him in another ship, with a few staff officers, some stands of arms, and a few thousand French

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louis. Short as was the interval between the sailing of the two ships, it was still long enough to make Lally's arrival too late for the earlier passages of the 1745 campaign. Lally did not actually join Charles Edward till he was making his retreat from Derby, and the fairest promise of his daring raid into England had been dimmed. Lally's share in the campaign was confined to the battle of Falkirk, in January, 1746, where he is credited with having made the disposition of the Stuart army that resulted in General Hawley's defeat.

It had now become clear, however, that unless assistance could be found in some direction or other, the Stuart cause was doomed. England had remained indifferent, or at least sufficient time had not been secured by the hurried raid of the Young Pretender and his Highlanders into the Midlands, followed by their not less hurried retreat, to enable any secret sympathizers with the Stuart movement to reveal themselves, much less to concert measures of co-operation. There remained Ireland, and Lally, the only person in the Pretender's party qualified for the mission, was sent after Falkirk to raise adherents and if possible incite a rising in the sister isle. But his mission was foredoomed to failure. There was no more of a Stuart party in Ireland than there was in England. Ireland had given of her best for the Stuarts in 1641-9, and again in 1688-91. Her ancient families, the Celtic princes, had lost all they possessed, and gone into exile. The pith of her manhood was in the Irish Brigade. There might be, and indeed there was, discontent with English rule; there might be, and indeed there was, hatred of Protestant tyranny; but for neither the Black Crow (i.e., the Old Pretender) nor his son would Irish dissatisfaction with their lot have produced a single battalion. And so Lally found as he posted through Ireland from north to south, and then took passage at Waterford on a wine brigantine bound for a Spanish port. What he went to Spain for is not clear. Perhaps he took passage hastily as the only means of escape; perhaps he did not think it safe to enter England direct from Ire-

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land; or yet again he may have thought that he could raise a corps among the Irish in Spain.

But whatever the cause he returned from Spain, reaching London before the end of February, and there he found that his name was in the *Hue and Cry*, with a large reward offered for his capture. He disguised himself as a sailor, and took up his quarters in a riverside inn at Wapping. Here he succeeded in joining a boat sailing for Dunkirk, but he heard the skipper of this vessel enjoining his men to keep a good look-out for a foreigner named Brigadier Lally, on whose head there was a reward of 500 guineas. Lally escaped the peril and reached Dunkirk, whence he hastened to Boulogne, where part of the intended Richelieu expedition still remained in cantonment. The information he brought back attracted much attention, and for a moment the French Government seemed disposed to revive the plan of intervention. The unaided successes of Charles Edward made considerable impression, and Lally was encouraged to prepare a plan for the despatch of an expedition to Scotland, where the young Prince still kept the field. The plan was ably conceived, and Voltaire* declared that Lally would have been "the soul of the expedition." But news came of Culloden,† and also of the intention of the Allies to attack the French in the Netherlands. Before the end of 1746 Lally was back in Belgium with his old commander Saxe and the Irish Brigade, fighting under the Fleur de Lys.

The campaign of 1747 was undertaken by the Allies with the object of retrieving that of 1745. The Dutch and the Imperialists were equally concerned in preventing the French from crossing the middle Meuse and invading the

† Voltaire wrote the following remarkable appreciation of Lally: "He possessed a zeal and a spirit that fitted him for the greatest enterprises, the highest courage, an unswerving purpose and the gentlest manners until they were eventually changed by his misfortunes."

† On Charles Edward's return to Paris Lally was received by him. The Prince threw himself upon his neck and wept. He then conferred on him the titles of Earl Lally, Viscount Ballymote and Baron Tollendally; but Lally respectfully declined them till the Prince had recovered his throne.

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Northern Provinces. The defence of Maestricht and Bergen-op-Zoom was essential to this object. Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland had returned with a fresh English army and a reputation increased by Culloden. The skill that had prevailed on that occasion over Charles Edward and the Highland clans proved of no avail, however, against Saxe and the well-trained regiments of France. At the battle of Laffeldt, July 2, 1747, Saxe obtained a signal victory, but it must be added that the English troops fought so courageously that they inflicted a heavier loss on the French army than they suffered themselves. Louis XV was again present in person, and it was on this occasion that he made the noteworthy remark that "the English not only pay all but fight for all." Lally's conduct at Laffeldt was so brilliant and contributed so greatly to the success of the day that the French King raised him to the rank of Major-General on the field. The Irish Brigade suffered heavily. One (Edward) of the Dillons was mortally wounded, Lally himself was wounded, and seventeen years later this wound reopened in the Bastille. The siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, reputed impregnable, followed the battle, and here again Lally contributed in a very marked manner to the success of the enterprise. His capture of Fort Sant-Vliet broke the spirit of the defenders, and soon afterwards Bergen-op-Zoom surrendered. Several other strong places were captured along the Dutch frontier and in the attack on Fort Lillo, below Antwerp, Lally was taken prisoner by some Dutch Hussars, but he was exchanged the next day. The campaign on the Meuse concluded with the capture of Maestricht, and as by that time everybody was ready for peace the famous treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded. Only one clause in that treaty affected in any way the subject of this narrative. Prince Charles Edward, the grandson of the King to whom Louis XIV had given such a hospitable reception in 1688, and again in 1690, and whose family had been the pensioners of the French Crown at Saint-Germain for nearly sixty years, was banished from France. It was the formal admission that the cause of the exiled Stuarts was dead.

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The seven years following the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle are another blank in the record of Lally's life. They contained at least one important personal matter, and when they had passed by, the attitude of the French authorities showed that the interval of peace had in no way impaired Lally's reputation as a soldier in their estimation. The personal matter was Lally's marriage with a lady whose name is given in the biographical dictionaries as Félicité Crafton. The marriage probably took place in Paris in 1750, but the lady died soon after the birth of their only son in March, 1751. There was a good deal of mystery about the affair, as the son was kept in ignorance of his origin and true name until 1766, when, a few hours before the time fixed for his father's execution, he was told the truth. As will be seen by the sequel, they never met. There is no available information at present about Félicité Crafton, but it is possible that the surname has been misspelt, and that her father was an officer of the Irish Brigade named Crofton.

In 1755 France was greatly excited by the English seizure of two French ships off the coast of Newfoundland. War was talked of, and Lally was sent for to report as to what steps should be taken. He promptly responded with three definite proposals. They were: (1) take up the Stuart cause and support Charles Edward with an armed force; (2) attack and expel the English from India; and (3) drive the English out of their colonies in North America. Several ministers supported the first two propositions, and Lally was full of hope that the projects of 1745-6 might be revived under his supreme direction. Charles Edward returned to France, and Lally had several conferences with him, but once more the cause of the Stuarts was allowed to drop. The suggestion with regard to India alone remained. The Count d'Argenson, then in power, whose name has already been mentioned as the friend of Marshal Saxe, was not opposed to the plan, although he was opposed to Lally's departure. He wished to retain him for the then imminent European struggle, which was destined to be known as the Seven Years' War. When the French East India Company petitioned for the services of Lally,

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D'Argenson replied, "I know better than you his worth. He is also my friend. But he must be left to us in Europe." Had that course been followed, the history of Prussia and the House of Hohenzollern would have been different. There would have been no Rosbach if Lally had commanded instead of the incompetent Soubise, and it is curious to reflect how the whole course of European history might have been changed by two Irish exiles, if Lally had stayed in Europe, and if Ulysses Browne had not lost his leg and his life by the fatal cannon-ball at Prague.

But it was not to be. D'Argenson's better judgement was overruled, and the prayer of the French Company, backed by powerful influences, was granted. All the Minister could do, for he evidently had misgivings as to the state of things in French India, was to impress on the Company the fact that "Lally was a man of honour and scrupulous integrity, and that they must order their agents to show as much scrupulousness as they could, or there would assuredly be a conflict between them and their new Chief." The words were prophetic. The French Government raised Lally to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and the Company gave him the supreme direction of all their stations and possessions in India.

When once it had been decided to make the expedition, its chances of success depended on the celerity with which it was organized, and Lally threw himself into his task with his accustomed ardour. It was May, 1756, when he received his instructions, and he proposed to sail in the following October. He was promised six ships, six battalions and six millions of francs. But when it came to the fulfilment of promises the result was no more than one ship, four battalions and two million francs.

A still greater mistake than the weakening of the force and of the resources placed at the disposal of its leader was the delay in its departure. Instead of sailing in October, 1756, it did not start till May, 1757, and its voyage eastwards, estimated to take seven months, was prolonged to twelve, so that Lally did not land at Pondicherry till April 28, 1758. Had Lally arrived a year sooner he might

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have achieved his declared object of "leaving not a single Englishman in Southern India." But his retarded arrival removed the element of surprise, and by so doing destroyed his chances of success. The English were ready on land, and their squadrons were strongly reinforced in the Indian seas. The French expedition was foredoomed to failure; what it achieved of success was due to the splendid genius of Lally. On that point there can be no better testimony than the judgement of Sir Eyre Coote, his opponent and conqueror, and, it may be remarked, another Irishman. Coote wrote: "No one has a higher opinion of General Lally than I have. He has struggled against and vanquished obstacles that I considered invincible. He is the only man who has succeeded in keeping an Indian army in the field without money."

I do not propose to follow the meteoric course of Lally's campaign on the coast of Coromandel. To give the details would require too much space, and, besides, the story has been told several times by Anglo-Indian historians in a spirit of fairness and even admiration for Lally. His efforts began in a blaze of glory, and when they closed, after Pondicherry had been defended to the last extremity, until even rats failed the garrison for food, the glory cannot be said to have been dimmed. Within a few hours of his landing, on April 28, 1758, at the head of his own regiment and that of Lorraine, which provided his four battalions, he had marched out and invested Gondalore. He stormed the place on the sixth day, and then attacked Fort St David—the Bergen-op-Zoom he called it of British India. In seventeen days he captured this Fort, and but for clashing interests and divided counsels he would have added to this success a still greater, in the capture of Madras itself. In all these affairs the personal gallantry and generosity of Lally appeared conspicuously. At one moment he showed the most reckless valour in engaging with a few grenadiers fifty Tanjorean horsemen pledged by an oath to assassinate him in his camp, and in killing the greater number of the band. At another he displayed not less reckless generosity in allaying the discontent of some mutinous sailors by dis-

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tributing among them 60,000 francs out of his own pocket, being all that he possessed. Then came the brief struggle with Eyre Coote at Wandewash—a victory for the English not less decisive than Plassey and carrying with it more important and far-reaching consequences. Yet it was no discredit for Lally personally. He posted his force with his usual care. The battery on the hill worked by eighty sailors was to play something of the rôle taken by the three redoubts at Fontenoy. It was not his fault that a lucky shot from an English cannon exploded the powder carts, wrecked the battery and slaughtered the gunners. He began the action by himself leading, or rather attempting to lead, his small cavalry force of 150 men to the charge. Three times they refused and three times he rallied them, but in vain. Then his Irish and French foot soldiers continued the fight under every disadvantage. They fought well, but they were now outnumbered; and while the Lilies of France went down once more before St George's Cross, the native contingent of either army looked on, and scarcely fired a shot. Beaten at Wandewash on July 22, 1760, Lally prolonged the struggle until, starved out, he yielded Pondicherry on January 16, 1761.

If there is no space here to follow the details of his campaigns in India, there is still less to describe his relations with the agents of the French Company, and with Bussy in particular. The fears of D'Argenson had come true; Lally was an honest man, and a man sensitive as to his own honour and the honour of his cause. He had found out very quickly that the representatives of the French Company were dishonest, and without a spark of honour. They did not care the least for the realization of his political schemes; all they wished for was to shake the Pagoda tree and fill their pockets with the treasure wrung from helpless natives. At last in bitterness and sheer weariness of heart Lally wrote to the Government at Paris, "I have not seen even the shadow of an honest man here. For God's sake recall me from a country for which I was not made!" He was not to be relieved from his heavy and uncongenial charge in that way. He was destined to taste the full bit-

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terness of defeat and surrender. He returned to Europe as a prisoner of the English.

It is regrettable that the respect and consideration displayed by Eyre Coote for his adversary did not mark the treatment Lally received at the hands of the English authorities generally. He was sent to England in a small vessel commanded by a Dutch skipper, and without any suitable accommodation for an officer and a gentleman. When he reached London, he was thrown into prison and treated, not as a French General, but as an Irish rebel. But bad as was his treatment in London, he soon suffered worse in France. Letters from Paris, the contents of the Gazettes, warned him that an organized attempt to ruin his reputation, and to brand him with treason, was in progress in the French capital. His chief rival Bussy had returned, and brought back with him a large fortune gathered in during his long residence in the Deccan. His wealth enabled him to marry the daughter of the Duc de Choiseul, who was at the time the Chief Minister and favourite of Louis XV. Bussy hated Lally with a deadly hatred, and he knew well the danger to himself from Lally's candour and indignation. He did not conceal from his friends his conviction that "either the head of Lally or my own must fall." Lally begged the English authorities to grant him his liberty so that he might return to France to meet these charges. After some delay he was given leave to depart, but only as a prisoner on parole.

Arrived in Paris, Lally hastened to the Minister and demanded an immediate investigation of the charges made against him. With the impetuosity of innocence and injured pride he desired to be confronted by his accusers and calumniators. But Choiseul was not Fleury. He resented the impatience of the man clamouring to establish his innocence: he resented it the more because the establishment of his innocence would carry with it the conviction of Bussy, his own son-in-law. Still Choiseul had some compunctions about a business of which he at least could foresee the end, and he made Lally an offer. It was this: "Consent to a reconciliation with Bussy even of the most

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formal kind, show yourself but once with him in my box at the theatre, and the whole affair shall be ended." As a man of the world Choiseul gave him a chance of escape, but Lally was too virtuous and too indignant to avail himself of it. He emphatically declined, and Choiseul, after the interview was ended, signed the "lettre de cachet" for his committal to the Bastille.

When Lally heard of this order, he did not wait for its execution, but he presented himself to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Bastille with the words, "I bring you my innocence and my head." The words were only too prophetic. For nineteen months Lally was left to linger in this prison without a charge being formulated against him, and all his demands to be put on trial elicited no answer. At last, at the end of 1763, he was arraigned on the two charges of high treason and peculation. It is said that when Lally heard the charges upon which he was to be tried he laughed, so confident was he of a triumphant acquittal, and when he was brought before the eighty magistrates who constituted the Paris Parliament, he bared his breast and exposed the scars received in his fifty years' service for France as the answer to the one, and appealed to the notorious fact that he had returned from the East without a sou as the refutation of the other. The trial continued for two years. A Paris Parliament then thought more of gratifying the wishes of those in power than of administering strict justice. Still there was a limit to its subservience and callousness. It acquitted Lally on both charges.

Lally's enemies were made more vindictive and unscrupulous by this unexpected result. To their first hatred was added a fear for their own personal security. An acquitted Lally might easily become a popular hero. His declared innocence established their guilt. It was but a step from the accusing bench to the dock, and they might have to take it. But they possessed for the moment the executive power, and to save themselves they did not hesitate to use it, and with an absence of scruple that has never been surpassed in the records of political crime.

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The Paris Parliament had given its verdict, but it was not ratified, neither was it published. It lay in the dossier of the Minister of Justice, who refused to open or examine it. It merely lay on his table, while he waited for his instructions from those in power. Lally was still in the Bastille. His acquittal did not signify his liberty to leave it, and while he remained there it was easy for his enemies to plot and bring about his overthrow. He was still buoyed up with the hope that his innocence had been triumphantly established, when the information reached him that he was to be again put on trial on fresh accusations, and that the new trial was to be commenced at once and prosecuted with all despatch. The fresh accusations were that he had betrayed the interests of the King and the French East India Company, and to this main charge were tacked on minor counts, to the effect that he had used threats and illegal violence. The second trial was as brief as the first had been protracted. All friendly witnesses were bullied and silenced. If they attempted to praise Lally, the Court told them, "That is not your affair." On May 6, 1766, the Paris Parliament, reconstructed for this second trial, and packed with the tools of the Choiseul and Bussy factions, found Lally guilty on the main charges, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. This verdict, unlike the first, was confirmed and published at once. It is said that when the Paris public read the news that Lally was to be executed, they believed it to be an invention.

Having attained their object, it might have been thought that his enemies would have left Lally to die in peace. They persecuted him to the end, and heaped every indignity and humiliation possible upon him. He had the right by his birth and rank in the army to proceed to the place of execution in his own carriage, to be escorted at night by torch-bearers, and to wear a silk costume. He was led to believe that all these privileges of a nobleman would be accorded to him, and the priest to whom he made his last confession assured him that it would be so. But on May 9, in the morning, he learned that none of these rights would be allowed him. A common cart filled with straw had

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been hired, he was to be taken in broad daylight through the streets of Paris, and he was to wear the clothes in which he stood. Finally, the time of execution was fixed six hours earlier than originally arranged. In fact the cart entered the Bastille immediately after the order. When Lally had heard these instructions for the execution read, he turned to the priest and said, "I was prepared for anything from men, but *you*, Sir, have deceived me!" The priest replied, "Not so, please say that they have deceived *us*." Like a common felon, gagged, before the mob of Paris, in the full light of day, Lally, the foremost French soldier of his time, passed to his doom.

Some efforts had been made to save him, and perhaps the fear that they might succeed was the true cause of his enemies hastening the hour of execution. Louis XV, no longer the gay and gallant King of Fontenoy and Laffeldt, was a depraved and exhausted debauchee. To avoid being troubled with the affair, he retired on judgement being given to a small country house at Choisy. The Marshal Soubise hastened after him, and kneeling before his Sovereign implored him "in the name of the French army" to spare the life of France's best soldier. The War Minister, who happened to be present, moved by a generous impulse, knelt beside Soubise and supported his appeal. The King, strangely forgetful of the scene at Fontenoy—perhaps no one thought of touching that chord of memory—remained apathetic. He could only exclaim, "It is too late. He has been tried. They have passed judgement on him." The royal prerogative of mercy appears to have been forgotten. Yet Louis's conscience must have pricked him. Some years later he burst out before his Ministers, "It was you who murdered him. *You*, not I, will be held responsible." We cannot acquit the King of his share in perpetrating this crime.

Lally's brilliant career, which, if the stars in their courses had not fought against him, might well have been glorious, closed in gloom, disgrace and death. He, the most loyal and chivalrous of men, had been adjudged a traitor, and had suffered the degradation of a common

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felon. There was, however, to be a speedy reversal of that most unjust condemnation, and an obliteration, as far as possible, of an iniquitous transaction which was a disgrace to France. Such cases have occurred in other times, but the circumstances in the rehabilitation of Lally invest it with an interest that can never leave this human tragedy. To be vindicated by the devotion of a son attains the ideal of the Greek dramatists, but when that son has never seen his father and has been rigorously kept in ignorance of his parentage, the dramatic element attains its supreme capacity.

A few hours after the execution had taken place, but still before the appointed time for it, there rushed on to the Place de Grève a distracted youth. In reply to his excited questions some of those who had witnessed the scene informed him that all was over. They could only point out the spot where the execution had taken place, and the pavement still wet with the blood of Count Lally. The youth was known as Trophime at the Collège d'Harcourt, where he had been informed that morning that he was the only son and heir of the Count Lally who was about to be executed. He had gone to the Bastille, and on learning the facts had hastened to the Place de Grève with the result just stated. He knelt on the pavement, dipped his handkerchief in the blood, and vowed that his life should be devoted to the vindication of his father's loyalty and honour.

Trophime then took his legal name of Lally-Tollendal,* and during a long life became famous as a brilliant orator and a prolific writer. Here it is only necessary to state how he succeeded in his filial task. Returned to college, he wasted no time before beginning his mission. He interested his professors in his project, and wrote a prize essay on a classical subject, in which he introduced the sad history of his father's unjust condemnation and cruel fate. The essay attracted attention beyond the walls of his school. It was brought under the notice of the King, who, touched by

* Born March 5, 1751, in Paris, he died there May 11, 1830. Louis XVIII, of whom he was a Minister, created him Marquis.

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the story, gave the young author a commission as Captain in a Cuirassier regiment. But Lally-Tollendal had no intention of becoming a soldier. As a soldier he could never vindicate his father, and he may even have reflected with some bitterness that all the services of his father and grandfather to France had only led to the scaffold and the disgrace of his family name. He joined the Bar, and soon established his reputation as an able advocate and brilliant orator. But all his efforts were concentrated on one object, the annulment of the sentence passed on his father. To effect this object he appealed to the Paris Parliament to petition the King to quash the sentence that it had passed and he had ratified on May 6, 1766. His brilliant address carried his audience with him, and obtained a generous response. On May 21, 1777, the Parliament complied with his demand, and the new King, Louis XVI, granted the petition. This signified the admission that the sentence passed on Count Lally in 1766 was unjust. Lally-Tollendal did not rest satisfied with this success, because it did not clear his father's honour. The admission that the sentence of 1766 ought not to have been passed did not show that Count Lally was blameless, it did not prove that his services had been meritorious. Therefore his son continued his efforts, and before the end of the year 1777 he had the satisfaction of seeing the admission formally placed on record by King and Parliament that Count Lally had always upheld his own honour and the interests of the King, and that "the family of the petitioner Lally-Tollendal, by the services of his father and of the regiment that bore his name, had merited the gratitude of France." That admission remains the verdict of history.

D. C. B.

La QUESTION RELIGIEUSE EN FRANCE*

JE dois, dès les premières lignes de cet article, m'excuser près des lecteurs de la DUBLIN REVIEW du retard que j'ai, très-involontairement, apporté à profiter de l'aimable invitation dont m'a honoré son très-éminent directeur, pour les entretenir de la crise religieuse ouverte en France par la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat. Le grand nombre d'obligations que m'ont imposées les circonstances est la cause de ce retard, dont je suis confus.

La situation, d'ailleurs, ne s'est pas sensiblement modifiée depuis l'époque où a paru la dernière livraison de cette Revue, et il n'y a aucune apparence qu'elle le soit sérieusement avant le moment où cet article pourra lui-même être publié. Les informations que j'offre ici, avec une parfaite sincérité, au public anglais, sur cette question si grave, si complexe et si difficilement intelligible pour les étrangers, conservent donc toute leur actualité.

La crise est entrée depuis trois mois dans une période de calme extérieur et apparent, qui pourrait illusionner grandement un observateur superficiel; rien ne me paraît plus nécessaire, ne fût-ce qu'au point de vue de la documentation historique et pour éclairer le jugement des hommes de bonne foi, que d'établir la réalité des faits, et de faire la lumière sur l'état des esprits.

La séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat en France n'est point l'effet d'un mouvement spontané et réfléchi de l'opinion générale; elle est le fruit d'une véritable conjuration anti-chrétienne, le couronnement d'une campagne entreprise depuis un quart de siècle pour détruire la vie religieuse du pays; elle n'a point eu pour objet de donner à l'Eglise catholique, au lieu du statut établi par le Concordat de 1801, l'entière liberté de ses institutions, de son organisation et de son développement; elle a couronné,

* EDITORIAL NOTE.—The Editor thinks that his readers will prefer to have before them the *ipsissima verba* of so great an authority on the present French crisis as Comte Albert de Mun. He therefore publishes the Count's article in the original French.

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par une législation incompatible avec sa constitution, par la confiscation de ses biens et la persécution déguisée de ses prêtres, l'œuvre de déchristianisation poursuivie, sous le nom de laïcisation de l'Etat, pendant ces vingt-cinq années.

Je m'efforcerai, par des faits certains et des indications précises, de justifier cette double affirmation.

I

J'ai dit, dès les premiers mots, qu'un observateur superficiel qui voudrait, par les apparences, juger la situation présente de l'Eglise de France, serait exposé à de graves erreurs.

Rien, ou presque rien, en effet, ne paraît changé dans l'organisation du culte. Les églises sont, au moins en très-grande majorité, ouvertes comme par le passé. Les offices religieux sont célébrés comme de coutume, presque partout : ainsi s'explique la tranquillité avec laquelle les populations, même catholiques, acceptent le nouvel état des choses.

Mais cette situation, d'aspect calme et régulier, n'est que provisoire ; cette paix extérieure est une paix précaire et sans garantie.

Nul, depuis le mois de janvier 1907, ne saurait dire quelle est présentement la situation légale de l'Eglise de France. Le régime concordataire est détruit : l'organisation fabriçienne qu'il avait créée est anéantie : la jouissance des églises, qu'il avait indéfiniment assurée au clergé catholique, ne lui est plus reconnue par aucun texte de loi.

Le prêtre est, dans l'église, un occupant de passage, exposé à tous les caprices de l'arbitraire, placé sous la surveillance d'une loi de police dure et vexatoire.

La loi de séparation, promulguée le 11 décembre 1905, avait, en effet, prévu la création d'associations dites culturelles, destinées à recueillir, dans un délai d'une année, les biens des paroisses, et à exercer le droit de jouissance des églises, sauf à s'en voir déposséder, dans les cas, assez nombreux, que l'administration publique aurait pu faire naître à son gré.

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La condamnation portée par le Pape, au mois d'août 1906, contre la loi de séparation, a rendu vaines toutes ses dispositions organiques. Les associations cultuelles, interdites par le Saint-Père, ne se sont pas formées : aucun héritier ne s'est ainsi présenté, au terme du délai légal, pour recevoir les biens et les églises : la constitution religieuse, imaginée par la loi, est demeurée caduque.

De la législation nouvelle, deux seules parties restaient debout et applicables, celle qui décrétait la spoliation éventuelle de l'Eglise et celle qui organisait la police des cultes, c'est-à-dire, en réalité, la surveillance des membres du clergé.

Dès la fin de l'année 1906 la destruction légale de l'Eglise de France était un fait accompli. Le 13 décembre, dans le pays tout entier, les conseils de fabrique qui, depuis plus d'un siècle, secondaient les curés et, avec eux, administraient les propriétés paroissiales, disparurent, n'ayant plus d'existence officielle. Aucun d'eux ne consentit, malgré les pressantes sollicitations du pouvoir civil, à remettre aux représentants de l'Administration les titres justificatifs de ces propriétés. A la même date, les traitements attribués aux membres du clergé cessèrent d'être payés. Aucune plainte, aucune récrimination ne s'éleva des rangs du clergé ainsi depouillé. L'obéissance au Saint-Siège fut unanime.

Quelques jours plus tard, le 2 janvier 1907, une loi nouvelle, rendant immédiatement applicables les dispositions éventuelles de celle de 1905, décréta la spoliation définitive et absolue de l'Eglise. M. Briand, ministre des cultes, a lui-même indiqué à la tribune le chiffre total des biens ainsi mis sous séquestre : il est de *six cents millions de francs*, consistant en propriétés foncières, et en valeurs, auxquelles il faut ajouter les objets, souvent très-précieux, qui composent le mobilier des églises.

D'où provenaient ces six cents millions ? Exclusivement de la libéralité des fidèles qui les avaient, à diverses époques, donnés ou légués aux paroisses pour l'exercice du culte, pour le soulagement des pauvres, pour la célébration des messes fondées en vue de hâter le salut éternel des défunts.

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Aucune propriété assurément, ne saurait être plus légitime en son principe, plus sacrée par son objet.

L'Etat, cependant, s'en empara. A l'heure présente, il détient tous ces biens, par la mainmise de ses agents.

Aux termes de la loi nouvelle, il devrait les affecter à des établissements d'assistance et de prévoyance. Après six mois écoulés rien n'est encore fait en ce sens : les établissements qui pourraient bénéficier des biens confisqués, les communes à qui ils pourraient être remis, ne se soucient nullement de les recevoir, soit parce que leurs administrateurs répugnent à une telle complicité, soit parce qu'ils sont effrayés des procès sans nombre que les inévitables revendications des donateurs ou de leurs héritiers permettent de prévoir.

Les messes fondées pour les défunts ne sont pas célébrées, bien qu'en droit, le ministre l'a formellement reconnu, les charges doivent suivre les biens : la volonté des morts se trouve ainsi foulée aux pieds, et cette atteinte au droit des familles ajoute à la spoliation un outrage particulièrement odieux.

Ces biens restent donc là, improductifs, inutiles, détournés de leur destination, et saisis par la plus inique des confiscations.

Le mobilier des églises, les vases sacrés, les autels, les ornements, les statues, tous les objets du culte, en un mot, donnés par les fidèles pour concourir à l'éclat de leur religion, ont été, il est vrai, provisoirement laissés dans les édifices et à la disposition du clergé paroissial.

Mais, tout récemment un exemple vient de démontrer avec éclat combien cette jouissance est précaire. Le public anglais a pu suivre, dans les journaux, le récit des incidents soulevés par M. Clémenceau, à l'occasion de la fête commémorative de Jeanne d'Arc, célébrée chaque année, le 8 mai, à Orléans. Je suis persuadé que j'en puis parler ici, sans froisser aucun de mes lecteurs, le temps ayant effacé, entre nos deux nations, l'amertume des lointains souvenirs, et je ne doute pas que tous les Anglais ne comprennent à merveille le culte pieux dont les Français entourent leur héroïne nationale

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Un antique usage veut qu'à l'occasion de cette fête la bannière de Jeanne d'Arc, déposée à la Cathédrale, soit remise solennellement par l'Evêque au maire, et déployée en tête du cortège.

Cette bannière n'est qu'un fac-simile du véritable étendard, hors d'usage par suite de la vétusté; il fut exécuté, grâce aux ressources tirées de la générosité privée, par des dames orléanaises, et offert, par les souscripteurs, à la Cathédrale de la Ville. Rien de plus évident que le droit de propriété de la paroisse sur un objet donné dans de telles conditions. Cependant, le clergé ayant dû, par suite des blessantes conditions posées par le gouvernement, s'abstenir de prendre part à la cérémonie, le ministre n'hésita pas à faire saisir la bannière, dans la sacristie de la cathédrale, par l'agent administratif chargé du séquestre des biens paroissiaux.

Ce seul fait suffit à prouver que les objets mobiliers, donnés aux églises pour concourir à l'exercice du culte, sont bien considérés comme confisqués, au même titre que les propriétés foncières et mobilières.

L'évènement vient ainsi, par l'effet de cet incident imprévu, de justifier les craintes que la population catholique avait conçues, lors des inventaires, exécutés au commencement de 1906, aussitôt après la promulgation de la loi de séparation, et qui donnèrent lieu à des scènes de violence si douloureuses. Ces inventaires du mobilier des églises avaient lieu, assurait-on, pour établir le droit des propriétaires, et faire le départ entre les objets leur appartenant et ceux que l'Etat ou les communes avaient prêtés à l'église. C'était une simple mesure conservatoire.

Mais la loi de séparation prévoyait un bon nombre de cas dans lesquels l'église pouvait être désaffectée, c'est-à-dire soustraite au culte: dans tous ces cas, le mobilier devait suivre le sort de l'édifice. En outre, si aucune association cultuelle ne se présentait pour recevoir la jouissance de l'église, les biens mobiliers de la paroisse seraient, comme les autres, mis sous séquestre.

Tous les catholiques le savaient: ils savaient aussi qu'à cette époque, rien n'était encore définitivement tranché

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au sujet de l'autorisation canonique des associations culturelles : beaucoup d'entre eux pensaient que la première Encyclique, publiée au mois de février 1906, qui condamnait la loi en principe, en interdisait, au moins jusqu'à nouvel ordre, l'application partielle.

Comment, dans de telles conditions, une vive émotion ne se serait-elle pas emparée des fidèles, lorsqu'ils apprirent que les agents de l'administration allaient inventorier les objets, pour la plupart, provenant de leur libéralité ou de celle de leurs pères, qui ornaient leurs églises et jusqu'aux vases consacrés ? Comment n'auraient-ils pas vu, dans cette opération, un prélude de la future confiscation ?

C'est ce qui est arrivé. Les manifestations, les résistances, qui, à Paris d'abord, puis dans plusieurs départements, marquèrent ces opérations menaçantes, furent l'effet des naturelles inquiétudes qu'elles soulevaient dans les âmes.

On les a présentées comme le fruit d'un complot prémédité : rien n'est plus contraire à la vérité. Nulle démonstration ne fut jamais plus spontanée : lorsque, pour la première fois, la résistance éclata à Paris, à l'église de Sainte-Clotilde, elle surprit tout le monde, aussi bien les catholiques que leurs adversaires. Ce fut l'explosion soudaine d'un sentiment de colère et d'indignation. Elle devint assez puissante pour amener la chute de M. Rouvier, alors chef du cabinet. M. Clémenceau, qui prit, dans le ministère de M. Sarrien, le portefeuille de l'Intérieur, dut renoncer à poursuivre l'opération à cause de l'approche des élections législatives, tant l'effet qu'elle pouvait avoir sur leur résultat, paraissait inquiétant.

Lorsque, devenu chef du Cabinet, après un succès électoral dû, en grande partie, à la pression administrative et à des manœuvres gouvernementales indignes d'un pays libre, il fit exécuter, pour la forme et sans qu'aucun pût être accompli en réalité, les inventaires suspendus, les protestations ne furent pas, il est vrai, aussi violentes. Mais le fait doit être attribué moins encore au déploiement extraordinaire de force militaire dont l'opération fut accompagnée, qu'aux recommandations expresses du Souverain

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pontife. La seconde Encyclique, en effet, publiée en août 1906, enjoignait aux fidèles de s'abstenir, dans leur résistance à la loi condamnée, de toute violence et de toute sédition. Partout, et principalement dans les contrées où la foi est encore très-vivace, et où, par suite, l'influence du clergé est la plus grande, les prêtres s'attachèrent à faire respecter les prescriptions du Saint-Père. Ce fut la véritable cause du calme relatif dans lequel put s'achever, aux mois de novembre et décembre 1906, le simulacre des inventaires.

La blessure n'en demeure pas moins cuisante dans les âmes catholiques, et la violation du saint lieu n'en a pas moins laissé un durable et douloureux souvenir, non seulement chez les croyants, mais chez ceux même que la tradition, le respect et l'habitude, à défaut des pratiques religieuses, attachent à l'église paroissiale.

L'affaire des inventaires eut ainsi pour conséquence d'éclairer beaucoup d'esprits sur le véritable caractère de la loi de séparation.

D'autres évènements vinrent bientôt, et avec plus de gravité, accentuer ces dispositions.

La spoliation, édictée par la loi de séparation et prononcée définitivement par celle du 2 janvier 1907, n'eut pas seulement pour effet immédiat, la confiscation des biens mobiliers des paroisses et des évêchés. Elle reçut aussitôt une application d'un autre ordre, et qui fut particulièrement douloureuse.

Les demeures destinées au logement des Evêques, dans tous les chefs-lieux des diocèses, les édifices affectés aux séminaires, les presbytères qui abritent les curés des paroisses, appartenaient soit aux menses épiscopales et aux fabriques, soit, par suite des confiscations de la Révolution, à l'Etat, aux départements ou aux communes. La loi ayant prononcé la reprise de tous ces immeubles, on vit, dès la fin de l'année 1906, les évêques chassés de leurs palais aussitôt convertis en établissements publics, les séminaires fermés et transformés en casernes ou en musées, les curés expulsés de leurs presbytères et réduits à les louer à un prix élevé, ou laissés sans abri. Nul, en Angleterre, comme

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ailleurs, n'a pu, j'en ai la conviction, lire sans émotion et sans une douloureuse surprise, le récit de la cruelle éviction du vénérable Cardinal Richard, archevêque de Paris, âgé de 85 ans, brisé par la fatigue autant que par le poids des années, et que la foule des catholiques, ayant dételé sa voiture, a trainé triomphalement de son palais au domicile privé où l'hospitalité du baron Cochin lui avait préparé une retraite.

Quelle désorganisation une pareille mesure a jetée dans tous les diocèses, principalement pour ce qui regarde l'éducation des jeunes ecclésiastiques, encore à l'heure présente sans asile dans plusieurs d'entre eux, mes lecteurs peuvent le supposer.

II

Je les prie maintenant de contempler un instant le grand écroulement de l'édifice auguste, construit sur les ruines accumulées par la Révolution française, par la sagesse du Premier Consul Bonaparte et du Pape Pie VII.

Lorsque le Concordat de 1801 fut conclu, le Saint-Père avait renoncé à toute revendication des biens confisqués pendant la période révolutionnaire, moyennant des conditions formelles, sanctionnées par une loi de l'Etat français. Les biens non aliénés devaient être rendus en toute propriété aux Evêchés et aux paroisses : un traitement convenable devait être, ainsi que le logement, assuré aux ministres du culte : les édifices religieux devaient être remis aux représentants de l'Eglise catholique, assurés d'en jouir à perpétuité.

Le régime inauguré par cette convention avait procuré à la France un siècle de paix religieuse. S'il apportait quelques entraves à la liberté de l'Eglise, celle-ci, cependant, l'acceptait loyalement. Les populations en avaient la longue habitude. Il donnait satisfaction aux consciences catholiques sans inquiéter les autres. Nul, dans le pays, n'en demandait le changement. La plupart des députés radicaux eux-mêmes, bien au courant de cette situation, ne désiraient aucunement un bouleversement des mœurs et des habitudes, dont ils prévoyaient tous les dangers. Quelques hommes réfléchis pouvaient juger cependant

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que l'heure était venue de substituer à la forme concordataire d'autres relations entre l'Eglise et l'Etat; mais ceux-là n'admettaient pas que le traité bilatéral conclu entre les deux pouvoirs pût être dénoué autrement que par un accord nouveau conclu entre la République et le Saint-Siège. Au moins semblait-il évident à tout le monde qu'une telle rupture ne pouvait être consommée sans une dénonciation préalable du traité.

Aucune de ces considérations n'arrêta l'esprit sectaire qui, malheureusement, prévaut dans la direction de nos affaires publiques.

Sans raison, sans que rien, ni dans les événements, ni dans le sentiment public, justifîât une semblable détermination, le Concordat de 1801 fut brusquement déchiré, une nouvelle constitution de l'Eglise fut substituée à l'ancienne par la seule initiative des législateurs, et celle-ci s'étant trouvée, comme il était facile de le prévoir, en raison même de son origine et de ses tendances, frappée de condamnation par l'autorité religieuse, l'Eglise de France fut, du jour au lendemain, dépouillée de toutes ses ressources matérielles, destituée dans l'Etat de tout rang et de toute considération, privée de tous ses moyens d'action par la destruction de ses écoles et de ses ordres religieux, et condamnée, sous la surveillance des lois les plus hostiles à son expansion et à son développement, à une lente et pénible réorganisation.

Aucun événement, plus grave, plus considérable, ne s'est accompli dans l'histoire de la France depuis un siècle. Les conséquences en sont incalculables, et l'apparente tranquillité qui, aujourd'hui, les dérobe à l'attention, ne saurait en dissimuler l'inévitable perspective.

On a dit que le Pape aurait pu épargner à l'Eglise ce grand déchirement. Durant de longs mois, cette question a torturé les cœurs des catholiques français, soulevé entre eux des débats ardents où la sincérité des uns et des autres n'avait d'égale que leur commun désir du plus grand bien religieux et social.

Leurs propres angoisses leur ont permis de mesurer combien durent être longues et cruelles celles de leur Père

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commun, investi par sa charge d'une si haute et si lourde responsabilité.

Comment croire que, s'il l'avait pu, sans trahir son devoir apostolique, sans abandonner les principes dont il est le gardien suprême, il n'eût pas, en tolérant l'application de la loi nouvelle, détourné de l'Eglise de France, un si affreux dépouillement?

S'il ne l'a pas fait, c'est qu'il ne l'a pas pu. J'ose à peine insister sur ce point devant les lecteurs anglais, après les éclatantes explications que leur a données Mgr Bourne, archevêque de Westminster, dans le beau et ferme discours qu'il a prononcé le 24 septembre 1906, à la conférence catholique de Brighton.

L'éminent éditeur de cette Revue a lui-même, dans le *Nineteenth Century* du mois de janvier 1907, très-complètement exposé les raisons qui ont déterminé l'attitude du Pape. Il me permettra cependant, j'en suis sûr, de les résumer encore une fois.

La loi nouvelle portait bien le nom de "Loi de séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat," mais ce n'était qu'une étiquette extérieure. En réalité, elle prétendait donner à l'Eglise un statut légal, établi en dehors du Pape qui en est le Chef, et de la hiérarchie catholique qui en est la base. Par là, elle était directement, absolument contraire à sa constitution divine.

Un article, entre tous, suffit à le montrer: c'est l'article 8 de la loi, en vertu duquel le Conseil d'Etat, qui est, en France, la plus haute autorité de l'ordre administratif, est investi de l'autorité suprême, en matière d'organisation du culte. Une telle disposition soumet en fait cette organisation à l'arbitraire gouvernemental, en donnant à l'administration civile le droit de trancher tous les conflits que peut faire naître le fonctionnement des associations cultuelles. M. Clémenceau, qui n'était alors qu'un simple sénateur, l'a formellement reconnu à la tribune en disant que, par le fait de l'article 8, "les arrêts de justice seraient entre les mains du gouvernement."

Dans le même discours, il livrait, par une phrase qui lui est d'ailleurs familière, la pensée maîtresse de la loi.

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“ Nous voulons, disait-il, affranchir les catholiques de la discipline romaine.”

Ces mots n'ont qu'une seule signification, c'est qu'il s'agit bien, dans la pensée, des auteurs de la loi, de séparer les catholiques du Pape, de rompre les liens de discipline, formés par la hiérarchie, entre les fidèles et le pontife romain.

Qui ne voit qu'une telle prétention est une invitation directe au schisme? M. Clémenceau ne s'en cachait pas. Il disait encore: “ L'esprit humain est sujet à toutes les diversités: la liberté leur permettra de renaître: l'autorité du Pape infaillible en sera amoindrie, et, de la rivalité des associations cultuelles, naîtra le schisme.”

M. Briand lui-même, à une époque où, rapporteur de la loi de séparation, l'exercice du pouvoir, la pratique des affaires et le sentiment des responsabilités ne l'avaient pas encore éclairé sur la réalité des situations, exprimait au fond une pensée analogue, lorsqu'il disait: “ Nous voulons donner à l'Eglise la liberté, parce qu'elle sera pour elle l'adversaire la plus redoutable.”

Chacun sait aujourd'hui comment échouèrent, dès les premiers mois de l'année 1906, ces coupables calculs.

Des tentatives de schisme, encouragées par le Gouvernement, se produisirent sur quelques points: à Paris, un essai d'organisation centrale fut entrepris, avec quelque fracas. Toute cette campagne échoua misérablement: ses manifestations extérieures sombrèrent dans le ridicule: elles sont déjà presque oubliées.

Mais le seul fait qu'elles purent, à leurs débuts, rencontrer la faveur du pouvoir, montre assez quelle était, chez plusieurs, l'arrière-pensée de la loi de séparation. Toutes ses dispositions tendaient, d'ailleurs, à désorganiser l'Eglise catholique.

L'association cultuelle était la véritable maîtresse du culte. Elle exerçait son contrôle, non seulement sur l'administration des biens temporels, mais, sous le nom de propagande religieuse, sur “ les dépenses se rattachant à l'exercice du culte, au recrutement, au traitement de ses ministres.” Ce sont les termes mêmes de la circulaire de M. Briand portant commentaire de la loi.

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Ainsi, services confessionnels, sermons, instruction, éducation des clercs, tout ce qui constitue, en un mot, le domaine propre de l'autorité ecclésiastique, tout était soumis à l'association cultuelle représentée, "quelles que puissent être les clauses contraires des statuts," dit la loi, par l'assemblée générale de ses membres, chargée, d'autre part, de choisir le prêtre appelé à gouverner la paroisse.

L'intervention suprême du Conseil d'Etat achevait, comme je l'ai montré, cette œuvre de désorganisation, en substituant à l'autorité doctrinale de l'Eglise, le libre examen administratif des conflits inévitables.

On le voit, la loi de séparation de 1905 était, en fait, bien que sous une autre forme, une véritable constitution civile de l'Eglise, analogue à celle de 1791, et destinée comme elle, suivant l'expression moderne, à la "*laïciser*."

Comment le Pape aurait-il pu accepter une telle législation, si évidemment attentatoire aux principes mêmes sur lesquels repose l'Eglise catholique romaine?

Les motifs de sa décision ont, d'ailleurs, été reconnus et proclamés par un des hommes qui, dans notre pays, se sont le plus fortement signalés par leur hostilité contre l'Eglise. Nul, parmi ceux qui ont suivi attentivement les discussions engagées dans la presse européenne sur la crise religieuse de France, n'a pu oublier en quels termes formels, avec quels arguments précis, notre ancien premier ministre, M. Combes, éclairé sans doute par les souvenirs de son éducation sacerdotale, démontrait, il y a quelques mois, dans la *Neue Freie Presse* de Vienne, l'impossibilité pour l'Eglise d'accepter notre loi de séparation.

Un document, d'une plus grande importance, a, depuis, mis en lumière d'une manière indirecte, mais bien frappante, le péril mortel que cette loi présentait pour elle.

Je veux parler de la lettre éloquente adressée à M. Lacheret, pasteur de l'Eglise réformée française, par M. le Docteur Kuyper, ancien président du Conseil des ministres des Pays Bas, actuellement professeur de théologie à l'université libre d'Amsterdam.

L'éminent écrivain se plaint que les protestants français aient accepté bénévolement le régime nouveau. Il dit que

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“L'Eglise visible doit être considérée, non comme une institution humaine, mais comme une institution divine, placée sous l'autorité absolue du Christ, son chef unique,” et il ajoute: “Toute immixtion d'un pouvoir humain dérogeant à l'autorité exclusive du Christ est à considérer comme absolument incompatible avec le caractère imprimé par le Christ lui-même à l'Eglise, dans son existence extérieure.” Ce principe posé, il montre, par l'examen de la loi de séparation que l'organisation des associations cultuelles est en contradiction formelle avec la notion même d'une Eglise divinement instituée.

Si, aux yeux d'un protestant, l'intrusion du pouvoir civil dans la constitution de son Eglise est inacceptable, que dire des effets de cette usurpation, quand elle s'applique à l'Eglise catholique, dont elle bouleverse les fondements en rejetant l'autorité du Pape et celle des Evêques?

Ainsi s'écroule le sophisme forgé par les ministres et par la presse inféodée à leur politique, pour rejeter sur le Pape Pie X la responsabilité du grand désastre qui frappe l'Eglise de France.

Depuis le jour où commença la funeste entreprise de la séparation, ce fut la tactique du parti jacobin. Se rendant parfaitement compte des difficultés qu'elle allait rencontrer dans l'opinion et de la répugnance du pays pour une expérience si périlleuse, ses chefs s'attachèrent à la représenter comme un acte de légitime défense contre les prétentions du Pape et son abusive ingérence dans les affaires intérieures de l'Etat.

L'inévitable protestation, formulée par le Saint-Siège à l'occasion de la visite que M. le président Loubet avait faite à Rome, dans des conditions contraires à tous les précédents acceptés par les chefs des nations catholiques, fut d'abord invoquée comme le prétexte d'une brusque rupture et de la mise en discussion immédiate du projet de séparation.

La publication du “Livre Blanc,” communiqué par le Cardinal Secrétaire d'Etat à toutes les chancelleries, a déjoué cette tentative. La vérité s'est fait jour, par le simple examen des documents authentiques, et M. Ribot,

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l'illustre chef du parti républicain libéral, a pu flétrir l'audacieuse manœuvre du gouvernement, d'un mot qui restera, en l'appelant à la tribune "un mensonge historique."

Mais la campagne commencée pour égarer l'opinion publique, n'en continua pas moins avec un redoublement d'activité, soutenue par tous les organes de publicité dont dispose le parti au pouvoir.

Lorsque parurent les deux Encycliques qui, par les motifs les plus élevés, condamnaient la loi, le pape fut dénoncé comme l'artisan de la guerre religieuse: pour troubler les fidèles, pour diviser le clergé, aucune attaque, aucune calomnie ne furent épargnées: pour exciter les Evêques contre le Souverain Pontife, on alla jusqu'à l'accuser d'avoir altéré la vérité, en dénaturant les délibérations prises par les Evêques dans leurs assemblées.

La presse européenne a retenti de ces indignes accusations. Les faits, cependant, étaient de la plus entière clarté.

Les Evêques de France, comme les fidèles eux-mêmes, étaient (nul ne l'ignorait, et cela était inévitable dans un si grave sujet) partagés entre eux, non pas sur le principe de la loi de séparation, que tous étaient unanimes à condamner, mais sur son application. Tant que le Saint-Père ne s'était pas prononcé, la discussion sur ce point était libre: elle devait nécessairement se produire dans les assemblées épiscopales comme dans les débats publics. Mais, à aucun moment, les Evêques n'admirent que les associations cultuelles, organisées par la loi, pussent être acceptées. Dès leurs premières séances, ils le déclarèrent formellement par une adhésion solennelle à la première Encyclique. Quelques-uns pensèrent qu'un autre mode d'associations pouvait être à la fois canonique et légal; et que, peut-être, l'Eglise trouverait, dans l'adoption de ces associations, un moyen d'éviter la spoliation. C'était leur droit de le penser, leur devoir de le dire. Le projet qu'ils croyaient acceptable fut soumis au Pape, dans un esprit de simple et confiante soumission à ses décisions. Telle est la vérité, autant du moins que le secret dont

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furent entourées les délibérations épiscopales permet de la connaître.

Le Souverain Pontife, après un mûr examen, ne crut pas pouvoir accepter le moyen proposé : déjà d'ailleurs, et pendant qu'il méditait, on s'empressait ici d'en dénoncer l'illégalité.

La seconde Encyclique, publiée au mois d'août 1906, en confirmant les condamnations de la première, loua l'unanimité avec laquelle l'Episcopat les avait accueillies, puis, ayant ainsi constaté l'impossibilité, reconnue par lui, d'accepter les associations cultuelles, venant au nouveau projet soumis à l'autorité pontificale, le déclara à son tour, et par les plus fortes raisons, également inapplicable.

La soumission fut unanime et immédiate : spectacle admirable, en vérité, et qui révèle une rare puissance d'union et de discipline, si l'on songe aux terribles conséquences, aux douloureux sacrifices qu'allait entraîner la décision pontificale.

Rien de plus noble, de plus grand, de plus digne, que cette attitude de l'Eglise, cette confiance mutuelle du Père et des enfants.

M. Briand, lui-même, a dû, au mois de novembre dernier, en reconnaître la majesté dans un discours célèbre, par lequel il espérait encore fléchir les résistances du Souverain Pontife. Les paroles qu'il fit entendre, à cette occasion, demeurèrent sans effet, et, presque aussitôt, la politique de violence inspirée par M. Clémenceau reprit toute son acuité.

Le Président du Conseil avait, dans le courant de l'automne, annoncé cette politique par des discours passionnés, prononcés durant les vacances parlementaires, sur divers points du territoire. Il avait dénoncé, en termes injurieux, l'ingérence du gouvernement pontifical dans les affaires du pays et infligé aux Evêques et aux prêtres l'outrageante qualification de "fonctionnaires de l'étranger."

Ces discours marquaient l'ouverture d'un plan d'action, savamment préparé. L'expulsion de Mgr Montagnini et la saisie de ses papiers en furent, un mois plus tard, la manifestation. Il fallait frapper l'opinion par un coup de force

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et troubler, par des révélations sensationnelles, l'esprit public si facilement impressionnable. M. Clémenceau est coutumier de ces coups de théâtre.

Je dois aux lecteurs anglais, sur cet incident de notre politique religieuse qui a eu, je le crois, un grand retentissement à l'étranger, des explications précises.

III

Mgr Montagnini, auditeur de la nonciature depuis longues années, était resté à Paris, après le départ du nonce, Mgr Lorenzelli, qui eut lieu au mois d'août 1904. Il y était resté dans la demeure même où son chef avait résidé sans titre officiel, mais avec le tacite assentiment du gouvernement français. Les papiers saisis eux-mêmes en ont fait foi, puisqu'on y a trouvé, entr'autres, une lettre du chef de la maison civile de M. Loubet, président de la République, remerciant Mgr Montagnini des témoignages de condoléance offerts par le prélat à l'occasion de la mort de sa mère. Tous les ministres connaissaient sa présence et son rôle officieux. Le baron Cochin a raconté publiquement comment, se préoccupant des intérêts de la France en Orient et causant avec M. Dumay, ancien directeur des cultes, des moyens de les sauvegarder, celui-ci lui répondit : " Vous n'ignorez pas qu'il y a encore une nonciature à Paris."

Mgr Montagnini était, d'ailleurs, chargé de garder les archives du gouvernement pontifical, propriété inviolable de ce gouvernement et placée sous la sauvegarde du droit international.

Une circonstance imprévue a démontré le caractère d'immunité, conservé, malgré le départ du nonce, à la maison où les archives étaient déposées.

Le lendemain même du jour où les perquisitions furent faites à Paris chez Mgr Montagnini, l'agent du gouvernement français chargé de garder à Rome les archives de notre ancienne ambassade près du Saint-Siège, mourait subitement.

Ces archives étaient au palais Santa Croce, résidence de notre dernier ambassadeur, M. Nisard. On les avait lais-

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sées là, après la rupture, comme le Saint-Siège avait laissé les siennes à Paris, et on avait délégué, pour les garder, non pas même un ancien attaché de l'ambassade, comme Mgr Montagnini, mais un consul général désigné pour cette mission spéciale.

Il meurt. Aussitôt, par ordre du gouvernement français, M. Barrère, notre ambassadeur près le Roi d'Italie, fait mettre les scellés sur le palais Santa Croce, où il n'y avait plus ni ambassadeur, ni ambassade, mais où il y avait les archives, exactement comme à la nonciature de Paris. C'était donc qu'on considérait la maison comme couverte par l'immunité diplomatique.

Cependant, des papiers sont saisis, tous sans distinction, et jetés pêle-mêle dans les sacs, des caisses et des boîtes hâtivement apportés. En même temps, Mgr Montagnini était conduit à la frontière en vertu des lois qui permettent l'expulsion des étrangers.

Mais la loi qui autorisait cette expulsion ne suffisait pas à rendre légale la perquisition. Pour qu'elle le devînt, il était nécessaire que Mgr Montagnini fut inculpé. Dans ce but, on imagina de poursuivre devant les tribunaux trois curés de Paris accusés d'avoir tenu, en chaire, des discours séditieux, et on impliqua dans l'affaire Mgr Montagnini comme leur complice.

Tel fut l'artifice employé pour légitimer, en apparence, la violence accomplie. Dès lors l'ancien auditeur de la nonciature était un accusé, et les papiers saisis chez lui appartenaient à la justice qui, seule, avait le droit de les connaître et de s'en servir. J'insiste sur ce point très-important à noter : j'y reviendrai tout-à-l'heure.

Ces papiers, je l'ai dit, comprenaient tout ce qui s'était trouvé sous la main des policiers, les archives comme les papiers personnels. Devant l'émotion publique, devant les réclamations diplomatiques, il fallut, quelques jours après, faire un triage des unes et des autres.

Il fut opéré hors de la présence de l'inculpé, expulsé du territoire, sans aucun témoin diplomatique chargé de représenter le gouvernement pontifical, et par les agents du gouvernement qui les avait saisis.

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Il est facile de comprendre avec quel insuffisant souci de la discrétion nécessaire, l'opération put, dans ces conditions, être conduite. C'est ainsi que doit s'expliquer l'extraordinaire légèreté avec laquelle furent, un peu plus tard, livrées au public des conversations intimes d'ambassadeurs, de chargés d'affaires, d'attachés de légation, avec leur ancien collègue, puis des secrets de famille, des informations prises par le Saint-Siège pour des affaires privées, des communications, d'ordre particulièrement délicat, relatives aux nominations ecclésiastiques et aux rapports du Saint-Siège avec les Evêques.*

Tous ces documents, proprement inhérents au gouvernement de l'Eglise, sont cependant, de toute évidence, des documents diplomatiques protégés par l'immunité, comme les affaires de toutes les ambassades.

En France, je me hâte de la dire, l'opinion publique, dans sa très-grande généralité, hors des milieux spécialement politiciens, a réprouvé ces procédés contraires à tous les usages reçus. Les indifférents, les ennemis de l'Eglise eux-mêmes, les ont blâmés comme les catholiques. Je tiens à l'établir ici très-nettement; car la nation française ne saurait être rendue responsable de la violence commise par son gouvernement.

A peine la saisie était-elle accomplie, que les indiscretions commencèrent à paraître dans les journaux.

Aussitôt, comme sur un signal attendu, M. Jaurès, dans l'intention sans doute de prendre à son propre piège le ministère contre lequel, déjà, il entrait en lutte, demandait à la Chambre la nomination d'une Commission d'enquête à laquelle seraient remis les papiers saisis.

Malgré les efforts de M. Ribot, la motion fut adoptée. M. Clémenceau l'appuya : il dit cette parole qui, d'avance, justifie tous les attentats contre la liberté et la vie privée des citoyens, et qui évoque le souvenir des perquisitions arbitraires pratiquées, en 1793, par la Convention : "Il s'agit

* Depuis que ces lignes ont été écrites, des découvertes scandaleuses ont été faites au sujet des inexactitudes nombreuses commises dans la traduction des documents italiens, du choix des traducteurs, la plupart appartenant à la police secrète, et de la disparition de certaines pièces écartées arbitrairement du dossier.

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de papiers politiques, qui appartiennent à la politique, et sur lesquels il est bon que les hommes politiques se prononcent.” Il déclara seulement que la communication des documents ne pouvait être faite à la commission qu’une fois la justice dessaisie et lorsqu’elle se serait prononcée sur le procès des curés poursuivis, dont Mgr Montagnini était complice.

Trois jours ne s’étaient pas écoulés que les principaux journaux de Paris commençaient simultanément la publication méthodique des papiers. Par quelles mains en furent-ils mis en possession? Ce n’est pas moi qui puis le dire.

Cette publication, quotidiennement offerte aux lecteurs, dura trois semaines. Le jugement attendu n’intervint qu’après ce délai : deux des curés avaient été mis hors de cause : le troisième fut condamné à une légère amende : il apparut clairement à l’audience, par la lecture même de quelques-uns des papiers, qu’aucune connexité n’existait entre eux et la matière du procès. Le procureur de la République dut en faire l’aveu public.

Quant à Mgr Montagnini, son affaire avait été “ *disjointe* ” de celle du curé, c’est-à-dire qu’elle était remise à une date ultérieure, mais que le prétendu complice de la veille demeurerait inculpé. Or un inculpé demeure sous la main de la justice : les pièces qui le concernent n’appartiennent qu’à elle. Il ne peut sortir de sa position que par une ordonnance de non-lieu ou par une condamnation. Dans le premier cas, les pièces doivent lui être restituées : dans le second, elles peuvent rester jointes au dossier de la cause : en aucun, elles ne sauraient être livrées à des tiers et abandonnées à la publicité.

Dès le lendemain du jugement, cependant, la commission parlementaire se réunit, et tous les documents saisis lui furent remis. Elle s’aperçut, à son vif désappointement, que tout avait été publié et que sa besogne était finie, avant d’avoir commencé.

Or, qu’avait-on découvert, outre les affaires privées, les historiettes plus ou moins sérieuses, les propos de salon, les observations quotidiennes, notées par le prélat, comme

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peuvent le faire tous les agents diplomatiques? On cherchait les preuves du grand complot ourdi par le Saint-Siège contre la République. C'était l'objet de la perquisition, le fait qu'on prétendait établir pour justifier les mesures de violence prises contre l'Eglise, et les présenter comme de justes représailles.

Rien de pareil n'est apparu. On a pu constater que le Pape, que son secrétaire d'Etat, que les Evêques de France s'étaient vivement intéressés aux élections de 1906. Comment s'en étonner? L'Eglise de France était attaquée avec la dernière violence: la prétendue séparation préparait pour elle une inévitable persécution: les faits, depuis, ont justifié toutes ces craintes. C'était la spoliation de l'Eglise qui s'agitait dans les élections dernières: il n'y avait point d'autre plateforme, d'autre question en jeu. Comment le Pape ne s'en serait-il pas préoccupé?

On a constaté encore que *l'Action libérale populaire* avait reçu du Saint-Siège de nombreux encouragements. Qu'est-ce que *l'Action libérale populaire*? C'est une organisation électorale puissante, fondée conformément aux lois, nettement respectueuse de la constitution républicaine, dont l'objet principal est de favoriser l'élection de députés catholiques et libéraux. Comment le pape n'aurait-il pas encouragé une telle entreprise, fait des vœux pour son développement et son succès?

Cette organisation a un chef, renommé pour son intelligence autant que pour son éloquence, qui l'a créée à force d'activité, de courage, d'inlassable dévouement à l'Eglise et à la patrie: c'est M. Jacques Piou, dont le nom est certainement connu de beaucoup de mes lecteurs. On a trouvé dans les papiers les marques de l'intérêt particulier que le Pape prenait à son élection. Quoi de plus simple, de plus naturel, de plus légitime?

On a publié des dépêches, des correspondances qui indiquent qu'en certains cas, des difficultés s'étant élevées entre des catholiques, le Saint-Siège, à leur prière, était intervenu entre eux, comme un arbitre paternel, pour les concilier et apaiser leurs dissentiments. En quoi un tel recours est-il contraire au droit des citoyens?

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On a vu aussi que plusieurs députés, M. Piou en particulier, avaient, au sujet de la loi de séparation, consulté le chef de l'Eglise, que, saisis par leurs adversaires d'offres de conciliation, invités par M. Briand lui-même à les transmettre au Saint-Siège, ils les avaient communiquées au Pape, qu'enfin, interrogés à leur tour sur divers points en discussion par le Souverain Pontife, ils avaient respectueusement donné leur avis. On a vu, de même, que les Evêques avaient demandé des instructions à Rome et les avaient transmises aux fidèles. Pour ce crime, on traite les catholiques d'esclaves d'un pouvoir occulte qui opprime leurs consciences, on les accuse de conspirer avec l'étranger, on dénonce les évêques comme les agents d'une puissance ennemie! Quel homme de bonne foi acceptera ces reproches et ces imputations?

Là se bornent toutes les découvertes. L'ingérence du Saint-Siège dans les affaires de la France n'a pas eu d'autre caractère. Bien loin d'avoir provoqué, favorisé une conspiration contre la République, ou même un mouvement anti-constitutionnel, le gouvernement pontifical, mêlé nécessairement, par le devoir de sa charge, à une lutte où l'avenir de l'Eglise de France était en jeu, s'est soigneusement abstenu de toute intervention de ce genre: la seule organisation électorale qu'il ait encouragée, est précisément celle qui, en défendant la liberté religieuse, se montre nettement respectueuse de la constitution.

Telle est l'histoire des "papiers Montagnini." J'en ai parlé avec quelque détail, parce que j'ai à cœur de dissiper les malentendus que cette affaire, savamment exploitée, a pu faire naître dans quelques esprits, au sujet de l'attitude des catholiques français.

IV

Je ne me dissimule pas cependant qu'il convient d'insister quelque peu sur le fond de la question et de l'envisager au point de vue général.

Le grand effort du parti jacobin consiste en effet à présenter les catholiques comme des ennemis déclarés des institutions du pays, et l'Eglise elle-même comme le foyer

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toujours ardent d'une conspiration constante contre la République.

Rien n'est plus faux. Les catholiques français, en très-grande majorité, et quels que puissent être les sentiments intimes de beaucoup d'entre eux, s'abstiennent, depuis longtemps, de toute opposition constitutionnelle. Les programmes électoraux, les discours des candidats en font foi à chaque renouvellement des Assemblées. Tous se bornent à réclamer la liberté religieuse. L'attitude du clergé est, à cet égard, particulièrement correcte et loyale. Beaucoup de ses membres d'ailleurs, et spécialement dans sa partie la plus jeune et la plus active, n'ont aucune attache avec les partis dynastiques; c'est dans ses rangs qu'a été appliquée, avec le plus d'empressement, l'adhésion au gouvernement établi, conseillée par le Pape Léon XIII, et qui a pris, dans l'histoire contemporaine, le nom de "*ralliement*." L'accusation dirigée contre lui est ainsi sans aucun fondement.

On objecte, il est vrai, que, dans presque toutes les élections, le clergé et les catholiques constitutionnels ou du moins indifférents à toute autre question que la question religieuse, se trouvent par leurs votes en faveur des candidats hostiles aux radicaux, confondus avec ceux de leurs coréligionnaires qui demeurent attachés à une politique dynastique active. On ajoute que, dans tous les cas où un grand courant d'opinion publique s'est prononcé contre les influences jacobines, comme lors des incidents de la politique française connus sous le nom de "*boulangisme*" ou de "*nationalisme*," la grande majorité des catholiques a apporté à ce courant l'appui de sa masse nombreuse et agissante.

Tout cela est vrai et inévitable. L'explication de ce fait qui trouble, qui fausse très-souvent toute notre situation intérieure, m'amène au cœur du sujet. Elle tient en ces deux mots, que, depuis vingt-cinq ans, l'hostilité contre l'Eglise catholique, la lutte contre l'esprit chrétien lui-même, a constitué, dans la politique intérieure de la France, le fonds de toute l'action gouvernementale.

Il faudrait un volume pour faire le récit complet des mesures de toute nature qui, de 1880 à 1904, eurent pour

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unique objet la persévérante application du programme imposé aux législateurs, je dirai dans un moment, comment et par qui.

Ruiner toute notion de la divinité, affranchir les esprits de tout enseignement religieux, préparer cette ruine totale et cet affranchissement définitif, en modifiant profondément le milieu créé par de longs siècles de civilisation chrétienne, telle fut, durant un quart de siècle, la pensée maîtresse de notre législation.

La question capitale des lois scolaires a fait éclater, dès les premières années, cette haine de toute religion. M. Paul Bert, un des principaux ministres de Gambetta, disait en 1881 : " L'enseignement catholique devient fatalement l'école de l'imbécillité, de l'antipatriotisme et de l'immoralité." En conséquence, la destruction de cet enseignement, par le moyen de l'école laïque, fut l'objet de tous les efforts. Les lois votées, de 1882 à 1886, pour établir l'obligation et la laïcité de l'école eurent toutes ce caractère de violente hostilité contre l'enseignement chrétien. Un recueil de pédagogie officielle définissait ainsi la neutralité scolaire : " L'Ecole neutre, c'est l'école sans Dieu : elle n'a pas à nier Dieu, elle ne l'affirme pas non plus : nous n'en sommes pas encore là, mais cela viendra un jour."

Cela est venu, en effet, très-vite. Quelques années plus tard, le directeur d'une école normale d'instituteurs écrivait : " On peut affirmer sans exagération que, depuis 1882, l'école laïque est, à peu de chose près, l'école sans Dieu."

Au bout de vingt ans, en 1902, l'œuvre était à peu près achevée : l'enseignement, à tous ses degrés, était devenu presque absolument irréligieux. L'école primaire, en particulier, était infectée par les doctrines athées d'instituteurs ouvertement ennemis du christianisme.

Un bon nombre d'écoles chrétiennes, fondées, au prix d'immenses sacrifices et malgré les entraves d'une législation de plus en plus tracassière, subsistaient cependant encore.

C'est alors que survint la grande tourmente qui amena au pouvoir les ministères radicaux et socialistes. Elle emporta avec toute la milice religieuse de l'Eglise, dispersée

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et désorganisée, la plus grande partie de son édifice d'enseignement primaire et secondaire.

Cinquante-quatre congrégations d'hommes, quatre-vingts congrégations de femmes, presque toutes illustres dans le monde entier, furent dissoutes: les maisons où elles enseignaient, celles où elles soignaient les malades et recueillaient les pauvres, furent confisquées: quinze mille écoles furent fermées, seize cent mille enfants furent jetés dans la rue, arrachés aux maîtres choisis par leurs familles: des foules de religieux, hommes et femmes, chassés de leurs demeures sans avoir commis aucun délit, furent condamnés à fuir à l'étranger ou à gagner péniblement leur vie en cachant, sous des habits laïques, leur état et leur douleur.

L'expulsion des sœurs et des aumôniers de tous les hôpitaux, la suppression des crucifix dans les écoles et dans les prétoires de justice, complètent ce lamentable tableau, et achèvent, sans parler de faits moins éclatants, la triste énumération des actes successifs par lesquels s'est affirmée, depuis vingt-cinq ans, la résolution d'arracher violemment le peuple français à toute influence, à toute direction, à toute éducation religieuses.

La séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, bien loin d'être une sorte d'évolution pacifique de la vie sociale, une application des principes de liberté aux questions d'ordre religieux, a été, en réalité, le couronnement de cette longue suite d'entreprises contre la religion catholique, ou, pour parler plus exactement, contre le christianisme lui-même.

Dès l'origine, ceux qui inspirent et conduisent le mouvement, l'indiquaient comme le but, longuement prémédité, vers lequel ils s'avançaient sagement.

Ces hommes, eux-mêmes, n'étaient que des instruments, souvent inconscients, d'une société puissante qu'il faut désigner très-nettement: car, sans la claire vue de sa domination occulte, la politique française, dans les questions religieuses, est inintelligible.

Je ne veux pas examiner ce que peut être la Franc-maçonnerie en d'autres pays: je sais qu'en Angleterre,

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notamment, elle est considérée comme une association purement philanthropique et humanitaire.

En France, elle a affecté longtemps ce caractère, et, bien qu'il soit facile aujourd'hui d'établir historiquement son rôle dans les événements de la Révolution française, elle a paru pendant une partie du XIX^e siècle n'en avoir pas d'autre.

Aujourd'hui la lumière est faite, et elle l'est par les aveux des chefs de la Franc-maçonnerie eux-mêmes, par leurs discours officiels, par les vœux et les résolutions adoptés dans ses congrès. Sous le couvert des grands mots d'humanité et de liberté, c'est la ruine du christianisme qu'elle poursuit.

Interdiction de l'enseignement religieux dans les écoles de l'Etat, destruction des écoles libres, suppression des emblèmes chrétiens, laïcisation des hôpitaux, abolition des services d'aumônerie militaire, tout a été résolu, décidé par les Loges maçonniques, avant d'être accompli par la Chambre et le Sénat.

En 1891, M. Blatin, ancien député et franc-maçon très-influent, faisait adopter par le *Convent* la proposition suivante: "Les membres maçons du Parlement sont invités à s'associer énergiquement à toutes mesures tendant à la suppression des congrégations religieuses." Dix ans après, le Parlement, deux fois renouvelé et de plus en plus livré à l'influence maçonnique, exécutait le programme ainsi formulé. M. Lafferre, député, président du Conseil de l'Ordre, s'écriait au *Convent* de 1903: "Il faut que, d'un balai énergique, la République se débarrasse des Congrégations." L'année suivante, l'attentat était consommé.

La Franc-maçonnerie préparait ainsi, par ces mesures successives, celle qui devait, dans sa pensée, achever la déchristianisation du pays, la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat. Fidèle au conseil de Paul Bert, elle disposait "les conditions de milieu," en affaiblissant graduellement l'Eglise, avant de lui donner l'assaut définitif.

Dès 1891, elle enjoignait aux députés de supprimer le budget des cultes. En 1901, elle leur commandait de "rappeler ouvertement son envoyé près de la Rome pontifi-

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cale." En 1904, elle proclamait, par un ordre du jour de confiance à M. Combes, la nécessité de "faire enfin cette séparation que, dans toutes ses assemblées, ses membres ont réclamée depuis plus de vingt ans," et elle saluait avec enthousiasme, dans le projet déposé par le premier ministre, la perspective prochaine de la fermeture des églises, qu'il permettait d'espérer.

Ainsi devaient se réaliser les paroles que prononçait en 1883 M. Blatin, le grand dignitaire de la Maçonnerie, que j'ai déjà nommé, en désignant les édifices et les cathédrales : "Dans ces édifices élevés de toutes parts depuis des siècles aux superstitions religieuses, nous serons peut-être appelés à notre tour à prêcher nos doctrines et, au lieu des psalmodies cléricales qui y résonnent encore, ce seront les maillots, les batteries et les acclamations de notre ordre, qui en feront retentir les larges voûtes et les vastes piliers."

Telle est la vérité, établie par des faits, des preuves authentiques. Comment, en présence de cette guerre continue et sans merci faite à leurs croyances, à leurs œuvres, à leurs institutions, le clergé et les catholiques pourraient-ils quand vient l'heure des élections, ne pas appuyer de toutes leurs forces les candidats hostiles au parti jacobin, ceux qui leur font espérer la paix et la liberté? Comment ne se formerait-il pas, naturellement, en toute circonstance, cette légitime coalition des opprimés contre les oppresseurs, que, seuls, peuvent accuser d'opposition anti-constitutionnelle ceux qui ont intérêt à égarer l'opinion, ou qui ne conçoivent la République que comme l'organisation légale de la guerre religieuse?

V

Il est donc impossible, je crois l'avoir montré, de chercher dans l'intransigeance du Pape, dans son attitude vis-à-vis du gouvernement français, ou dans une conspiration permanente des catholiques et du clergé contre les institutions républicaines, l'explication des événements qui troublent si profondément en France, à l'heure présente, les esprits et les consciences.

La séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, contraire à toute la tradition de notre pays, en opposition avec ses mœurs,

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sa formation intellectuelle, politique et administrative, a été décrétée contre le vœu général des populations, par une sorte de coup d'état parlementaire, dont une minorité sectaire a pris la responsabilité, en l'imposant à une majorité indécise comme une mesure de défense républicaine, mais en réalité pour couronner l'œuvre de lente déchristianisation poursuivie depuis vingt-cinq ans. Telle est la vérité historique, dont il importe que se pénètrent, pour juger notre situation, tous les esprits impartiaux.

Elle seule peut expliquer le parti-pris d'hostilité contre le Saint-Siège, avec lequel fut conçue la législation nouvelle, et le refus obstiné de toute négociation avec l'autorité religieuse, en vue de lui donner une base équitable: elle seule aussi peut expliquer les violences dont elle fut accompagnée, la confiscation des six cents millions de biens donnés par les fidèles, et l'expulsion des évêques, des curés et des séminaristes des demeures jusqu'ici affectées à leur résidence ou à leurs travaux.

Ce n'est pas dans cet esprit, ce n'est pas par ces moyens que s'établit un régime normal, accepté par l'opinion, fondé sur la liberté et propre à sauvegarder le droit des consciences.

Qu'est-il arrivé, en effet? La séparation est décrétée, mais elle n'est pas accomplie. Les catholiques n'y sont pas résignés: leurs adversaires ne savent pas la mettre en pratique.

L'Eglise de France est dans une situation provisoire et impossible à définir. L'Etat continue à la traiter en suspecte, à la regarder comme une ennemie.

Après la loi du 2 janvier 1907, comme après celle du 11 décembre 1905, rien n'a été tranché: rien ne pouvait l'être. C'est le vice irrémédiable d'une situation irrégulière. Les législateurs ont prétendu organiser l'Eglise sans entente avec son Chef: cette entreprise irréalisable aboutit nécessairement au chaos.

Au commencement de cette année, les Evêques voulurent tenter, par une démarche collective et spontanée, de régler provisoirement, à défaut d'un accord général, la position du curé dans son église: il s'y trouvait, en effet, sans

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droit légal, sans faculté administrative, sans autorité reconnue: le moindre incident pouvait rendre le culte public impossible.

Pour sortir de cette situation, l'Episcopat, par une déclaration de tous ses membres, proposa que des contrats fussent passés entre les maires et les curés, dans chaque commune, afin d'assurer à ceux-ci, pendant dix-huit ans, la jouissance gratuite des églises.

Aucune démarche ne pouvait être plus honorable et plus généreuse. Par amour de la paix, les Evêques, en proposant cette forme de contrat, consentaient à prendre la charge très-lourde des frais d'entretien et de réparation des églises qu'on peut estimer à 90 millions!

En échange de ce sacrifice, ils demandaient que, par le contrat, la jouissance de l'église fût assurée, non seulement au curé en exercice, mais à ceux qui, pendant dix-huit ans, seraient appelés régulièrement à lui succéder, en vertu d'une décision de l'autorité diocésaine.

Par ce moyen, au moins pour un temps, l'exercice du culte était assuré, selon les règles d'organisation de l'Eglise catholique, et conformément à ses principes de hiérarchie.

Aussitôt que la déclaration des Evêques eut été publiée, dans toutes les paroisses, les curés proposèrent aux maires le contrat dont elle avait donné la formule. L'effet fut immédiat et général. Presque partout, dans les communes même où le sentiment religieux est le moins vif, les maires acceptèrent la proposition du curé.

Le fait est capital et marque dans l'histoire de la crise présente une heure décisive. Il y eut ainsi, sur cette question de l'exercice du culte, un véritable *referendum* municipal. Hors de toute pression gouvernementale, à l'abri de toute agitation électorale, l'opinion du pays se manifesta sans hésitation: pour éviter la fermeture des églises, pour assurer l'exercice du culte, partout, les maires, conscients des intérêts et des sentiments de la population, acceptèrent l'arrangement proposé.

Mais, immédiatement, le gouvernement intervint, prescrivit aux préfets d'arrêter l'initiative des magistrats municipaux, en usant de tous les moyens d'action de notre

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administration centralisée, et le mouvement si bien commencé fut suspendu.

Quelques jours plus tard, à la suite d'exigences inacceptables pour l'Eglise, imposées sur l'ordre du ministre au Cardinal-archevêque de Paris par le préfet de la Seine, comme conditions du contrat, les négociations furent rompues pour les églises de la capitale et, par suite, pour toutes celles de France.

Ainsi s'évanouit, toujours sous l'empire des mêmes influences, la dernière chance d'assurer pacifiquement et régulièrement l'exercice du culte.

Les choses en sont là depuis plus de cinq mois.

Les églises demeurent ouvertes: sous ce rapport, la leçon des inventaires n'a pas été perdue: le gouvernement sait à merveille que la fermeture des églises provoquerait dans tout le pays un immense mécontentement, dans certaines régions de véritables révoltes: il n'a garde de s'y exposer.

Mais quelle est la condition légale de ces églises? Nul ne saurait le dire. Elles restent ouvertes parce qu'on n'ose pas les fermer: c'est tout. Aucune garantie ne les protège contre les surprises de l'arbitraire. Rien n'est prévu pour leur entretien, pour leur réparation. Les municipalités ne veulent pas s'en charger, le clergé ne peut le faire, le gouvernement ne décide rien. Mais qu'un accident ou la vétusté entraînent la chute d'une partie de l'édifice, elle ne sera pas relevée, et l'église sera, de ce fait, définitivement fermée.

Le curé et ses prêtres n'y sont que des occupants de passage: ils y officient parce qu'on ne les empêche pas encore de le faire: demain ils peuvent en être chassés. Ils n'y ont ni droit défini, ni autorité légale: que des perturbateurs viennent troubler l'office divin, le prêtre n'a, pour intervenir, aucune qualité reconnue: si les fidèles se chargent d'y faire la police et qu'un désordre en résulte, ce sera assez pour déterminer également la fermeture de l'église.

Dans la plupart des communes, les municipalités auraient voulu conserver au curé, gratuitement ou moyennant un loyer modique, la jouissance du presbytère. La loi leur défend l'abandon gratuit: s'ils fixent un taux de location que le préfet trouve trop faible, celui-ci intervient et an-

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nule le bail. Beaucoup de curés, que l'insuffisance de ressources met dans l'impossibilité de payer des prix relativement élevés, se trouvent sans asile, soit qu'aucune maison convenable n'existe dans le bourg, soit que personne ne consente à se déloger pour les abriter. Les Evêques sont alors obligés de rappeler le curé, et le culte est suspendu dans la commune : après un certain délai, la loi autorisera, en ce cas encore, la fermeture de l'église.

Ainsi se poursuit lentement, sans bruit et comme dans l'ombre, la désorganisation progressive du culte catholique.

Pendant ce temps, du moins, devant ce clergé dépouillé, sans puissance et sans force légale, l'hostilité désarmet-elle? Bien loin de là. Ici un Evêque, en tournée de confirmation, se voit, à la sortie de l'église, assailli par les injures, les menaces et les voies de fait : là, un autre, venu dans une petite ville de son diocèse, pour présider une conférence religieuse, est obligé de se retirer devant la violence des manifestations.

Le gouvernement donne l'exemple. Pour lui, la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat équivaut à la guerre de l'Etat contre l'Eglise : il ne se borne pas à l'ignorer, il la fuit.

A Toulon, lors de l'horrible catastrophe du vaisseau "l'Iéna," le président de la République et les ministres, venus pour assister aux obsèques des victimes, se retirent au moment où l'Evêque paraît entouré de son clergé afin de ne prendre aucune part à l'émouvante cérémonie de l'absoute, solennellement donnée aux cercueils rangés sur la place.

A Orléans, le gouvernement interdit aux fonctionnaires publics de paraître à la cathédrale pour la fête traditionnelle de Jeanne d'Arc, et refuse à l'Evêque et aux curés de la ville la place et la fonction que leur attribue l'usage séculaire.

Partout, il est entendu que, l'Eglise étant séparée de l'Etat, aucun contact ne peut plus s'établir entre les autorités officielles et les ministres du culte, aucune participation d'un fonctionnaire à une cérémonie religieuse ne peut être tolérée. L'accès même des bâtiments publics est interdit aux prêtres : au moment de l'explosion de "l'Iéna," comme ceux des diverses paroisses s'étaient spontanément rendus à l'hôpital, pour offrir aux blessés le secours de leur

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ministère, on leur ferme la porte : la plupart de ces marins sont des catholiques pratiquants, bretons en très-grand nombre, élevés dans des familles chrétiennes : peu importe ! Le règlement interdit au prêtre l'entrée de l'hôpital, à moins qu'un malade ne le réclame formellement : or presque tous sont mourants, frappés d'affreuses blessures, incapables de parler !

Telle est la notion de la liberté religieuse, établie par la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat.

Par contre, tant est grande l'habitude ancestrale, les incroyants, les libres penseurs jetteront les hauts cris si un curé refuse d'admettre à l'église le corps d'un des leurs, mort sans sacrements : il faudra qu'ils l'y introduisent malgré lui : au besoin, ils forceront la porte : ils voudront que les cloches carillonnent, et, chaque jour, là-dessus, des conflits s'élèvent entre les maires et les curés : au cimetière, parfois, ils réciteront des prières sur la tombe, et s'en iront ensuite, en chantant "l'Internationale."

Ce désordre des esprits, ces contradictions, cette horreur de l'Eglise et ce besoin religieux, témoignent suffisamment que la séparation n'est entrée ni dans les mœurs, ni dans les idées.

Elle n'y entre pas, parce qu'elle est formellement contraire aux traditions historiques, à l'éducation quinze fois séculaire de notre pays : c'est pourquoi elle n'est qu'un simulacre, une arme de guerre, un moyen de désorganisation religieuse, et nullement un régime régulier.

J'ignore combien de temps durera cette funeste expérience : je crains qu'elle n'engendre un trouble profond, non seulement dans l'ordre religieux, mais dans l'ordre social : je souhaite ardemment, pour mon pays, et pour l'univers catholique, qui reçoit le contrecoup de nos agitations intérieures, qu'elle soit aussi courte que possible.

En tout cas, j'ose dire qu'elle aboutira nécessairement, tôt ou tard, à un nouvel accord avec le Saint-Siège, seul moyen de rendre à l'exercice du culte catholique la liberté et la régularité, de rétablir la paix dans les consciences, et de donner au pays la paix religieuse.

A. DE MUN

de l'Académie française, député du Finistère

SOME RECENT BOOKS

- ¶ *Under the above heading are noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*
- ¶ *The Editor will apply to Publishers for a copy of any book he proposes to have noticed.*

A RISTOTLE has a useful word of warning for the student who is approaching the study of ethics. "Do not," he says in effect, "look for rigorous definitions and sharp lines. Our subject matter is so various and so uncertain that we must be content to indicate the truth roughly and in outline." With this proviso we may cheerfully set ourselves to discover, so far as we may, the general laws according to which ethical rules of conduct and ideals of life have developed in different countries and at different times.

This is the task which Mr L. T. Hobhouse has set himself in his latest book, *Morals in Evolution: a Study in Comparative Ethics* (2 vols. One guinea net. Chapman and Hall. 1906). For the reassurance of the timid he points out in the preface that he assumes no hypothesis as to the causes of evolution; in fact that the hypothesis of evolution itself is not strictly necessary for such a method of handling the subject. He gives us a "morphology of ethics" based on recorded facts. True, he concludes by drawing his own inferences; but these form by no means the bulk of the work, nor are they, we venture to think, its most valuable element. The main interest lies rather in the careful compilation of results, based upon a wide survey and arranged in an attractive form. The very width of the survey, however, must inevitably lead, as the author is the first to admit, to some errors of detail and some failures in perspective. A few of these shall be indicated presently; but it may be said at once that the completeness of the field, though it increases the difficulties of treatment, gives much additional value to the work.

Mr Hobhouse has little sympathy with those who would concentrate their attention on the ethics of savagery to

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the neglect of civilized nations, and his attitude marks a reaction against the fatal lopsidedness of Spencerian methods. Ethical study, like charity, should begin at home. Yet, on the other hand, the Catholic student has hitherto, it may be, gone to the other extreme, and robbed his ethical notions of much of their content by sternly excluding the study of savage ethics, or tortuously accommodating them to the formularies of his textbook. But here again we have seen something of a reaction in recent years, and the increased attention of Catholic specialists to Anthropology (witness, for instance, the publication of the German periodical *Anthropos*, or the work of the Stonyhurst Anthropological Bureau), cannot fail to bring Catholics into closer relation with modern research.

The work falls into two parts. In the first volume we have a survey of moral standards. After a preliminary chapter on comparative ethics, we trace the development of social organization, of law and justice, the position of women, relations between communities, class-relations and property—or rather the ethical conceptions which have accompanied these institutions in various times and places. Not that the volume deals with mere ideals, for, as the author points out, some rules of conduct at least are a “genuine expression of what people actually think and feel”—they have the force of society behind them. And even the highest ideals may not be left out of account in our study of comparative ethics. For they have their influence on conduct. That men should admire principles which they have no intention of putting into practice is, in general, a better state of things than a frank lowering of standards, and a cultivation of what Plato would call the “lie in the soul.” With regard to savage conceptions of morality, Mr Hobhouse is careful to point out that our failure to elicit from primitive peoples a terminology resembling our own must not lead us to suppose that they are destitute of the ethical notions for which our terms may stand. The savage has a practical sense of right and wrong, though he may be incapable of stating the theory which underlies it. This is, once more, a matter where the

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Catholic missionary has a considerable advantage over the mere traveller and observer—the anthropological Count Smorltork. For the latter is usually deprived of those opportunities of intimate converse with natives which so many of our missionaries, owing to their sympathy and devotedness, enjoy.

Mr Hobhouse is struck by the uniformity which marks all ethical codes rather than by their divergencies. Common features ultimately emerge from what seems at first a bewildering mass of contradictions. Ethical progress, if there be any, is to be found, he says, rather in a deepening of the spiritual consciousness than in the development of new instincts and impulses. Among points which call for criticism in the first volume we may note the following. In the chapter on “Law and Justice” the author follows the prevailing fashion of leaving no room for free will, while endeavouring to save responsibility. Vindictive punishment in consequence becomes a stumbling block to him. Again, his account of Alexander III and the dissolution of marriage is quite inaccurate. The Popes have never claimed the power to dissolve a consummated marriage. In the case under discussion (p. 222) there had been no marriage *ab initio*. Hence there could be no question of dissolving it.

The second volume deals with the history of ideas concerning the grounds of morality, and of the religious, scientific and other conceptions interwoven therewith. The fifth chapter, that on Monotheism, is the one which calls for most criticism, though we cannot deal with it here. The gradual purification of the idea of God in the Old Testament as here sketched implies a more crude initial conception of the Deity than many Biblical scholars would be ready to allow. To come to later times, St Thomas is referred to as having made no small advances in the direction of Pantheism. The statement is based upon a misapprehension of what St Thomas means by creatures “existing by participation.” St Thomas, with all the Scholastics, maintained the absolute entitative distinction of God from creatures, so that nothing could even be predi-

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cated in the same sense of both. Hence there can be no question of participation *in* God. Nor is the author right in saying that free will is a limitation of divine omnipotence if man's choice of salvation is not predetermined by God. The author's whole treatment of the free will controversy is unsatisfactory. The real difficulties which confront scientific theologians are passed over, and sophistical difficulties are multiplied.

In the last chapter (to which we are led by a survey of philosophic ethics among the Greek thinkers and in modern times) Mr Hobhouse gives us his own conclusions. The reconciliation between duty and interest he endeavours to find in "human solidarity," or the conception of a "spiritual whole," of which individual personalities are members. Such a solution will be welcomed by the Catholic philosopher to whom the "Communion of Saints" offers an explanation which is at once philosophically satisfying and ethically stimulating. It is interesting to see how this great Catholic doctrine has attracted minds which have started from such opposite positions as those of Hegel and Comte. M. Brunetière's *Utilization of Positivism* has made a Romeward path which many tired rationalists seem likely to tread. Of its construction we may learn much from an admirable article in *The Month* for May; and Mrs Wilfrid Ward, in her *Out of Due Time*, has familiarized English readers with the difficulties and possibilities of such an avenue of thought.

Mr Hobhouse is more in sympathy with the Hegelian mode of thinking. His summing up gives us a picture of the Divine which Catholics will reject, though they will recognize in it much that is akin to Christian mysticism. On the practical effects of the increasing "self-realization" of the Human Mind, the author bases greater hopes of future well-being than, we think, his evidence warrants. "Social science" may be a growing light in the world, but so much of human character seems permanently impervious to its rays that we must not expect too much of it. Should it ever come to shine in every corner, it will mean that we have turned some of our best furniture into

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the street. Yet, on the other hand, it has much to show us, and we cordially welcome the growing interest in social studies which has of late years manifested itself in the Catholic body.

C. P.

HOW is it possible to soften the common prejudice so constantly justified by experience against the appearance of a Saint in fiction better than by owning to having opened *The Disciple of a Saint*, by Miss Vida Scudder (J. M. Dent and Co.) with the gravest misgiving and having closed it with reverence and admiration? No one who knew the author's translation of the Saint's letters could doubt that hers was a true case of the mental condition so well-known in Siena of old as "be-Catherined." But it was not safe to conclude that she possessed the tact and art which could avoid all cause of offence in this imaginary biography of Neri or Raniero di Landoccio de Pagliaresi, secretary to St Catherine, a figure loved by many of us long years ago, when we first knew anything of the records of the "Famiglia." Indeed, some of the notes to Miss Scudder's translations of the letters betrayed a certain crudeness of touch when it was necessary to post the reader in the scandals of the day in order to make him understand the Saint's advice to souls in peril. But there is nothing of this crudeness in the biography of the poet Neri, the disciple with what would now be called an artistic temperament, who suffered from and was sweetly blamed and consoled by Catherine for "confusion of mind." Miss Scudder has judged very wisely in choosing this pathetic figure, through whose eyes we may see St Catherine and her times from the many points of view that go to produce too often in us latter-day Christians this same pain of "confusion of mind." One little bit of descriptive analysis is worth quoting. Neri as the envoy of Catherine is travelling in the company of the sceptical French student, de Frontaigne, over the barrier of Apennines and Alps on his way to Avignon.

Never had he [Neri] known anything like that journey Painful broodings forgotten, thought and sight were suffused alike

St Catherine of Siena

with the radiance of new impressions. There could be no more stimulating travelling companion than de Frontaigne. Neri by his side found himself surveying the world from points of view before undreamed of. For two years he had contemplated life from one fixed centre of religious conviction. Now, albeit he guarded that conviction inviolate in his heart, he allowed his imaginative intellect to be decentralized and wander at will. It was an intense relief. For the mind craves freedom as much as the heart craves constancy; and from their conflicting desires springs the drama, often deepening into tragedy, of the interior life. But there was no tragic hint for the present. Introspection was forgotten, and inconsistencies ceased to annoy as body and soul pursued their adventurous way.

But the author is at times betrayed into making Neri almost impossibly modern-minded. He would have made a more distinct and more lovable figure if Miss Scudder had been more self-denying and not allowed him to be the vehicle for what occasionally reads like unconscious autobiography. Then, too, she sometimes forces Neri in quite an opposite direction into feelings and temptations, as in the thin thread of the love story with Flavia, which present him as a quite conventional type of young man in temptation.

But that there is little to offend and much to please the lovers of St Catherine in *The Disciple of a Saint* is fairly proved by finding that it is possible to turn directly from the work of fiction to a new edition of Mr Algar Thorold's translation of the *Dialogue of St Catherine* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.) without experiencing a shock. It would be impertinent to try to say any new thing about this amazing treasure, itself left to us by the Siennese farmer's unlettered daughter. As to the translator, no doubt Mr Thorold has done his work efficiently, although we would rather he had left untouched the confusion of imagery, the little literary shocks that are familiar to those who know the Saint's letters well. Occasionally, however, he is very happy in his choice of words, as in the following sentence:

Sometimes I allow the world to show them what it is, so that, feeling its diverse and various passions, they may know how little

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stability it has, and may come to lift their desire beyond it, and seek their native country, which is the eternal life.

But we would rather in other places feel no suspicion of his having yielded to a possible inclination to polish.

The preface is extremely interesting, but it would be a relief to know if it is possible to explain a sentence beginning, "Love, that love of man for man" (p. 21), which to the ordinary reader, and it has been submitted to several, surely is wholly incomprehensible. S.

THE most ardent worshipper of Garibaldi will find the thirst for his hero's glorification fully slaked in Mr Trevelyan's graphic pages (*Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*. By G. Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans. 6s.6d. net). They will afford a satisfactory answer to people puzzled over the Garibaldian cult, for this very interesting book not only tells the story of Garibaldi's defence of Rome during the Triumvirate of Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini in 1849, but is otherwise considerably biographical. A handsome face, a genial manner and the glamour of victories in his country's cause were enough to make him the idol of his countrymen—victories not won by the technical rules of Jomini, but by the cunning, dash and daring of the guerilla fighter. It is commonly asserted that Garibaldi was no general, a statement to be qualified somewhat by the share he took in the defence of Rome. But if no general in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he was perfect as a guerilla chief. Let people who carp at the shortcomings of British troops and British generals in South Africa read Mr Trevelyan's stirring narrative of Garibaldi's retreat from Rome, and they may safely come to the conclusion that no Continental nation would have done one whit better than ourselves. Chased by four armies, French, Austrian, Spanish and Neapolitan, Garibaldi outwitted them all. In a nature essentially romantic and poetic the spirit of religion seems to have been singularly absent where we should most expect to find it. A notorious freethinker, he openly proclaimed himself an atheist. One part of his heart was apparently seared by a

Garibaldi

morbid hatred of priesthood, and the rest absorbed by patriotism ("Whilst sailing with his companions for Europe, every time the sun went down in ocean they stood up in a circle on deck and 'sang for evening prayer a patriotic hymn'"—p. 41), a love of humanity and a vague Pantheism. Allowances, however, must be made for a lad who, though born of pious parents, left his home at fifteen and spent the remainder of an excitingly active life in trading, fighting and wandering on sea or land, besides falling under directly anti-religious influences. But in spite of his opinions he knew how to be more than tolerant towards religious people, whom he met in friendly ways. Some of his most devoted followers were good Catholics, according to Mr Trevelyan, for the days were perplexing to many consciences. There was Morosini, "a youth of unsullied purity of conduct, with that rare quality of saintliness which in every age is the natural inheritance of some among the countrymen of St Francis" (p. 220). There was Manara, chief of his staff, who in dying of his wound, after receiving the last rites of the Church, commended his children to the care of the friend at his bedside, and begged him to take care that they were brought up religiously. Strangest figure of all in that mixed company, we see the pale-faced enthusiast, Ugo Bassi, chaplain to the Legion, with crucifix on red-shirted breast, ministering to sick and dying. Bassi seems to have had a tactful and kindly way of tempering the Garibaldian raids upon monasteries. "In a dispute over the alleged resources of a monastery at Castel Fiorentino," whither Bassi and an officer had gone on a commandeering expedition, "a bottle of *Vino Santo*, judiciously fetched up from the cellar, induced the Garibaldian officer to take his pen and write 150 scudi for 200, and crack a good-natured joke, which the monk recorded in his diary." "Il padre Ugo Bassi, dressed like an officer, then confessed himself to one of the fraternity" (p. 251). Their leader loved these men. Mr Trevelyan holds the usual views on the iniquities of the Papal Government, a subject too large to discuss in a brief notice.

P.H.

Some Recent Books

AMONG the dominant personalities of the Civil War, the figure of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, shows in a certain pathetic aloofness. "Martyr to lucidity of mind and largeness of temper in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal," so Matthew Arnold acclaims him, and surely by that judgement suggests his inability to appreciate the more militant temperament and decisive intellect which make for leadership. Mr J. A. R. Marriott in his *Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland* (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net), displays a greater breadth of sympathy. His brief sketch of Strafford is animated by evident admiration for the great minister whom Falkland helped to doom. Yet he defends his hero's position in the trial by the argument that to Falkland, the constitutional Royalist, Strafford, with his "impatient and over-bearing idealism," his unsparing policy of Thorough, was necessarily the arch-enemy, whose arbitrary methods "could produce nothing but reaction." "Were not Falkland's forebodings abundantly justified by events?" asks the author. By lending himself to work the ruin of the King's one supremely able servant, Falkland went far to realize his own forebodings. Had Royalism rallied to Strafford's side in his hour of need, he might have braved successfully the reactionary Puritanism which assailed him, and might have averted, for the time at least, the disaster which menaced the ancient order. When Falkland allied himself with Pym in the crucial struggle, he helped prepare the triumph of those revolutionary principles which, later, he lived and died to combat. The chaos which followed Strafford's fall must be laid to the account of those who struck him down with his work undone, fully as much as to any faults or errors of his own, though these were not lacking. And whatever our opinion of the essential justice of his fate, there can be no question as to the illegality of the means which compassed it, the acceptance of which is no testimony to Falkland's lucidity of mind or largeness of temper.

It is not, however, as a practical politician that Falkland wins our interest. Though Mr Marriott resents Professor Gardiner's charge of inefficiency, he does not disprove it.

Viscount Falkland

His effort to claim for his hero a marked place among men of action, or even men of constructive thought, somehow fails to carry conviction. In his theological studies Falkland displayed a firmer grasp than in his political views, and his desire for unity and charity was rare indeed in that controversial age. He desired always to remember "that truth in likelihood is where her author God was, in the *still voice* and not the *loud wind*." Still, Falkland will always hold his place in our memories more by magic of personality than by right of achievement. Erase the personal tributes of those who knew and loved him—above all, Clarendon's imperishable portrait—and no marked record of him would be left in the great book of national destinies. To say so is not to belittle him. If the actual work which he accomplished was slight, his influence was far-reaching and exerted mainly, if not always, for tolerance and moderation. His was the vision of the reconciled future, and his dreams may outweigh the deeds of many men.

Mr Marriott gives a series of delightful sketches of the guests at Great Tew, omitting, however, the very interesting figure of Hugh Paulin Cressy (Serenus de Cressy), whose passion for peace, urgent as Falkland's own, led him into the Catholic Church and the Benedictine Order, and who deserves remembrance as the editor of the priceless *Revelations of Divine Love* by Juliana of Norwich. Falkland could not pursue his quest of abstract truth and ultimate unity while the King's trumpets were sounding. It was part of the tragedy of his life that he should strive and fall for a cause never wholly his, and with none of the rapture of unquestioning loyalty. Mr Marriott has brought to light one hitherto unrecognized trait in Falkland's character in the military ardour which blended so strangely with a heart-wrung desire for England's peace, and he has successfully combated the idea that the gallant charge at Newbury was practically the suicide of a despairing man.

D. G. McC.

Some Recent Books

THE story of the exiled years of Charles II, told by Miss Eva Scott with such painstaking thoroughness and accuracy in *The Travels of the King* (Constable. 15s. net), is enough to account for the cynicism of the King who came to his own again in the "Glorious Restoration." The present volume covers only the later six years of Charles's wanderings, so that the narrative of intrigue is not broken by any such epic of adventure as that of the King's escapes and disguises after Worcester. It is disheartening reading, as the author herself confesses, for it is the record not merely of outward disaster and frustration, but of moral deterioration. The desperate endeavours, the shifts and devices of penury, the pleasures snatched recklessly in the face of want and danger—all contributed to make of Charles and his cavaliers the men who, when restored to Whitehall, dishonoured the cause and mocked the ideals for which the cavaliers of an earlier generation had bled.

Following their fortunes it is difficult for us to judge them harshly, for these landless fugitives, with their great claims, saw no ennobling aspect of human nature. Driven from France to Flanders, slighted by Holland, disappointed by Spain, dependent on the chance bounty of this or that town or petty potentate, subjected to barely veiled insolence at the hands of sovereigns and statesmen, Charles was made to feel the full bitterness of his position and to realize how scant a respect was accorded the "divine right" of kings unsupported by more material resources. Small wonder that he and his followers were ready to try all means for reinstatement, or that some of the best among the Royalists could plot without scruple for the assassination of Cromwell, who, as the arch-regicide, appeared to them beyond the pale of the laws he had violated. Small wonder, even, that, as time went on, a few among the King's party, wearied of misfortune, sought to win favour with the Puritan government by playing spy and traitor among their former comrades.

There are not wanting glints of light in the sombre picture. The devoted loyalty of some of Charles's adherents

Mary of Modena

might have given him back faith in human nature. Ormonde—always stately, even when sadly short of money and clothes—Edward Hyde, to whom one forgives his pomposities and self-complacence for sake of his unwearying service—these and many a minor figure show nobly amid the rivalry and self-seeking of the vagabond Court. We miss the brilliant personality of Prince Rupert, whose achievements in the Civil War and whose stirring exploits at sea during the earlier years of exile struck a flash of scarlet through the shadows. For the Prince held somewhat aloof from the cabals of his cousin's Court, while he waited in silent loyalty the chance of renewed service. Of the Duke of York, on the other hand, we see much, and see him at his best—a gallant and an able soldier, a faithful comrade, true to his King and brother in spite of some injustice received at his hands. It is curious to find James as zealous for Protestantism at this period, when he had everything to gain by abandoning it, as he was, after his conversion, for Catholicism in the face of a hostile nation. James of York lacked entirely his brother's compliant conscience.

Miss Scott has fulfilled her task admirably, in so far as close research and scrupulous fairness are concerned. She follows the intricate course of Charles's many negotiations and alliances with great skill and clearness, and her book is a real contribution to the history of Stuart times. We sigh at times for a flash of that humour or irony which the subject might provoke. Fortunately the letters of the Cavaliers themselves make amends for this shortcoming, as they cannot help being witty even in the direst pinch of poverty, often of actual hunger. Nor is irony wanting in the fact that, after all the heroic valour of the Royalists, it was no work of theirs, but the mere reaction of England, wearied of Puritan rule, which swung Charles back to the throne to—forget his friends.

D. G. McC.

SOME time has elapsed since the publication of "Martin Haile's" study of Mary of Modena, Queen of James II (Dent. 1905. 16s. net). The book, however,

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is not one to lose interest with the passing of months or years, for it is an excellent presentment of one of the most pathetic and beautiful characters in history. From her early girlhood, when she sought to put aside the suit of James of York for the sake of a cloistered life, to the day when the nuns of Chaillot mourned their "Holy Queen," the career of Mary of Modena was a long procession of sorrows. The hope of Clement X, by which he won her to accept her royal destiny, that "the orthodox faith," reinstated by her in England, "might recover the splendour and security of former days" was not to be fulfilled, but queenship did indeed open to her "a wider field of merit than the virginal cloister." In this biography, based on much original research, the intricate political and religious life of the time is treated with admirable breadth and sympathy. But the supreme interest is in Queen Mary herself, her courage, her wifely devotion, her tolerant wisdom in affairs of state, the gallant gaiety of spirit, the exalted faith, which never failed through all outward failure. The passive piety of James II is rather irritating, but his Queen sought in her devout meditations no escape from the harsh demands of life, rather a source of divine strength to meet them.

D.G.McC.

THE aim of *Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions*, by the Rev. Bernard Kelly (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.), is to supply a short account of the origin and history of all the existing missions, with the names of the clergy, past and present, in charge of them. The subject is most interesting; the book is well planned out and attractively printed; and there is evidence of much work, which the author says has occupied him for some thirteen years. Yet we cannot escape the conclusion that his work, taken as a whole, has not been sufficiently systematic to give a complete or trustworthy result. Errors of fact and date abound, which could for the most part have been avoided by a little system and care. Thus, for example, among the sources of information consulted, Father Kelly enumerates the *Catholic Direc-*

Sir Tobie Matthew

tories from 1838 to the present date. Had he worked regularly through these, he would at least have had the names and dates of the clergy at the various missions during that period correct, which is in fact far from being the case. The incompleteness of the list of missions can be easily ascertained by comparison with the *Directory* for the present year. Taking, for example, the three largest provincial cities, we find that in Liverpool there are 40 missions, in Manchester (including Salford) a like number, and in Birmingham 13. Father Kelly only gives 16 in Liverpool, 15 in Manchester, and 7 in Birmingham.

Those who know Birmingham will be astonished to find St Peter's, the oldest Catholic church in the city, built in the old square style with galleries, described as "a handsome Gothic church"; those who know Southampton will be equally astonished to find St Edmund's, The Avenue, as the only church given, the old-established mission in Bugle Street being omitted; and the Northerner will be surprised to find the mission of Crook, the former residence of the present Bishop of Hexham, identified with Crook Hall, the parent College of Ushaw. Anyone interested in the English martyrs may observe under "Ingatestone" that "Father A. Paige" is said to have been executed for the Faith at Chelmsford in 1590, which we take to be an allusion to Blessed John Paine of Ingatestone, who was martyred at Chelmsford in 1582. Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

The mistakes and omissions are most regrettable, and they are sufficiently numerous to destroy the value of the book as a work of reference. Yet a trustworthy book of the kind would be so valuable to Catholics that we cannot but hope that another edition may be produced, free from these blemishes, even at the expense—as it would necessarily be—of much additional labour and a large amount of change and correction.

X.

A MORE interesting or even romantic figure than that of Sir Tobie Matthew, whose Life has just been written by Mr Arnold Mathew (Elkin Mathews. 12s. net), cannot easily be imagined. He was the son of an

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Archbishop of York, and so steeped in the surroundings of Protestantism that a memorial slab in the Minster records of his mother the well-known words, "A Bishop was her father, an Archbishop her father-in-law, she had four Bishops her brethren [i.e. brothers-in-law], and an Archbishop her husband." Yet in spite of his antecedents we find him wandering on the Continent, falling under the influence of Father Parsons in Rome, received into the Church by an Italian Jesuit at Florence, then back in England, where his change of religion, first only whispered, eventually became known; imprisoned at the instigation of Archbishop Bancroft, who had failed to "re-convert" him; then banished; once more in Rome, and ordained priest secretly by Cardinal Bellarmine; employed in turn by the English Government (notwithstanding his religion) in diplomatic missions to Spain and elsewhere, and on behalf of the Jesuits to treat indirectly with King James I; banished twice more, and finally ending his life in exile. Better matter for a biographer could not be wished for. Hitherto Alban Butler's small life has been the standard Catholic authority on him. Large stores of new matter have now been gathered by the persevering industry of Mr Arnold Mathew, and these have been successfully compressed into comparatively small compass by the collaboration of Miss Annette Calthorpe. We naturally look for much new light on Sir Tobie Matthew's life and personality, and we are not disappointed.

Perhaps the question of most general interest is whether or not Sir Tobie Matthew ever became a Jesuit, as has often been affirmed and as often denied. That he was a friend of the Jesuits and guided by their counsels all are agreed; and this meant far more at that time than it would now, on account of the unhappy division of Catholics into two parties. The question is whether he was ever actually received into the Society. This is briefly discussed in the concluding chapter of the book, and a decision in the affirmative is indicated; but the argument which Mr Mathew looks upon as decisive is given in the Preface. He bases his certainty on a manuscript *Life of Lady Lucy*

The Synoptic Narrative

Knatchbull, first Abbess of the Benedictine community, formerly at Ghent, now at Oulton in Staffordshire, on the title page of which it is said to be "by Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight, Soc. Jesu." The manuscript, which is now in possession of the Oulton community, was corrected by Sir Tobie Matthew himself in 1652, and as he did not erase the last two words, it is concluded that he was certainly a Jesuit at that time. It is not so easy to decide when he became one. He was ordained in 1614 as a secular priest on his own patrimony, and much later than that it is practically certain that he was a secular. At his third and last banishment he repaired to Ghent, which was a Jesuit centre, and the conclusion drawn is that he was received into the Society during the last years of his life. There are, however, difficulties still to be solved before the conclusion can be regarded as certain, not the least being the tradition in the contrary sense among the Jesuits themselves. It is possible to attach too much weight to the words added to his name on the title page of a manuscript, which might have escaped his observation, or even conceivably have been added after his death.

Twenty interesting plates, mostly from old prints, increase the value of the book. Their interest would have been even greater had some indication of their source been possible. On the whole, we have a very readable biography given us of a personality quite unique in Catholic history.

B. W.

A POSTHUMOUS book by the late Dr Salmon cannot fail to excite the interest of scholars. It is entitled, *The Human Element in the Gospels: A Commentary on the Synoptic Narrative* (Murray. 1907), and has been edited by Dr Newport White. The Preface tells us how much it cost the aged Provost of Trinity College, when in his last years he determined to examine the Synoptic problem by treating the inspired writers as human beings who used documents in a human way, and how much he felt he had after all gained by the study. The views he eventually developed are stated with diffidence, but with clearness:

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For all that part of the history which precedes the calling of Peter, all three Synoptists use the common authority Q, which St Matthew and St Luke supplement differently with information derived from other sources. From this point on, though there are a few cases where no two Evangelists relate the events in the same order, yet when two agree in their order against a third, St Mark is always one of the two. I find also that in several cases St Mark gives trustworthy information, which enables us to understand better the account given by the other Evangelists; and this has led me to find it credible that St Mark had been the organ through which the recollections of St Peter had been delivered to the Church; and that for some of his elucidations of previous accounts St Mark had the authority of that Apostle. I believe that St Mathew's Gospel, in its original draft, was founded mainly on Q; but that, before it assumed its present form, St Mark's Gospel was made use of. I likewise believe that in whole sections of the Third Gospel St Luke follows Mark, though he often forsakes his guidance in order to incorporate matter derived from elsewhere; and the idea that St Mark's order is not chronological is difficult to reconcile with the fact already stated that in the arrangement of the history of our Lord's life from the calling of Peter to the Crucifixion, if St Mark has not the support of the other Synoptics, he has always that of one of them. I find in St Mark's Gospel notes of time and of the sequence of events to which there is no parallel in the other Gospels.—p. 71.

The reader who is already inclined to another view—say to the received two-document theory—will probably not be moved from his standpoint by Dr Salmon's arguments, for the evidence is admittedly in the highest degree supple, many-sided and elusive. But Dr Salmon's vigorous common sense will be found as prominent in this as in his other writings, and no one will fail to be impressed with the ability displayed in the analysis of the probable causes of the minute differences between the first three Gospels. The volume forms a complete commentary on all the narrative which is common to the three, and it should be as indispensable to exegetes in the future as to critics, for it constantly throws floods of light on the incidents with which it deals.

Of Dr E. A. Abbott Dr Salmon had not a high opinion. He calls him

The Writings of St Paul

a scholar of wonderful ingenuity and an even more astonishing absence of common sense. He seems to have lately made considerable acquaintance with Hebrew, and, like a boy with a new knife, goes about hacking everything with it. Many of the attempts to explain discordances between the Evangelists by supposed misunderstandings of a common Aramaic original are very ingenious, but to my mind very unconvincing. But here Abbott takes St Mark, whose intelligence he sadly under-rates, translates his plain assertions back into Hebrew and tries to explain them away as blunders.

The criticism is fair. But Dr Abbott is not always doing this destructive work, and his contributions to the Synoptic problem are of the highest value. Still his conclusions, set forth in his recent romance, *Silanus the Christian*, are not attractive. He had promised a volume of justifications, but it appears to have grown into three volumes. The first instalment is before us under the title of *Apologia* (A. and C. Black. 1907), and it is to be followed within the current year by *Notes on New Testament Criticism*, and by *Indices to Diatessarica*. Dr Abbott's output is phenomenal. Last year we reviewed his *Paradosis* and the *Johannine Grammar* and *Johannine Vocabulary*. Since then has come *Silanus*, and now three volumes of notes upon it. Most people would think ten years not too much for seven such publications. Yet they are laboriously learned and full of thought. Of the *Apologia* (an unfortunate name, if it reminds Catholics of the writer's unworthy views of Cardinal Newman) there need not be said much. In it Dr Abbott replies to his reviewers, and makes clearer than before his disbelief in miracles and his full faith in our Lord's Divinity. He always commands our respect by his earnestness, and the Catholic reader will frequently be astonished to find how much he is in sympathy with this very wayward Protestant. C.

A GOOD Catholic Introduction in English to the New Testament has been long needed, and we are therefore glad to welcome the first instalment of a translation of M. Jacquier's excellent *History of the Books of the New Testament: St Paul and his Epistles* (Kegan Paul. 1907). The translation does not run very well, and the

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proofs have been carelessly read; the punctuation and the Greek accents leave much to be desired. The spelling of certain proper names—Ireneus, Phenician, Perea, Acheian(!), Pantenus—is none the more venial because it is evidently wilful. “Deisman” is even more annoying. In spite of such minor blemishes, the large type and light weight make a convenient volume, and the book ought to be widely useful, not only as a textbook for students, but even as an introduction to St Paul for educated people generally. These can skip the more technical parts, and will find the remainder interesting, and by no means dry. M. Jacquier is thoroughly well equipped with a knowledge of what has been written about St Paul, and this means no small extent of learning. A better book of the kind for translation could not have been found, and we hope it will be much read.

A very different kind of book is Dr W. P. DuBose's *The Gospel according to St Paul* (Longmans. 1907). The author is an Anglican, and is Professor of Exegesis in the University of the South (U.S.A.) His writings are always clever and thoughtful, and this work is no exception to the rule. He is also very modern. He translates St Paul into theological language, and systematizes him. When we are told that St Paul “states with scientific definiteness and clearness the theme . . .,” “we have here an exact statement . . .,” and so on, we despair of the writer as an exponent of St Paul's personality. He presents us rather with a series of able sermons on St Paul. A German would have tried to show us the evolution of the Apostle's mind. The Anglican Professor treats him as though the Epistles were a *Summa Theologica*. He is not an exegete; he rarely quotes St Paul's own words. The result is, however, a good introduction to Romans, the other Epistles being distinctly neglected. Yet Romans, though it is the most complete account of what is commonly called Paulinism, is after all Pauline Christianity in its relation to the Old Law. Pauline Christianity absolute is surely rather found in the Epistles of the Roman captivity. And the personal element, which has to be taken into account

Hypnotism and Spiritism

when we try to comment on so unique a writer, is more prominent elsewhere (e.g. in 2 Cor.) than in Romans, which is an essay rather than a letter. Dr DuBose does not always express himself as a Catholic would, but his meaning seems to be orthodox, even in such astounding phrases as this, "We do not say ordinarily that Jesus Christ is God" (p. 298). He explains at once that he is excluding only a Monarchian meaning; but it is shocking to be told that Anglicans in America "do not say ordinarily" what is usually held to be the natural formula for the expression of the central truth of the Christian religion. Dr DuBose may truly believe that Jesus Christ is God, though he does not ordinarily say so; but will the less instructed believe it, if they are not taught it in so many words? It is to be hoped that his "we" does not represent a large circle. C.

THERE is no doubt that Spiritism is becoming once more prominent in the crowd of new religions that are claiming to solve everything. It is not merely a local or an Anglo-Saxon sect; it is not even new; it has a kind of Catholicism both in time and space, for it is found in Italy as well as in America, and it certainly existed long before the Christian era. Its radical defect, however, apart from theological and moral considerations, is that, though claiming to be a progressive revelation, it does not progress. Its devotees do not even profess to know more now than they did three thousand years ago, and what they do know seems singularly ineffective. However, it is reviving, it is organizing itself all over the world, it condescends in England even to Sunday schools and hymn-books; and it is for these reasons, and for no other, that books such as Mr Raupert's *Dangers of Spiritualism*, Fr Lépiciér's *Unseen World* and Dr Lapponi's *Hypnotism and Spiritism* (translated by Mrs Philip Gibbs. Chapman and Hall. pp.268. 5s.) should be welcomed and encouraged by Catholics.

Dr Lapponi's plan is to distinguish sharply between Hypnotism and Spiritism, and to discuss them separately. This is necessary, because they are often grouped together even by individual theologians as alike abominable

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and dangerous. That they are both dangerous is beyond a doubt. Both, under certain circumstances, lead to derangement of the mental powers and the paralysis of the will. But Dr Lapponi shows plainly enough that they are not equally abominable. Hypnotism, in fact, he finds to be in itself no more than a "morbid state of the nerve centres," capable of almost illimitable abuse on the one hand, but, on the other, no less capable of real service. Certain morbid diseases, he explains, seem curable only by this science, and its use in cases where anæsthetics cannot be employed is too well known to need illustration. He is careful, however, to warn us of its dangers and to denounce its use except under very stringent precautions.

But Spiritism is quite another matter. Approaching it from a severely scientific standpoint, and allowing generously for fraud, he finds a residue of phenomena which are, he declares, inexplicable except on the theory that discarnate intelligences do actually, as is claimed, manifest themselves to the senses. But for the character of those intelligences and for their effect upon those who in any way yield to them, he has no words too strong. These effects, he says dogmatically, are "always harmful, never advantageous." There is not one single authentic instance in which spiritism has "served to enlighten us on intricate historical questions, . . . to solve some scientific problem, to recognize unknown maladies, to reveal special remedies." The morality and the religion which these "spirits" preach is simply childish when it is not injurious; they generally proclaim that religion to be true which their inquirers profess; their only dogmatic agreement appears to be in their antagonism to the Catholic Church; and their injurious effect upon the will and the morality of those who continue to consult them is acknowledged even by experts themselves.

It is a hateful and an unsavoury subject; but Dr Lapponi writes with great discretion. He examines it as a doctor examines bacteria—shrewdly, coldly and cautiously. Occasionally the stories he tells would seem to demand more explicit evidence than that which he adduces. Yet when both he and Mr Raupert treat spirit-photography as a matter of

A Spiritual Retreat

established fact, amateurs can hardly dare to dismiss it on *a priori* grounds. In these days agnosticism on all points except that of revealed religion would seem to be the better part.

B.

IT is a great pity that a book so full of real beauty and eloquence as is the volume of sermons by Father Procter on *Ritual in Catholic Worship* (Art & Book Co. 1s.), should have its usefulness marred by passages of a certain character. It would be very difficult to put this book into the hands of inquirers, simply because in more than one place the preacher appears, to say the least, to attribute bad faith and an almost wicked shallowness to his opponents. There are insincere and silly people everywhere, but is it in the least fair to attribute to non-Catholic ceremonialists, as a class, a passion for candles and vestments and altars, while "they are not really convinced that there is a true sacramental presence in the world," or "do not stop to ask whether he who pretends to say [Mass] is really and truly an undoubted priest?" One can only be quite certain that Father Procter has never really known the people whom he so describes. But then, what a pity that he should describe them! In his interpretation of ritual he rises to great heights of beauty and insight. It may be said that his pages adequately represent in print the glories and the significance of Westminster Cathedral, in which the sermons were delivered, and higher praise can hardly be given. They are as a mirror of letters held up to the actual thing. He is also very clear and illuminating on the inner value of all these things, and on the truth that "it is the truth that quickeneth," and the soul that gives value to the body.

B.

A *Spiritual Retreat*, by another Dominican, Father Reginald Buckler (pp. 256. Burns and Oates), is a very peaceful and soothing book, very characteristic of the writer. There is an atmosphere of a gentle other world, lit by a mellow diffused light, where all is simple if we will but be the same; and there are pleasantly apt similes of nature and grace, not unlike those of St Francis of Sales.

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The book follows the established lines, beginning with the knowledge of God and of self, passing on through the end of man to the means whereby it is attained, and concluding with chapters on Catholic mysteries, everyday life and Final Perseverance. It is, as can be seen from even so much description, strictly a Retreat; Father Reginald takes us into a quiet garden, set round with clean little shrines, crowned by the crucifix, bright with fragrant old flowers and summer lawns, and there with the throb of motor-cars and the cries of men sounding from far away, he sits us down and talks to us about all the things that really matter. The Catholic Church is the spiritual world let down into this, he tells us; our Lord is really in the world, going about the noisiest streets and the darkest corners, in His sacramental life. Look at these things carefully, conform your life to these demands, and there is nothing to fear. Everything is really very easy, after all. Then he says good-bye to us at the end, and waves to us in his white habit as we step back on to the road. "Not he that begins, not he that continues, but he that perseveres to the end shall be saved." B.

M. HUCHON'S object in *George Crabbe and his Times* (translated by Frederic Clarke. John Murray) is to produce a "psychological biography of the poet with a view to the interpretation of his works"—an excellent purpose, which, it may be said at once, the biographer has admirably fulfilled. Crabbe's life is inseparable from his writings, which are almost entirely founded on his experiences and observations in a few small parishes. M. Huchon sums him up with scrupulous justice. He does not claim a place among the immortals for the "Pope in worsted stockings." He fully admits Crabbe's frequent frigidity, his carelessness, his lack of art, his narrowness of range, his occasional lapses into sheer prose; but he rightly demands high praise for him as the poet of disillusion and reality, as one who

taking his subject from real life and no longer from an obsolete literary tradition, has contrived by the accuracy and force of

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his inward vision, by the minute distinctness of his reproduction to give his work such a stamp of originality, that he has added a new province, so to speak, to the realm of poetry and secured a place in the history of literature.

Here in a nutshell lies the secret of Crabbe's greatness. Poet he was not in the sense that Shelley and Tennyson are poets; but as a teller of tales in verse, as a relentless painter in miniature of things as they were, and not as people liked to think they were, as a pioneer of literature who struck a telling blow at the stagey Arcadia of eighteenth century poetry, Crabbe remains unsurpassed. Sir Walter Scott attempted serious imitation of "The Parish Register" in a poem called "The Poacher," which served to prove that Crabbe's peculiar power of painting in drab colours is inimitable; and in this alone lies something of greatness. "The most Dutch of English poets" stands solitary on his modest eminence. There are a few blemishes in the book. It is not very easy to read, owing to numberless figures which continually distract the reader's attention from the text to the mass of notes at the foot of the page. But by the student of Crabbe the book will be heartily welcomed; and Mr Clarke's translation is in every way admirable. M. Huchon has brought to his task a vast store of learning, a keen judgement, and a lively sympathy with one of our most insular poets, which, coming from across the Channel, is especially gratifying.

M.L.

FROM the new Dominican College of Hawkesyard we have an excellent manual of Canon law by Father Dom. M. Prümmer, O.P.—*Manuale Juris Ecclesiastici, in usum Clericorum, præsertim illorum qui ad Ordines Religiosos pertinent* (cum approbatione Rev. Archiep. Friburg. Friburgi Brisgovix: Herder. 8vo, pp. 380). Father Prümmer's work is intended as a textbook for students; it will be complete in two small volumes, the first treating the general questions of Canon law,¹ the second dealing with points special to the Religious Orders. He has elected to produce the second before the first, in view, no doubt, of

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giving his Regular brethren the first fruits of his labours. Accordingly, the present volume deals with the *Jus Regularium Speciale*, dividing its subject-matter into five parts: (1) *De Natura Status Religiosi*; (2) *De Ingressu et Professione*; (3) *De Obligationibus Religiosorum*; (4) *De Regularium Gubernatione*; (5) *De Regularium Privilegiis*. There are also two *Supplementa*, viz., “*De Tertio Ordine Seculari*” and “*Formularium Petitionum*,” containing useful forms of official letters on various occasions. The principal scope of the work is to provide sure and reliable guidance for both student and professor, and to treat with brevity and lucidity a large number of intricate questions for ever presenting themselves to enquiring minds. The author has studied with great care to give the actual jurisprudence of the Church and indicate the sources of further explanations. All obsolete and merely theoretical queries are let alone, and the very latest decisions of the Roman Congregations are utilized.

Looking at the alphabetical index, we are pleased to find so many useful and practical questions treated in so compact a book. Father Prümmer deserves every congratulation for his clearly-written and up-to-date work, which will enable students to acquire an ample knowledge of Canon law.

R. B.

MRS HENRY DE LA PASTURE undoubtedly possesses the art of telling a story. She does not depend on complicated plot or improbable situation to captivate her readers, but a strong human interest runs throughout her books from beginning to end. Her latest novel is in no way an exception to this rule. The story is told with the charm of style and purity of sentiment so familiar to us already in her writings, and those who laid down *Peter's Mother* with a sigh of regret may take up *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square* (John Murray. 6s.), with the confident anticipation of pleasant reading.

The characters are all living, human beings. The timid, childlike Jeanne, with her selfless devotion to her twin brother, and her passionate conviction of his absolute

Susan

loyalty to herself; the gentle, dignified Anne-Marie, with her strong personality sternly held in check by intense reserve and deep religious faith; Jeanne's uncle, the pious, plainspoken Welsh farmer, and even the Duchess, with her pathetic mixture of worldliness and kindheartedness, are all characters whose prototypes one has met in life and would gladly meet again. Perhaps the one exception is the Duke of Monaghan, who ultimately marries Jeanne. He seems to us somewhat unconvincing, and is not as interesting as the author evidently intends him to be. Through an accident in his childhood he has been lamed for life, and one cannot help resenting a little the assumption that his devotion to artistic and intellectual pursuits is solely the unnatural outcome of this physical defect. One pities him, too, for the obviously secondary position he holds in Jeanne's affection, where love for her brother, though somewhat rudely shaken by the discovery of his secret marriage, still reigns supreme.

But to those who, in these days of morbid craving for unhealthy forms of intellectual excitement, are sufficiently old-fashioned to appreciate a simple story, charmingly told, and dealing with ordinary people who lead normal lives, we can confidently recommend Mrs de la Pasture's new book. The truth of her types, and her simple candour and strength of perception will hold them interested from cover to cover.

G.F.G.

THE story of *Susan* (by Ernest Oldmeadow. London: Grant Richards. 6s.) begins in an excellent vein of light comedy. The little maid herself is admirably painted, and the situation, improbable as it is, is well conceived. But the opening awakens a hope of further complications and episodes of an amusing character, destined in some degree to be disappointed. The interest is well sustained, but the intense and serious affection between two people who have never met is both unconvincing and occupies too large a space on so small a stage. Mr Oldmeadow becomes, in fact, about half way through, too much interested in Miss Langley's feelings. Instead of contenting

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himself with being witty and amusing he begins to take his characters seriously, and by doing so makes them less living. Susan herself is an exception; she is excellent throughout. Her bewilderment over her letter from Lord Ruddington is laughably described. She wonders how he *can* be called Henry, for

Mrs Hobbs said that a lord could only have a surname—"as it might be Ruddington"—and the King could only have a Christian name—"as it might be Edward. That's the difference, Miss, between a king and a lord: one can only have a Christian name and the other can only have a surname. So how can he be named Henry?"

Susan's "dreadful feelings," her little doubts and vanities, and her really good and honest heart are all well drawn.

In the course of the story, Mr Oldmeadow gives a brief but vivid glance at the sufferings of the French Church, of which he speaks with keen sympathy and with an understanding of the trend of the present Government's policy. He insists that "the so-called campaign against anti-clericalism is at heart a campaign against Christianity." It is to be wished that many Englishmen, including some special correspondents, would at "Sainte-Véronique" or at some little village like it, observe, as Mr Oldmeadow has done, the actual workings of the laws on the lives and religion of the people. It may be that, having come to mock, they would end their visit, as Gertrude Langley ended the troubles of her love story, with "a prayer for this poor land where the fool hath said in his heart that there is no God."

M.W.

THOSE who are familiar with the painful story of the controversy that raged round Port Royal, and ended with the condemnation of the Convent and the dispersion of the company of high-souled but stiff-necked men and women who made it famous, must not hope to find that oil is poured on the troubled waters by Mrs Romanes in her *Story of Port Royal* (John Murray. 15s. net). The book is avowedly written from the point of view of a High

Port Royal

Anglican, and its whole spirit is controversial. The same may be said of *Mère Angélique of Port Royal*, a book by "A. K. H." published in the autumn of 1905 (Skeffington. 15s. net). In each the resistance offered by the Port Royalists to authority is interpreted as a just protest against Ultramontaniam. This was, of course, to be expected; but, on the other hand, the writers betray their willingness to condone the spirit of disobedience to authority which characterized the last days of the community. They admire and are shocked; the verdict is uncertain.

Port Royal provides an inspiring theme. That fine reformer's temper of Mère Angélique inspired the whole Order from the beginning, and splendid work she did in the first days of her rule over the Convent. She came of a race of men and women of iron will and stubborn spirit. The religious life had been chosen for her from worldly motives at too early an age, but she set herself at eighteen to *find* her vocation in it. She found it, and set herself to rid her community of the hundred abuses which had crept in. It was no easy task, and this ardent spirit had many trials. Perhaps the greatest of them was that for many years she found no confessor in whom she could feel complete confidence. When at last, in 1619, St Francis of Sales comes into her life as her spiritual director, we seem to see a perfect blend of two natures—Mère Angélique, eager and ardent, afflicted by the sins of the Church she loved so passionately, and drilling her nuns to such complete self-mortification as might atone in some measure for them; St Francis, sweet and tender, always soothing, always uplifting the soul he came in contact with, and directing this too ardent spirit into the light of the Divine Love rather than the Divine Wrath.

How different would have been the story of Port Royal if the spirit of St Francis of Sales had prevailed, and had not been followed by the grim influence of Saint-Cyran! To his personality as much as to his stern teaching rallied the many brilliant figures who attached themselves to Port Royal as "solitaires." The stage of Port Royal is so crowded, and the persons of the drama so brilliant, that it

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is impossible to condense the history within the compass of one volume without making it bald or leaving it a mere outline. The narrative of Mrs Romanes certainly suffers from this limitation; she cannot do justice to such themes as Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal, St Francis of Sales or Lancelot in the few pages she devotes to them. But she manages to give a very lucid account of the efforts made by the Bishop of Comminges to bring the Port Royalists to terms, of Antoine Arnauld's exasperating refusal to confer with a Jesuit except on paper, and of the patient labours of Archbishop Peréfixe, who strove to get the formulary renouncing the five condemned propositions of Jansenius signed by the obstinate nuns. At the end of his patience, the Archbishop burst out at last with the epigram which has since become famous: "They are as pure as angels and as proud as Lucifer." Mrs Romanes does well to make it clear that the actual persecution, as well as the brutal destruction, of Port Royal was the work of Louis XIV, who could not brook such independent spirits in his dominions, rather than of the Pope and the Church, who, while condemning Jansenism and all its followers, were ready to respect their "purity of angels," hoping to bring low in the end their "pride of Lucifer." But, as we have implied, the story of Port Royal, told with a controversial intent, can only be painful, and must leave a sinister impression on the mind which even Sainte-Beuve, clothe his subject as he may with literary charm and interest, cannot entirely dispel.

"A.K.H." chose the more forcible method of telling the story in her *Mère Angélique*. Here the interest centres round this fine austere figure, and the other personalities stand out the clearer from the background. But the story of Port Royal did not end with Mère Angélique's life, and Mrs Romanes' is the more comprehensive history.

Very refreshing and interesting to read at the same time as the two books noticed above is M. Fortunat Strowski's *Pascal et Son Temps* (Plon-Nourrit. 3.50 frs.) It is the first part of a "Histoire du Sentiment Religieux en France au XVII^{me} Siècle," and deals with the

Political Thought of Plato

period from Montaigne to Pascal. The reader who hopes to gain new impressions of Pascal from Strowski's book will, however, be disappointed. The book ends with his name, after a very fine paragraph summing up his value and worth; and this is the first time it occurs. But there is much that is extremely interesting. The first chapter on "Le Sentiment Religieux" is finely thought and written. All the various religious influences of the seventeenth century in France are marshalled in their turn, and their characteristic virtues and defects described in a clear and illuminating style. In the last pages, leading up to the mention of Pascal's name, we find an admirable exposition of the teaching of Saint-Cyran, and an excellent, though scathing, summary of the spirit of Port Royal and its tendency.

C.B.

A SIXTEENTH century translator of Plato's *Republic* called his book "a work very necessary and useful to kings, governors and magistrates, and to all other sort of estates and qualities of persons." Mr E. Barker's book, *The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle* (Methuen. 1906. 10s. 6d. net), may be similarly commended. It brings together matter which has hitherto been scattered among a shelf-full of volumes. True, it will not dispense the professional student from carving his own slices from Nettleship and Newman, Bradley and Burnet, Gomperz and Green, but it will drive a skewer through the *τεμάχην*, and produce an appetizing dish out of promiscuous and bewildering eating. The book may, moreover, be seriously commended to all who are interested in social reform, whatever their previous knowledge of Greek literature. The City-State of Greece might, indeed, seem to have no message for modern "governors and magistrates"; but Plato's vigorous protest against political ignorance and political selfishness has seldom been more needed. And Plato must be supplemented and (to a less degree) corrected by Aristotle, with his stress on the family, his substitution of "association" for "oneness," and his teleology, to which science and politics alike seem to be returning.

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Mr Barker is mainly interested in Aristotle, but he has found himself driven to include Plato, and this, again, necessitated some account of Socrates and the Sophists. Having thus extended the field, it was natural to add some pages on the influence of the *Politics* and the *Republic* in the middle ages. The book is very pleasantly and shrewdly written, and the author has made discreet use of the German literature on the subject. Particularly useful is his application of Aristotelian conceptions to modern politics. The man of action is here provided with principles which may help him to disentangle our exceedingly complex social problems. To "governors and magistrates" we accordingly recommend it, and especially to all who have the shaping of the new democracy. C.P.

THE purpose of Mr John I. Beare's *Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition from Alcmaeon to Aristotle* (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d.) has been to give an exact and minute account of the opinions of leading thinkers concerning sensuous cognition from Alcmaeon of Crotona, the Pythagorean (c. 500), to Aristotle (d. 322). Such an undertaking was rendered unusually difficult by the scarcity of materials concerning the earlier representatives of Greek philosophic thought, and by difficulties of interpretation with regard to all. The writer has accomplished his task with conspicuous success, exhibiting throughout the calm and patient spirit of a true scholar. He has confined himself rigorously to the sphere of empirical psychology; and no *minutiæ* of textual criticism or literary scholarship have been disregarded as trivial. He would be the last to say that the inquiry is now closed; still his careful and lucid exposition cannot henceforth be neglected either by the historian or by the professed exponent of philosophy. The subject is treated under three headings—The Five Senses; Sensation in general, its common and peculiar features; the *Sensus Communis*, including imagination and especially memory. The method adopted is uniform throughout. Each of the typical exponents of ancient views—Alcmaeon, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras,

The Origin of Life

Diogenes of Apollonia, Plato and Aristotle—is allowed to speak for himself, the author acting as guide and interpreter. The book will prove of no small service for the comprehension of Aristotle and also for a better appreciation of the Scholastic position. In point of scholarship, the author is to be congratulated on his ingenious reconstruction of the lost diagram of Aristotle referred to at pp. 321-2. H. P.

EVEN the man in the street is aware of the importance of Mr Francis Galton's discoveries with regard to the patterns of the ridges and furrows on the ends of one's fingers. For such patterns are now an object of anthropometric study, have aided considerably in the detection of criminals, and have even been made use of in one type of fiction. Dr Walter Kidd in his work *The Sense of Touch in Mammals and Birds* (Adam and Charles Black) sets himself to study the corresponding portions of the body in some of the lower orders of the animal kingdom. The work is too technical to interest the ordinary reader, but the full descriptions and numerous drawings of both macroscopic and microscopic conditions which adorn the text cannot fail to be of great value to the professed zoologist. B.C.A.W.

ATTEMPTS to explain the nature of life, to define the meaning of that term, to distinguish between living and non-living matter, of all these we have no lack, and *The Origin and Nature of Life*, by Félix le Dantec (Hodder and Stoughton), adds another to the series. The author leaves us no nearer a settlement of the question than we were before, but this at least can be said that he presents us with a very closely reasoned and interesting exposition of the subject from the standpoint of the confirmed and resolute mechanist. He has no doubt whatsoever that the effective synthesis which will produce living protoplasm in the laboratory will some day take place. When it does, "it will have no surprises in it, and it will be utterly useless. With the new knowledge acquired by science, the enlightened mind no longer needs to see the fabrication of protoplasm in order to be convinced of the absence of all

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essential difference and all absolute discontinuity between living and non-living matter " (p. 250). This reads rather curiously coming from the same pen as a statement that a living being is not a machine made to accomplish one kind of work and that only, but that " circumstances so vary around any given animal, and the animal itself changes so quickly, that we may say without exaggeration, *an animal never does twice the same thing in the whole course of its existence*" (p. 67).^{*} If there is to be this constant change of method, one would conclude that there must be something to preside over and direct the changes, and one looks with interest to discover what that something is. It appears that we are to seek it in changes in the environment, including in that term the chemical characters and the changes of equilibrium in the colloids of the body itself. The author's argument, which is exceedingly ingenious, and as far as we are aware quite original, is very largely based upon the results obtained by the new science of serumtherapy, which we owe for the most part to the genius and discoveries of Pasteur, in whose Institute, if we are not mistaken, M. le Dantec has been a skilled and notable worker.

The author agrees with Lamarck that " the function creates the organ " (p. 74); but he assigns a meaning to the term organ which is perhaps wider than—certainly different to—the meaning which Lamarck would have attached to it. " The definition of organ must be physiological, and the only possible definition is the following: An organ is the sum of the parts of an individual working together in the execution of a function " (p. 72). Thus it is inaccurate to speak of the liver as an organ. It is the liver plus those vascular, nervous and other parts of the body which co-operate with it in carrying out its function.

Now if a sheep be infected with virulent anthrax bacilli, the result will almost inevitably be its death, or we may say that the bacilli will assimilate the sheep. But let the sheep be first treated with an attenuated serum and then inoculated with the virulent bacilli. Then the circum-

^{*} The italics throughout are the author's.

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stances of the case will be wholly altered, for the sheep will assimilate the bacilli. In le Dantec's phrase the sheep will have acquired an organ capable of destroying the bacilli, an organ not possessed by other unprotected sheep, and not possessed by itself until it had received the protective inoculations. Mainly on the lines of this class of observation the author builds up the argument which we have outlined, and maintains that there is no such thing as irritability as commonly understood, for "living bodies are *inert* just like others, that is, they are incapable of changing by *themselves* the state of repose or movement" (p. 158). Irritability of all kinds is the result of tactisms, whether we can recognize those tactisms or not.

After this nothing remains of the pretended spontaneity of movement in living bodies. An observer conversant with the results of all these experiments in tactisms *knows* that the movements he observes in living bodies through the microscope are due to the colloid and chemical reactions of the mobile beings and the medium.—p. 163.

We must content ourselves with indicating the line taken by the author in his book and by noting one or two points in connection with it. And first we may say that a great deal of the writer's work depends upon the changes in and behaviour of the colloids of the body, and that of colloid bodies in general, and of those of the human body in particular, we know, as the writer himself admits, as yet practically nothing. Hence a good deal of what he says may have to be very seriously modified in the future when these puzzling bodies have been more fully studied and are better understood.

Apart from this, however, we find ourselves wholly unconvinced by the argument of the book, namely, that the body is not only a mechanism, but that it is a fatally determined mechanism, and we are glad to find that in this conclusion we are joined by Professor Duncan, the editor of the series, himself the author of an interesting work on the New Knowledge. In his introductory Preface he agrees, as we must all do, that the living organism is a mechanism; "but there is a certain demonstration that

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the book does *not* contain, and that is, that because the living organism is a mechanism it is necessarily an automaton " (p. 7).

If life [continues Prof. Kennedy] is supposed to be a transcendental entity entering into or transacting the chemical processes, causing them in the sense of using energy, then there is no evidence that such an entity exists. But if on the contrary life is supposed to be a transcendental entity that is associated with the body, and in some measure interacts with it and guides it without interference (and that is by no means inconceivable since recent physics has plunged the ultimate nature of matter into such mystery) then there seems nothing in Professor Le Dantec's book to make unreasonable a belief in the supposition.—p. viii.

We must be allowed to dissent utterly from the writer's view that embryology is only the histology of very young beings (p. 11), for in our opinion such a statement is as inaccurate as would be the statement that history and geography were the same thing.

We must also protest against the issuing of a book such as this is, crammed with arguments and facts, without any trace of an index. Such an action is nothing short of an outrage on the reading public.

B.C.A.W.

THE PAPAL DEPOSING POWER*

Catholic Church and Christian State. By Dr (afterwards Cardinal) Joseph Hergenröther. English Translation by C. S. Devas. London. 1876.

THREE great powers divide the modern world (which includes America), and are struggling for supremacy—the Roman, the Teuton and the Jew. Rome has tradition on its side; the German has force; the Israelite money. But there is a deeper account of the antagonism which sets them in array one against the other, and it must be sought in the region of ideas. History, from the fall of the Roman Empire, is nothing else than the conflict on a large scale between instincts which have grown into philosophies, with Church, State and civilization as their direct outcome. Now, when we appear to have reached a turning-point in the drama, its precise character is thrown into relief by contrast with a new situation arising suddenly where least expected. The yellow race, incarnate in its Japanese hero, springs on the stage; and at once we perceive that Roman, Teuton, Jew belong to the same group or species, have more in common than they ever dreamt of, and together constitute the European type. Unless they acknowledge these facts in time to be reconciled before the invasion breaks upon them, it is an even chance that all will go down as world-powers—we know that the Church cannot fail—in presence of a movement which the sternest logic governs at every step it takes.

Europe is at odds with itself. The Latin nations waver between an omnipotent state and their Catholic hierarchy. In the wide spaces and vast populations which are controlled from Berlin, London and Washington the confusion of thought is amazing, but English freedom holds its own. Everywhere the Jew meets us, in our Bible, our Church, our market-place, our newspaper. He wanders from Russia to Oregon; he inspires the Socialist propaganda; he puts

* See "Roma Sacra," DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1907

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on the colours of the Primrose League; he is flexible, obstinate, modern-ancient, always reminding us that the Apocalypse has not yet been fulfilled. He is a prophetic figure, pointing to the consummation of the age.

This it is which lends to Roman history a charm and an importance justifying antiquarian research. We study its documents with pleasure, for they are written to delight us; but they also furnish the origins from which all our present problems have taken their rise. In such a light we cannot but echo the Shakespearean words and own that we are "made and moulded of things past." Impatient America would scorn history; but it is not to be done. The Roman himself looks at it chiefly in one aspect; he finds a change of bearings difficult and still judges English or Teutonic literature as the work of Barbarians. Yet he might consider how significant it is that the most profound of Latin historians, Tacitus, begins the modern era precisely by sweeping into his survey the Christian, the Jew and the German. Livy's exuberant style adorns what was even in his time the dead past, beautiful in remembrance. Tacitus, at the French Academy or in Oxford, would not be deemed an antique; he is modern because the elements of strife and progress which he describes are with us still. We have added nothing to them. The Roman majesty, the fierce freedom of Germania, the religious fanaticism of Judæa, the Christian martyr's hope,—these have played their part during wellnigh two thousand years; and religions, laws, languages, literatures, merely exhibit them in endless combination. The Catholic Church and the Roman Empire, coalescing into a civilized polity, have subdued the peoples of the North and spread with their conquests, but have never won a permanent footing outside these bounds. Christendom is the universe which Tacitus had before him, enlarged by geographical discoveries, but otherwise unchanged. The black and the yellow races lie outside it. When it numbered its churches by the thousand in Africa and Asia Minor, it did but touch the fringe of those vast Continents. Beyond the Atlas or the Euphrates Christians have never felt at home.

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Now, perhaps, we may understand how the Roman circle was broken, yet only to be enlarged and closed in again, by the Hebrew with his revelation from on high and the Barbarian who lived a free man of the woods about Elbe and Danube. If anything in history is clear, we must grant that a new synthesis had been swiftly growing up since Alexander took Greek ideas into Western Asia and the Romans absorbed his dominions. From Alexander to Constantine is six hundred years. When the first Christian Emperor founded New Rome on the Bosphorus, that intermingling of Jewish religion, Greek philosophy, old Republican and Imperial jurisprudence, was become so complete that we may term it the Christian idea in practice. Henceforth education was to be cast in this mould. Now one element might get the upper hand, and now another; but the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Revolution itself, all bear witness to an identity in the spirit which marks them off from the world of Islam, not to speak of systems reigning in the Farther East. Every Christian talks Hebrew when he prays, Greek when he philosophizes, Latin when he goes to law. There is no help for it. The Teuton in all his varieties cannot escape this great tradition. He brings to its handling one instinct, due to his overmastering energy,—individual freedom, “*veterem Germaniæ libertatem*,” says Tacitus.* This, too, becomes an idea in time, and with it our problem is fully stated.

In the Apocalypse Rome is a persecutor of the Saints, drunk with their blood, and Jerusalem is the Holy City. This point of view remains fixed for several generations in Christian apologetics; it dominates the invectives of Tertullian; it affords a principle to St Augustine on which he has wrought out his monumental *De Civitate Dei*. Yet there was another, quite distinct and not less primitive, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, where Roman Law is invoked by way of defending the Christian from his Jewish assailant. In course of time the first yielded to the second; Rome was actually transformed to a Catholic Jerusalem; and down to the twelfth century, we may say,

* *Annals*, xi, 16.

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the Apocalypse faded out of Western imaginations. Then a remarkable change took place. The reforming sects, Waldensians, Albigenses, and finally Protestants, identified Papal with Pagan Rome, called the Pope Antichrist and his theocracy the reign of Satan. This was a triumph for the Jew, with whose Old Testament ideas the Reformers had so many things in common. And if we discount mere language, we shall find the same intense fanatical hatred at the heart of those associations, whether terming themselves Christian or free-thinking, which under the name of Templars, Illuminati, Masons, Carbonari, Saint-Simonians, Socialists, and the like, have waged war upon the Holy See during the whole modern period. They are sects inspired by some Utopian scheme, enthusiastic for the propagation of an Eternal Gospel, enraged against the Pope as "him that letteth,"—in plain English, as the great European bulwark which anarchy assaults in vain.

Here is the connecting link between all phases of Roman history, the kinship in spirit whereby Republic, Empire, and Popedom are united as instruments to carry out one vast plan, embracing nations and centuries. It is the spirit of Law, divine by origin, human as regards matter and scope, theocratic because appealing for its sanction to heavenly powers, hierarchical and selective in the persons by whom it rules, rather than feudal or hereditary, when fully developed. Early Rome grew upon a basis of family worship; but the Imperial legislation, while conferring on Cæsar a *patria potestas* without limits, has attained to the idea of man as man, the subject of rights and duties springing from his very nature. So there is a *Lex Naturalis* into which we are all born, bound up with what Burke might call the frame and constitution of the world itself, or divine Reason and Justice, prior to any social compact, and needing none for its establishment. To the Roman Peace we may apply those magnificent words of St Augustine, "Nullo modo aliquid legibus summi Creatoris ordinationique subtrahitur, a quo pax universitatis administratur."* The sovereign conception of a divine order upon

* *De Civ. Dei*, xix, 12.

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earth, as it is in heaven, governs Catholic theology from its beginning and comes to its perfect type in St Thomas among the schoolmen, in Dante among the poets. Nevertheless, we say, there was a parallel development of which the *Digest* is a record among heathen legislators, so curiously identical in many points that one set of terms will express the Christian or the Roman principles. So Justinian writes, "The laws of Nature which all peoples alike observe, being established by divine Providence, remain fixed and immutable." The Emperor has in mind Ulpian as well as the other famous jurists when he lays down this axiom. But long before their date Cicero, in his *De Legibus*, had recapitulated the sayings of Greek and Italian wisdom to this effect, "Lex vera atque princeps, apta ad jubendum et ad vetandum, ratio est recta summi Jovis." *

Nowhere, then, was the reign of law more splendidly exemplified than in the Roman Empire, which made its conquests permanent by superseding the laws of the conquered. On this very ground of a rival theocracy at death-grips with Rome do we account for the "obstinate faith" in themselves which Tacitus ascribes to the Jews, who alone of all Easterns would not suffer their Deity to migrate with a crowd of vassal gods to the Pantheon, and whose "pervicaciam superstitionis" the historian connects with their hatred of mankind.† It was temple against temple, law against law; so was brought to pass the destruction of Jerusalem. But neither Tacitus nor Trajan could have dreamt that in fulfilling Christ's prophecies they were yielding up Rome to a dynasty, the heir at once of both laws and able to reconcile them. "If there be wise men, judges in equity," says Lactantius, "who have composed the Institutions of Civil Law, how much more shall we set down in writing the Divine Institutions, wherein we speak of life, immortality, and God, to the ruin of superstition?"‡ Hence it has been boldly asserted that Canon Law grew up in the shadow of the Civil and, as the Decretum of Gratian proves, borrowed from it the

* *De Legibus*, ii, 4.

† *History*, v, 5; ii, 4.

‡ *Instit.* i, 1.

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form and procedure by which ecclesiastical courts are regulated.*

Taking a more general view, we cannot but observe how soon and how steadfastly the Roman genius makes itself felt in Papal documents. It gives to St Clement's Letter a judicial strength which has been acknowledged by every modern critic. In the decrees of Victor concerning Easter, of Callistus regarding public penitents, of Stephen on re-baptism, it provokes opposition but wins to Rome the assent of Catholics at large. When the Western Empire shrinks behind the marshes of Ravenna, it comes forth in the classic majesty of St Leo confronting Attila and protecting the city from the Huns like a new Camillus. With Leo the fusion of Law and Gospel is triumphantly accomplished. He prevails in East and West. He fixes the style of the Curia. He puts down the Manichees by aid of the secular arm. He is recognized at Chalcedon as "the holy Archbishop of the world." He persuades Valentinian III to issue the "Perpetual Edict," by which a supreme court of appeal was recognized in the Lateran. The immunity of clerics had been, it appears, a rule of long standing and is insisted upon by St Ambrose in 380. What were afterwards known in England as "Courts Christian" had already begun to take over a certain proportion of cases dealing with secular matters, but submitted to the Bishop as an equitable "daysman" between litigants. The Emperors not only allowed but encouraged a jurisdiction which in the rapidly disintegrating West supplied for their own impotence, while at Constantinople or Alexandria it respected, often beyond what was decent, the high theocratic privileges claimed by the orthodox Cæsars. With Byzantium, however, we are little concerned. It was in Italy and the Western half of Christendom that civilized society started on the lines which it is still pursuing; there, and not among the Lower Greeks or the decadent Christians of Egypt and Syria, we may watch the world's debate, turning ever on the opposed yet necessary points of authority and freedom. From that arena we have not emerged. Our

* Dodd, *Hist. of Canon Law*, 135-149; Sohm, *Institutes*.

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future lies at stake in the midst of it; and if history can teach us how the quarrel ought to be decided, we may well be grateful to historians.*

First, then, let us remark that Judaism had won, so far as it had established in the Empire, a Church no longer dependent on the State. Cæsar was henceforth not to be a priest, much less the Pontifex Maximus. He had no jurisdiction in the holy place. The Bishop was inviolable at the altar, in his court, when he attended a Council, nay, even though he fell into crime. He could be judged only by his peers. And the meanest clerk shared in this immunity. There was a true "Imperium in imperio," consequent on the jurisdiction which no crown lawyer could supersede or invade without sacrilege. And while the Civil Law was losing its power, the Canon Law waxed mighty and overshadowed it until, after the fall of the Western Empire, a confusion of tribal customs set in which left the Church courts manifestly supreme during six hundred years and more.

The Pope, as Johannes von Müller expressed it, became "tutor of the Barbarians." But he held supremacy over them by Divine Right, not by concession from kings who themselves were subject to him in virtue of their baptism. A new Pater Romanus dwelt in the Lateran. The Emperor had gone away to Byzantium; the Pontifex Maximus stayed behind. Rome, which had always been a theocracy, its ruling principle worship of the Invisible Powers, did not change its character, but was exalted to a loftier place and wielded a larger jurisdiction by absorbing the tribes and abolishing the gods of the North, as it had incorporated with its worship the Asiatic, Egyptian, Hellenic rites. The Roman road was to be the road of history, Hebrew prophets leading the nations forward, serving as pioneers of progress towards a distant but definite ideal which may be summed up in the single word Righteousness. What could the Vandal, Frank, or Saxon, contribute to this great Messianic movement? They needs must have

* See in *Histoire Littéraire de Fénelon* the valuable dissertation, "Droit public du Moyen Age."

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been taught as children before they could enter into its purpose. And we ask even now whether one solitary thought has come to us by their lips which is not derived from Greek, or Roman, or Hebrew sources.

“The isthmus of Rome,” says De Quincey with daring felicity. Or we may symbolize what happened by the Pontiff sacrificing on the Sublician bridge that carries civilization across the stream of time. As for the Barbarians, who well deserved their title, we inherit from them chiefly the Feudal System (now strangely transformed as Toryism), or service by oath and tenure between a man and his lord. This romantic attachment is founded not on law but on compact; it implies a freely-chosen loyalty, answering to the other notable creations of enthusiasm in the Middle Ages,—Knight-errantry, troubadour worship in the *Cour d'Amour*, the Crusades, and the chivalrous Orders in which soldier-monks followed their Captain Christ. But no Feudal hierarchy would have been possible in the shape which is familiar to us, had not Pope Leo III, obeying an instinct deeply rooted in Italian minds through all vicissitudes of fortune, created the Holy Roman Empire.

In that magnificent conception as Dante saw it,—nay, justice compels us to declare, as it appeared to Pope Gregory VII and his champion St Peter Damiani,—the two powers, spiritual and temporal, were to be ever distinct yet ever united, wielded by diverse persons, directed to the same end, their meeting-place Rome, their sphere of action the world. The Empire and the Church were to make up one grand Federation, of all peoples, tribes, and tongues, like a vision in the Apocalypse. Two swords, but one Christ, and the sword of flesh subject to the spirit. Augustus had combined both powers in himself. Charlemagne and Leo were to share them. On this principle Europe has founded what is now known as liberty of conscience; it was then termed the independence of the spiritual order, its immunity from State-control.

If we rehearse these well-known commonplaces of our story-books, it is not for their own sake. The object which we keep in view is modern and practical. As the world now

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moves, it would seem that European society is going one way and the Catholic Church another. What explanation are we to give of such a divorce between powers in their nature so akin as civilized government and the old religion? Many illustrious thinkers, especially among ecclesiastics, attribute the dissidence which is weakening Europe in face of the Eastern Renaissance to matters of creeds and dogmas. But we cannot overlook the question of Law; and it is plain from a multitude of facts to be found in all our histories that kings and Parliaments, rather than divines or Councils, have guided the revolution thanks to which the Papacy now stands for an influence exercised mostly on individuals or through minorities, whereas during a thousand years it controlled the public order.

From St Gregory to Leo X Catholic Rome represented not only a conservative tradition but a force of advance. There was no element in the West which it did not make its own. It exhibited the most vigorous life, the highest sum of intelligence possible to the races governed by its rod of empire. Rome and civilization were tending, as years went on, to become synonymous. Take the eighth century with its Charlemagne; the twelfth with its University of Paris; the thirteenth with its St Thomas Aquinas; the fifteenth with its revival of learning; at each of these periods the Catholic, that is to say the Roman supremacy in things human no less than divine was unmistakable. Abelard and Aristotle, the philosophy of the Saracens drawn from Greece, the printing-press, the classic literature, the Bible, and all the arts, were serving the central idea of a Christian Theocracy. One antagonist, more formidable than speculative tenets however zealously propagated, held out against the Pope. It was the secular spirit, the lay or anti-clerical ethos, which under many names, had begun to stir in the Feudal System itself long ago. That spirit awakened in rude, unkempt Germans like Henry IV a resistance to churchmen the significance of which they could not measure, and which seemed liable to everlasting defeat until, by the discovery of the Pandects

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and their application to the Western Emperors, it contrived to get law on its side. When Frederick Barbarossa proclaimed his Divine Right as Cæsar, dependent neither on Pope nor people, in the plain of Roncaglia (1158), the modern state was born. Roman Law had turned against the Roman Pontiff.

How difficult it is to beat this view of history into men's heads those know best who have tried. It was not the Albigenian or the Lollard that struck out a new line of development in the heart of the Middle Ages; it was the lawyer, dazzled and inspired by Justinian's Imperial Code, most favourable, as Michelet says, to despotism—yes, certainly, to a despotism of the crown, with its axiom from the *Lex Regia*, "*Quod principi placuit legis vigorem habet.*" This mighty word, as lawyers construed it, broke the Feudal System in pieces and took from the Pope his temporal jurisdiction over the world's rulers at a single blow. It substituted the Royal Supremacy for the Papal Monarchy. It justified Philip the Fair and Henry VIII by anticipation. When the Hohenstauffen, after a hundred years of fighting and chicanery, lost the battle and Conradin was executed at Naples, the Pope looking on, first France and then England seized the glove which that unhappy boy had thrown down as a challenge to the Guelfs. Thirty years had not elapsed before King Philip was sounding in the ears of Boniface VIII his haughty claim to absolute dominion over all French subjects, not excluding the clerical order. Philip meant to exercise his prerogatives without let or hindrance from the Holy See, giving a rehearsal in the thirteenth century of that great anti-papal drama which Henry of England was to enact more fully and carry on to its dénouement in the sixteenth. For, as Hergenröther observes, a conflict on principles had broken out between Pope and King. Whoever had been the persons engaged, the issue would have been the same. That France alone was not concerned; that the behaviour of Philip or Boniface towards one another is of little moment compared with those hidden forces which were urging them both onward in their public policy; and that

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we ourselves have a stake yet depending on the solution of their quarrel, is beyond a doubt.

By way of clinching this point, let us read the Statute of Appeals, passed in 1533 by the English Parliament, declaratory as it professes of the law already existing, as laid down in acts of Edward I, Edward III, Richard II, Henry IV, and "other noble kings of this realm." It will be found, we say, that this bold language affirms explicitly the conception of a supreme civil society, competent to manage its own affairs in every instance, which the German Emperors and the Kings of France had been feeling after as the basis of their authority, but had never so clearly formulated. Cæsar was now the crowned and sceptred layman, whose power the priest could neither limit nor revoke, under any pretence whatsoever.

Whereas [says the Statute] by divers sundry old authentic histories and chronicles, it is manifestly declared and expressed that this realm of England is an Empire, and so hath been accepted in the world; governed by one supreme head and King, having the dignity and royal estate of the imperial crown of the same; unto whom a body politic compact of all sorts and degrees of people, divided in terms by names of spirituality and temporalty, be bound and ought to bear, next to God, a natural and humble obedience: he being also instituted and furnished by the goodness and sufferance of Almighty God with plenary, whole and entire power, pre-eminence and authority, prerogative and jurisdiction, to render and yield justice and final determination to all manner of folk resident or subject within his realm, without restraint or provocation to any foreign prince or potentate of the world . . . in consideration hereof, all testamentary and matrimonial causes, and all suits for tithes, oblations, and obventions, shall henceforth be adjudged in the spiritual and temporal courts within the realm, without regard to any process of foreign jurisdiction, or any inhibition, excommunication or interdict. *

Such was the English reply,—we are speaking historically and not now judging the right or the wrong of it,—delivered in 1533, to the Bull "Unam Sanctam" of 1302. Boniface had reiterated the famous doctrine of the "two swords,"—one spiritual to be wielded directly by the

* *Acts of the Realm*, 24 Henry VIII, cap. xii.

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clergy, i.e. by the Holy See in ultimate appeal, the other temporal, to be in the hands of kings and warriors, but "ad nutum et ad patientiam sacerdotis." Henry VIII answers by denying the system of appeal, terming the Pope a foreign prince, and asserting for the Crown supreme jurisdiction in both courts. The medieval Christian State, accurately delineated in the words of Boniface, which echoed Innocent III and may be followed back to St Bernard, St Anselm, St Gregory VII,—had ceased to exist. The idea lingered still in the Roman Chancery; the conditions under which it had been realized were a dream of the past.*

That dream took its most glorious shape in the Holy Roman Empire. It supposed Western Christendom to be a single society, all the members of which were bound in feudal submission to one temporal chief, anointed at Rome as the Church's Protector. As such he swore an oath in the Pope's hands before receiving the insignia of royalty; and Charlemagne, lying prostrate in St Peter's on Christmas Day, 800, while Leo stood up to bless and consecrate him, presented a symbolic illustration which after-ages dwelt upon with rapture. The innumerable volumes where these incidents are discussed by Gallicans, Ultramontanes, and modern critics, allow us to conclude that all Popes asserted a spiritual right in crowning the Emperor, not a concession from any earthly potentate; and if they acted as Christ's Vicars in bestowing their sanction on what the electors and the people had done, it seemed by parity of reasoning that for good cause they might withdraw their benediction, unmaking the prince they had made. In the language of Councils, they might declare the Emperor a heretic, excommunicate him by name, shut the churches throughout his dominions, interdict all but the necessary offices of religion, and if he persisted in his contumacy, depose him outright. He then fell under the ban, which according to feudal usages put him beyond the law. Every baptized Christian was member of a system which dealt with his body and soul for salvation and correction. To lose spiritual

* Hergenröther, II, 97-145, "Boniface VIII and Philip the Fair."

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caste was to become an exile from civil society. The excommunicate forfeited all claim on his fellow-men; he was dead in law, to be shunned as a leper, and punished for his treason to Christ by imprisonment, by stripes, and, under the growing severity of legislation, such as Frederick II put forth in his Sicilian Code, by death. In a theocracy exclusion from religious rites had its own logic, and these were its consequences.*

We may quote St Thomas on this head who brings out the whole medieval view with his accustomed clearness.

Infidelity as such [he observes] does not conflict with sovereignty; for sovereignty came in by the law of nations, which is human law, but the distinction between faithful and infidel is by divine law; and this takes not away the human. . . . It does not belong to the Church to punish infidelity in those who have never received the faith. . . . But in those who have done so, it can punish their lapse from faith, and in this they are reasonably chastised, viz. that they be not suffered to rule over the faithful. . . . Therefore, as soon as the man is judicially declared excommunicate because of apostasy, by that fact his subjects are released from his rule and from the oath of fealty by which they were bound to him.†

In these words the Dominican jurist lays down a principle already affirmed by the Fourth Council of Lateran in 1215, when it was dealing with Raymond of Toulouse and the Albigenses. (Hergenröther, II, 319.) We have no space to recite its Canons, which, however, is the less required inasmuch as medieval practice, in what may be termed the pattern instance of Henry IV and Gregory VII, had made it manifest that an Emperor judged contumacious by the Pope lost his crown and all other civil prerogatives, distinctly on the ground which St Thomas enunciates. The Hebrew and the Saracen were exempt from Papal jurisdiction, according to the dictum of St Paul, "Quid mihi de his qui foris sunt judicare?" But the apostate Catholic must be sharply handled, lest he should corrupt others and, if not checked in time, break up the fair fabric of Christendom. Society was a closed State. Once more, speaking

* See, especially, the Suabian Code in Senckenberg, *Juris Alamannici*, c. 127.

† *Summa Theol.* 2a 2æ, ix, 12, art. 2.

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historically, it cannot be denied that in proportion as the medieval law grew weak or was evaded, a certain dissolution set in. And the services of the Papal Monarchy in building up civilization are acknowledged on all hands.

At this point so many considerations demand our interest that we must select from them one or two lines of argument which the reader can follow up for himself. First, let us grant a principle of progress at work in the Middle Ages, and identified with spiritual supremacy (in however rudimental a form) striving always to transcend brute force, now by subduing it to the old Roman Law (as much of it as survived), and again by the dedication to religious ends of the Feudal System in all its details. But remark that, although antiquity gave the rule and men lived by tradition, the outlook was ever towards a world beyond sense. History had become a pilgrimage from time to eternity. Thus the Middle Ages recognized in their very nature a symbolic meaning, compared with which the present was dwarfed and merely a shadow.

Dante is the immortal singer of this Christian *Odyssey*, which sacrifices all that man has in the search after ideals. So deeply is the feeling ingrained in us, that we take it as a matter of course and expect every saint to be a reformer. St Bernard innovates on St Benedict; St Francis throws open the cloister; St Ignatius forms his disciples into a military battalion. The Popes, almost in their own despite, become kings, are clad with imperial garments, give away crowns, act as suzerains over Europe, call out Crusade after Crusade, and from being simply the Bishops of Rome are compelled to take measures against Islam in the field, as veritable Commanders of the Faithful. St Leo was the subject of an empire dying at the heart; Innocent III or Gregory IX decides who shall be the Western Cæsar. And, undoubtedly, this meant progress in the general conscience, a higher grade of civilization, achieved as human conquests are, not without evil deeds, yet a permanent addition to law and order. "Not force but justice in the name of Christ," said those Papal investitures and depositions that have given such offence. They were not infal-

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lible,—far from it, but their appeal rings like an Old Testament prophecy through the endless confusion which, left to itself, had literally been “*bellum omnium contra omnes*.” The true social compact between rulers and subjects, admirably expressed in the rite of a King’s coronation, dates from the time when bishops began to dedicate the royal sword in the Church’s defence.

Progress, again, not only by development of spiritual institutions, but in the arts of life, in learning, manners, commerce, architecture, poetry, philosophic meditation, and above all in respect for humanity. If Christ was king, the Madonna was queen; perhaps no more decisive step has been taken towards the realizing of ideals than this which exalted Mary, and all women in her name, as the embodiment of virtues now seen to be essential in a perfect society. The everlasting types whereby mankind is drawn onward and upward were thus complete. But, as being heavenly, they could not be exhausted. Moreover, in themselves they were neither lay nor clerical but transcendent above these differences. The saint occupied a throne, a cell, a palace, or a hermitage. He refused the Papacy or he accepted it. The bishop was a prince; the monk a builder of cities; the friar a philosopher. Women ruled monastic orders, studied the classics, read and transcribed the Scriptures, preached in the public squares, went on embassies for the Holy See. Greater freedom within the bounds of faith has never been known. The creative imagination, as soon as Barbarian raids from the North could be checked, wrought wonders in the twelfth century and reached in the thirteenth an eminence equal after its own style to the Greek or the modern. And of all these achievements Rome was the centre as it had been originally the source. It is impossible to conceive them without religion, or religion triumphant if the Popes had not claimed and exercised a supremacy which no temporal ruler could gainsay.

Hence, no sooner did a Clovis, a Reccared, or a Pepin Heristal, aim at establishing a kingdom on the site of a military camp, than he threw himself into the arms of the

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clergy. To make his crown independent the sovereign of Toledo, chosen by bishops and nobles, offered it to Christ. He became the Pope's vassal and put his royal estate into sanctuary. This was all one with declaring it to be inviolable. Hungary, Bohemia, Denmark, England, Portugal, Castile, Aragon, and in a special way Naples and Sicily, were feudatories of St Peter. When Innocent III revoked Magna Charta, and his successors confirmed it by their legates, we see how the Law of Nations was embodied in the Papacy as arbiter between the king whose allegiance it had received and his subjects who had also their right of appeal in Rome. Such were the beginnings of our modern constitutions, at once a protection to the sovereign and a check on his encroachments, for he could not even lay fresh taxes on his people without licence from the Holy See, as the Bull "In Cœna Domini" declared. No mediæval kings were absolute; all were members of a great Catholic federation which, as Urban II proved at Clermont in 1095, any Pope could summon to a Crusade involving the most heroic self-denial and an infinite expense of blood and treasure. When Frederick II took the cross but evaded his engagement, Pope Gregory IX warned, excommunicated, and deposed him. Nor did any of his fellow-sovereigns, among whom was St Louis, question the right which in a manner so peremptory had been exercised against their Imperial colleague. Twice before, at Canossa in 1076, at Venice in 1177, Emperors had made atonement on their knees to St Peter for high crimes which they had perpetrated to the injury of the Christian Commonwealth. Now Frederick II also submitted; but he was deposed a second time at Lyons in 1245, and the Hohenstauffen dynasty became extinct.

These tremendous object-lessons were copied with violence in a later age, when deposition was followed by execution on the scaffold at Whitehall or in the Place Louis XV. But here we light upon a distinction, always admitted in terms, yet in history tending to be forgotten, between the temporal power lodged in Papal hands, direct or indirect, and that which secular princes may claim.

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Every one has quoted the famous text, "Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo," as determining the nature of Roman jurisdiction; all, except a few extreme apologists, grant that the Pope is not Cæsar in his own right over the Christian world. Leaving aside the States of the Church and their origin, we must hold the Petrine privilege to be simply spiritual in its essence, and the weapons of Papal warfare unearthly. Religion is a moral influence; the Gospel wins by persuasion; it is a voluntary law which we take on ourselves, and conscience, not mere brute force, gives it a sanction. St Peter had no soldiers; St Paul bowed his neck to the jurisdiction of Nero, concerning whom he had written in energetic terms, "He beareth not the sword in vain." For seven centuries the Popes were subjects of the Empire and made not the slightest attempt to cast off their allegiance. When Councils like the Second, Third and Fourth Lateran decreed temporal penalties against heretics, Bossuet and the Gallican writers justly observe that by the presence of lay lords, or of bishops who were feudal chieftains, they became Parliaments and legislated in the double capacity. So far as forms availed no spiritual person could take part in a judgement of blood. Facts, indeed, are stubborn, but principles will hold their own; and in the growing secularization which disfigured the medieval Church as it absorbed property and privileges during its later career, this axiom was never denied. Even Boniface VIII did not call in question,—he distinctly asserted,—the divine origin of the State, and the difference between the two swords. In quoting St Paul he was admitting that kingly power comes from on high; there is a divine right which the Papacy has not created but has always acknowledged in the social order, be its form royal or republican, democratic or mixed.*

Thus, in whatever degree civilization is equal to its own ends, strictly human and temporal, the Church is set free from tasks which it had undertaken only because "*caritas Christi urget nos*,"—there was no other way of getting them executed. Missionaries have taught savage tribes

* Hergenröther, II, 235-274, "Origin of the Civil Power."

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agriculture, invented grammars, acted as pioneers of trade; but their calling was to preach the Gospel, and these things they attended upon as preliminaries, not as a part of it, however compatible with its lessons. In like manner the Papacy fostered art and science, interposed in secular government, decreed war against the infidel. But there is no revealed system of politics, no science in the Bible, no style of architecture, no economic pattern, to which we are bound in detail as Christians. Creed and Sacraments, not learning, taxation, commerce, hygiene, the fine or the useful arts, come within the Papal jurisdiction and furnish its matter. The rest, however sublime, is a serving of tables; when society is able and willing to serve itself, the Apostle gladly turns to his own work, the propagation of religion pure and undefiled.

It is instructive to compare, from this point of view, the attitude of the Holy See towards East and West. Never once did a Pope act as though suzerain of the Byzantine Empire. Those Lower Greeks inherited the crown of Cæsar, and their legislation renewed the juridical omnipotence which old heathen Rome had exercised over the nations; yet the Pontiff looked on in silence. Hellenic culture owed nothing to Hebrew or Christian; it was flourishing when the Apostles began their travels; under its influence their converts were born; and the Rome of the Popes was its debtor, not its creator. Had the Iconoclast Emperors not lost their hold on Italy, the peculiar features which distinguish medieval Christendom could never have been observed—a sure token that they belonged to the accidents rather than the substance of religion and might pass away, leaving it intact. No Eastern bishop comes forward as a temporal prince; the Churches of Thrace, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, recognize in Constantine a right of protection founded on no compact but on his supreme and God-given power, which the hierarchy did not dream of challenging, though the best among them withstood Imperial heresy again and again. The Papal Monarchy took its rise only when Islam had overrun the fairest provinces of Asia and Africa; when the free Barbarians put an end to

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the Western Empire; when Constantinople faded into a legendary distance as the Golden City guarded by fires of magic against Moslem hordes, but otherwise unknown to Frank or Saxon. Whatever privileges the Gregories and Innocents affirmed to be theirs in the West, towards the genuine heirs of Antoninus, Theodosius, and the last ecumenical Cæsar,—that never-to-be-forgotten Justinian whose law is the foundation of the modern State,—they did not exhibit the fierce procedure which in dealing with later kingdoms was dictated by the stylus Curiae. Rome had originated or set its seal upon the feudal dynasties; therefore regarded them as its creation. Hence the difference, marked at every stage, between its tone of command in the West and its more primitive or spiritual language when addressing the Greeks.

On the subject of civilization at large, Cardinal Newman has left us words very much to the present purpose.

First [he says] we must grant—and it is difficult to determine how far we must go in granting—that both the Mosaic and the Christian dispensations took the existing state of thought as it was, and only partially innovated on or corrected it. . . . On a far larger scale is the absence of meddling with the social and secular world. God speaks “for the elects’ sake.” He leaves the popular astronomy as it was. Heaven is still above, and the powers of evil below. The sun rises and sets, and at His word stops or goes back, and the firmament opens. And so with social and political science; nothing is told us of economic laws, etc. So from the first there has been a progress with laws of progress, to which theology has contributed little, and which has now a form and substance, powerful in itself, and independent of and far surpassing Christianity in its social aspect; for Christianity (socially considered) has a previous and more elementary office, being the binding principle of society.*

Progress, then, as a human instinct, came to a knowledge of itself in Greek thought and found expression in literature, law, civil polity, and the Pax Romana, without help from Christian theology, to whose course it moved antecedently or in parallel lines. We need only glance over the pages of Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, to

* See letter in W. S. Lilly’s *Essays and Speeches*, p. 95.

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be persuaded that men who lived before the Gospel knew in theory and practice a social order which greatly excelled any that the uncultivated Christian could have devised. The reign of the Saints need not imply proficiency in secular arts, or deep scholarship, or inventive science, or the most perfect methods of jurisprudence, or direct interference in politics. Revelation has never drawn out a Republic, such as Plato dreamed of, complete in all its parts. Neither does it guarantee the Canon Law against defects arising from national prejudice, ignorance, rudeness of manners, or a backward civilization. Temporal prosperity is a dubious note of the Church. In any case, it is one thing to serve the altar, another and a different to build up the State. As we travel down the chronicles bequeathed by medieval historians, we cannot but feel sensible that a change for the worse comes over the scene with accession of power to clerics, whose office of preaching was too frequently absorbed in their great public charges, and who ruled with a rod of iron, by penalties of which the spiritual nature almost disappeared under secular fines, imprisonments, and executions. Interdict was made a weapon of diplomacy. After the Crusaders took Constantinople the Holy War, which had hitherto been directed against Saracens, was not seldom used as an expedient to harass anointed Kings; it was proclaimed by Gregory IX in his conflict with Frederick II, against the Roman Emperor himself. The Church, as heretics maintained, now became more oppressive than the State, and Constantine's donation (in which all men believed) had been the greatest of calamities.

There is no call on us, at this time of day, to take sides with Guelf or Ghibelline. It is enough to bear in mind the repeated protests of which our English Parliaments keep the record that testify to melancholy disputes between Crown and Curia; while the hundred "Grievances of the German Nation" at Constance and Basle were a distinct overture to the Reformation. These and the like symptoms of widespread disaffection showed, as we know now, but as authority could not realize till too late, that the Middle

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Ages were passing. The momentum of power, so long in favour of Rome, had swung towards Cæsar. And lawyers, aided by rebellious or designing ecclesiastics, in the long and confused struggle of Louis the Bavarian with many Popes, found in their national codes an *Edictum Perpetuum* which made the King more than a match for "Ultramontane" canonists.*

The Great Schism now broke Europe into rival "Obediences"; it all but anticipated the Reformation-principle, "*Cujus regio ejus religio*," for it was the Monarch who decided which Pope should be acknowledged. At Constance the Emperor Sigismund was arbiter between claimants to whom the Council declared itself superior. No King has been effectively deposed by a Papal judgement since that day. Then came the Renaissance, of which, if we seek a definition, one comprehensive word may suffice to describe it,—in every phase and vicissitude, high or low, sublime or degraded, the Renaissance is equivalent to Humanism. It is precisely the antithesis, but need not lapse into the negation of Christianity. It is Reason acting under its own lights, moving in response to an inward law, calling up man's faculties to their proper exercise along every line. It is eternally Greek, for such was the conception of human training which Athens upheld and the classics display. But it keeps as its aim progress in the world that now is, not the Christian life or the virtues which we term supernatural. Here is the beginning of our strictly modern age; here, too, the danger looms upon us of a contest more formidable than the brute strength of Barbarians from the North could have carried to an issue, between the saints and the sages. Here, finally, we note a curious likeness to the medieval story in its two periods of triumph and decline. For the Popes welcomed the Revival of Letters with open arms. They blessed the Renaissance altogether; they have anathematized the Revolution which claims to be its offspring. So had they consecrated the Holy Roman Empire, as the rod and staff of their spiritual dominion. But when the Christian Cæsar made his law

* Hergenröther, II, 52-61.

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independent, his parliaments anti-clerical, his courts supreme, the power which had created disowned him.

The long series of protests uttered by the Holy See, from Gregory VII to Pius X, covers a period of eight centuries and a half. It turns always on one subject under many names—the Church's freedom. But that freedom has been embodied in a multitude of forms and privileges corresponding to the general movement of things. Church and Empire, for instance, were both divinely ordained, as the Middle Ages held. Each had universal jurisdiction; but in last resort the temporal ruler must yield to the judgment of the spiritual. Such was the Papal theory, founded on a deep truth, viz., that all human activities must be subject to God's law, which is the immutable standard of right and wrong. But in applying this great principle we see the free spirit of the Gospel itself crystallizing by degrees into enactments and procedures that call forth resistance on all sides, ending in the catastrophe by which the medieval system was broken up. The rule of religion had become a rule of law, enforced by civil penalties. As we are all aware, the Reformers did not deny that governing axiom of the earlier time. They accepted and acted upon it. The change was not in principles but in conditions. A divided Christendom, after the furious combats in which neither party could annihilate its adversary, brought in the long run toleration, as at least an armed truce. It implied, however, infinitely more. The battlefield was henceforth to be society, the weapons knowledge, enterprise, scientific research, criticism, metaphysics, literature, and political enfranchisement. Compared with medieval struggles, the modern is on a higher plane, involving forces of which no one in the thirteenth century could imagine the existence. Forces of intellect, subtle, far-reaching, self-protected, at work in a social order complex and diverse in the elements which make it up, obedient to no single impetus, and in every progressive state cosmopolitan, if not by the influx of peoples yet always by contagion of ideas. Thought is international; the press cannot be tuned even by syndicates, much less by governments, for any length of time.

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Civilization, as a whole, is its own sovereign, autonomous and free.

These are the circumstances under which the Catholic Church must deliver her message while the modern period lasts. We will endeavour, in a concluding article, to answer the question with which we started—how is it possible for Rome to fulfil its divine mission while recognizing the “ancient German freedom” now making the round of the world as English or American law, and not putting to the ban that democratic equality which is the last and best outcome of Imperial Legislation? For ourselves we deem such reconciliation an ideal greatly to be desired and in its nature compatible with all Catholic dogma. The Papal deposing power is gone, perhaps never to return; but the Pontifex Maximus abides and Christ reigns still in the hearts of His people. Liberty, equality, fraternity are inspiring words. If the Renaissance brought intellectual freedom, the Teuton had never lost the conception of individual rights. And what is the Communion of Saints but human brotherhood, according to the pattern shown in the Mount? To unite these divided ideals is, let us say with Goethe, “Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen fest zu leben.”

WILLIAM BARRY

CAIUS MÆCENAS

THE battle of Actium had been fought and won. For the third time in Roman history the gates of the temple of Janus were closed as a sign that war had ceased. After a century of civil war and confusion the Romans accepted, some of them with joy, others with a half-ashamed relief, others again with melancholy resignation the repose and security offered to them by the new government. The historian Livy, whom the Emperor was accustomed playfully to tax with his Pompeian sympathies, turned, as he tells us, to the composition of Roman history and the contemplation of the ancient glories of the State in order to distract his mind from what seemed to him the incurable degeneracy of the times. Horace, who had served as an officer under Brutus at Philippi, took refuge in Epicurean philosophy and the cultivation of friendship, while he advised his friends to rid themselves of hopes and fears, to make the best of the passing hour, and not to trouble about the future. We must all die: so what, after all, does anything matter? is the constant burden of his song. Reconciliation and oblivion were the order of the day. To the son of that Cicero, the thunder of whose eloquence in defence of the old constitution had cost him his life, fell the duty as consul of announcing to the people the news of the battle of Actium and of presiding over the games and pageants given in honour of the victory. The untamable soul of Cato was applauded with impunity by the Court poets. Men, like Messala, who had distinguished themselves on the republican side in the civil war were admitted to the intimacy of the Emperor; and the letter of the old Constitution was preserved inviolate at a time when its spirit was fundamentally subverted.

Augustus seems really to have been by temperament a conservative. He cared little for the pomp and circumstance of power, and was under no temptation to imitate those excesses of unconstitutional language and demeanour, the fatal candour of which had proved more disastrous to his uncle Julius Cæsar than the most violent of his actions. He knew that wounded vanity is a more potent factor in the making

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of patriots than loss of liberty. Moreover, he was attached to the Roman traditions and religion; he was a lover of order, system, and decorum; he had the historical sense; he had an admirable taste in literature; he was an indulgent friend; and he loved the freedom from restraint in social intercourse secured with such difficulty by princes.

When Augustus returned from his final victory at Actium, he contemplated, we are told, a genuine restoration of the Republic; and to this course he was urged by his most powerful lieutenant, Marcus Agrippa. But he was dissuaded from adopting it by his other chief adviser, the Tuscan knight, Caius Mæcenas, who, left in charge of the city while the Emperor was still absent, had recently increased his influence by his skilful suppression in its inception of a conspiracy against his master's life, formed by Lepidus, the son of the Triumvir.

The character of this celebrated man is in itself an interesting study; and, typically differing as it does from that of all the public men in earlier Roman history, it enables us to appreciate more clearly the nature of the change that came over Roman life after the accession of Augustus to sole power, and to weigh with more intelligence the advantages and disadvantages of that change.

Mæcenas in the first place was a great realist. He professed and probably felt nothing but disdain for all good and evil derived not from things themselves but from the opinions men form of them. Thus, though proud of his old Etruscan lineage, he would never consent to enter the senate or to hold the official honours—now become in the main titular—of prætor or consul. He died as he was born in the equestrian order. It is indeed possible that his moderation in this matter was in part a compliment to the Emperor, who, himself descended from an equestrian family in which his father had been the first senator, was not at all ashamed to avow the fact in his published memoirs; and this theory receives some support from the circumstance that the successor of Mæcenas in the confidence of Augustus, Crispus Sallustius, followed his example in this respect, as he did in his luxurious way of living—"diversus a veterum

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instituto"—and in his Melbournesque pose of indolence and indifference. None the less were his contemporaries astonished by the modesty of Mæcenas, there being no prior instance in Roman history of a public man who enjoyed all the reality without any of the titular distinctions of power. Whatever its real origin, this much-commended abstention from the honours of the State can have caused the statesman little effort. His penetrating vision pierced through the appearances of things to their essences, and so all those dignities which owed their importance to the vain opinions of mortal men were to him as nothing. "*Nil admirari prope res est una.*" Perhaps it was of Mæcenas that Horace was thinking when he wrote that celebrated line.

His again was the tolerant temperament often found to spring from complete scepticism. For the substantial well-being of his fellow men he was sincerely anxious. But he did not think this likely to be promoted by the restoration of their ancient liberties. His good-nature, like that of Sir Robert Walpole or of M. Bergeret, was the child of his low opinion of human nature—in fact of his pessimism. He expected little from the virtues of others, and therefore felt no anger when their actions did not exceed his expectations. With idealism he had no sympathy. He cared for nothing but the actual and the tangible. The only way in which he showed his power, we are told by a hostile critic, was by doing as he pleased—by his contempt for appearances. Romans of the old school were shocked to see him lounging about the streets of Rome at a time when, in the absence of Augustus, his power in that city was absolute, with his robe hanging loosely about him and a hood pulled over his head leaving his ears exposed; like a fugitive slave in a comedy, so they said. For the fate of his body after death he felt a very characteristic indifference. "*Nec tumulum curo: sepelit Natura relictos,*" he wrote in one of the few lines of his poetry that have been preserved to us. What to him was a grave or a monument? Life was the great reality; Death the negation of life. And accordingly he clung to life with a passionate and pathetic insistence which to the Stoic Seneca appeared "*contemptissimus,*" but

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from another point of view may even be regarded as heroic. "Torture my body," he cries in the well-known lines to Fortune, "rack me with gout; break and distort my limbs; nail me to a cross; grant me but Life, and it is well." Seneca has generally been echoed, and these verses have been often quoted to show the innate effeminacy of Mæcenas; but how do they differ, save by inferior expression, from the great lines which Milton puts into the mouth of Belial?

Who would lose
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night
Devoid of sense and motion?

However, that Mæcenas was really self-indulgent and over-luxurious in his manner of life is, of course, undeniable. All the Roman authorities are agreed upon this point. Epicureanism was the fashionable philosophy of the time, and there can be little doubt that of this fashion the indolent statesman was a principal leader. He disliked forms and despised conventions. The small Roman banquets with their wines and their sweet ointments, their music and their roses were clearly delightful to him. He forgave the numerous infidelities of his beautiful wife Terentia; and although he often divorced her he as often took her back, thinking perhaps that to act otherwise would be to fling away the substance of his pleasure for a shadow. But, realist though he was, the fact that the Emperor to whom he was sincerely attached was among her lovers appears to have troubled his declining years. He forgave Augustus, nevertheless, and bequeathed to him the greater part of his possessions. Velleius Paterculus tells us that though provident and energetic enough when something definite had to be done, as soon as the business in hand ceased to be urgent he relapsed into an indolence and softness more than feminine. He delighted in the games of the Campus Martius. His friends he chose from inclination and without respect of persons from among the poets and wits of his time; his acquaintance with a view to amusement. Horace describes a dinner-

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party at the house of the rich *parvenu* Nasidienus at which Mæcenas was present attended by two boon-companions (*umbræ*). For the diversion of the great man the pomposity and vanity of the host were ruthlessly exploited by his two followers under the forms of politeness; the noise increased as the wine circulated; and the feast came to an end amid riotous buffoonery. We see him, through the eyes of Propertius, driving through Rome in a cunningly-wrought two-wheeled chariot of a kind lately imported from Britain; while at other times he would forget the cares of State and dine merrily with Horace "*sine aulæis et ostro*" at the Sabine farm which the poet owed to his munificence.

The Palace of Art, the construction of which as an habitation for his soul was the object of Mæcenas's later life, proved, as we shall see, but a crumbling and unstable edifice. But in the meantime it demanded a splendid material environment, and this he provided by his house and gardens on the Esquiline. Here he transformed the old Roman plebeian cemetery into a park, famous through many succeeding generations, and here he built a lofty tower from the summit of which he would spend hours in contemplating the beautiful prospect of the Campagna with the slopes of Tibur in the distance and nearer at hand the fume and fret and riches of the Eternal City. Mæcenas was a valetudinarian with a horror of death. He was a victim to acute insomnia. The elder Pliny assures us that for the last three years of his life he never enjoyed a moment's sleep; and, quite incredible as this statement may be, even its approximate accuracy is quite enough to account for the ceaseless complaints with which, as we know from Horace, he was accustomed to overburden his friends. Ingenuity was exhausted to devise a remedy for this terrible affliction. The sound of falling waters, the choicest wines, the music of symphonies gently rising and falling in the distance—"symphoniarum cantum ex longinquo lene resonantium"—all were vain. The tower itself—standing amid its vast gardens and orchards—was a centre of quiet. There Augustus took refuge when attacked by illness; thither came the unsocial and unhappy Tiberius to rest his eyes from the

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hated sight of his fellowmen; there Nero sang in costume the story of burning Troy as he watched with æsthetic delight the flames that were consuming his ill-fated capital. Such was the retreat chosen by Mæcenas, when he obtained the Emperor's permission to retire from public life and to seek what Tacitus calls a sort of "*peregrinum otium*" within the city. Here he entertained the poets to whom he owes most of his fame, and here he held close intercourse with the pure spirit of Virgil, to whom he had presented a house on the Esquiline close to his own. Augustus, in one of the pleasant letters to him happily preserved to us by Suetonius, declares his wish to steal from him Horace, whom he desires to engage as a private secretary. "*Veniet ergo,*" he writes, "*ab ista parasitica mensa ad hanc regiam, et nos in scribendis epistolis juvabit*"; "Let him quit that parasitic table of yours for our palace, and he shall help us with our correspondence." But Horace declined the proposal; and Augustus, ever reasonable, had the good sense not to be offended. Both Horace and Virgil, however, much preferred the country to the town, and their patron, sorely against his will, was obliged to indulge their inclinations in this respect. Mæcenas had evidently a genius for friendship. We read that a certain Melissus, a distinguished grammarian, although free-born, had been exposed in his infancy by his mother and brought up as a slave. He became of the household of Mæcenas, and was by him treated rather as a friend than as a servant. Afterwards, his mother, repenting of her action, claimed him as her son, and he was thus given the opportunity of recovering his freedom. But, preferring to liberty his actual condition in the service of Mæcenas, he rejected the proffered acknowledgement. He was afterwards manumitted by Mæcenas, introduced to the Emperor, and appointed librarian to the new Octavian Library.

It is often the case with men whose friendship is valuable and enduring that their manner in the early stages of acquaintance shows a certain tentative reserve. The plant of genuine affection between male friends is apt to be of slow growth. Mæcenas was no exception to this rule. Horace tells us that when he was first introduced to Mæcenas, to

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whom he was recommended by Virgil, he was received rather coldly and not recalled for nine months. But from that time onwards there seems to have been no break in a mutual sympathy that ever increased. As a friend Mæcenas was no respecter of persons. With the Emperor he used a freedom which he permitted to those who were more or less dependent on himself. The well-known story of how, when Augustus was sitting at the seat of justice and about to condemn many men to death, Mæcenas, unable from the press to approach him, threw to him a little scroll with "*Surge tandem carnifex*"—"Rise, hangman!"—written on it, and how the Emperor at once rose and left the tribunal without another word, is equally creditable to both these friends. The lives of the accused were spared, and the bold minister gained rather than lost credit with his master. Nor did he lose his favour when, by his indiscretion in confiding to his wife Terentia the secret of the discovery of Murena's conspiracy, he risked the failure of the measures taken for its suppression. To his own dependents he extended the indulgence received by him from the Emperor. He was not offended when Horace broke his promise of returning to Rome, and lingered month after month first in his Sabine farm and afterwards, during the winter months, on the Southern coast. The poetic apology he earned from him would, it is true, have soothed the indignation of most men. "*Horati Flacci, ut mei, memor esto*"—"Remember Horace as you would myself"—was his last testamentary recommendation to the Emperor. Horace did not long survive him, and was buried on the Esquiline close to his patron's grave.

The patience of Mæcenas was tried by the rather feeble character of Propertius, and he used often to urge that poet to quit his lovelorn ditties and compose something more worthy of his talents. Propertius replied by citing his patron's moderation in remaining a knight as an example to others to confine themselves within modest spheres of action. Virgil was an even older friend than Horace, but his shyness and taciturnity probably rendered their relations less easy and unreserved. In the anonymous biography of Virgil which has descended to us from ancient times there are two

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replies made by the poet to the minister which one would fain believe to be authentic. On one occasion he was asked by Mæcenas, characteristically enough, "Is there anything, Virgil, that man can possess without satiety?" "In everything," was the reply, "staleness or abundance produces disgust—except in understanding." At another time Mæcenas asked him in what manner it was profitable to enjoy and preserve great gifts of fortune. Virgil replied: "Then only when a man is ambitious to surpass others as greatly in justice and liberality as he does in wealth and honours."

Mæcenas was a copious author, but he probably did not attach much importance to his own compositions. It is remarkable that among all the compliments showered upon him by his *parasitica mensa*—by Horace, Virgil and Propertius—not one relates to his literary productions, and it is a fair inference that his vanity was not much interested in their success. He was as indifferent to the literary as he was to the political traditions of Rome. The *nova elocutio* which he introduced into his poetry, the transpositions of words from their natural places for the sake of effect, the preciousities of his style, were derided by his contemporaries, and cited by later critics like Seneca and Quintilian as the classical examples of this kind of vicious composition. The few specimens of his poetry that have descended to us abundantly bear out the charge, though it must be remembered that, for the most part, they are expressly cited with that object. The severe taste of Augustus, who equally disliked the affected imitation of old writers by the use of obsolete words, and the over-ornate and eccentric manner of the new school, did not spare the euphemisms and quaintnesses of the minister's style. Macrobius has preserved for us the end of a letter from the Emperor to Mæcenas in which he parodies his friend's style with happy effect: "Vale mel gentium," so it runs, "melcule, ebur ex Hetruria, laver Aretinum, adamas supernus, Tiberinum margaritum, Cilniorum smaragde, jaspis figulorum, berylle Porsennæ, carbunculum Italiæ." Mæcenas's love of precious stones, of which we have evidence in some surviving hendecasyllables addressed by him to Horace, is also rallied in this letter. Seneca, to whom

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we owe much of our scanty knowledge of Mæcenas, tells us that his writings were often great in their meaning, but enervated by their expression.

The change effected in the Roman character at the close of the first century before Christ, with its subsequent developments, offers an interesting study to the philosophic historian. The house was completed, the architects who had superintended its completion had fought for its possession, into which the strongest of them had finally entered. The employment which had absorbed the lives of the workmen was at an end, and now their unemployed descendants began to look about them and to wonder what they were to do next. In fact the cultivated Romans, having for the first time leisure to remember that they were alive, began the dangerous search for theories of life. Philosophy, which, as we learn from Cicero, was still in his time by many considered a study below the dignity of a Roman gentleman, began now powerfully to attract the attention of the educated classes, and the writings of the Greek philosophers were eagerly discussed. Stoicism, with its seeming paradoxes, appealed very little to the downright Roman mind. A love of the palpable and a contempt for subtlety were among its prominent characteristics. The *viamedia* of the Peripatetics found more favour, but men in search of a new belief do not readily adopt compromises, which spring from the attempt to adapt an old creed that we are loth to desert to new conditions. But Epicureanism, which professed to base itself upon common sense and the direct testimony of the senses, and which swept impatiently away the whole paraphernalia of logic with its definitions and distinctions, progressed with amazing rapidity. Bodily pleasure, cried the Epicureans, is the ultimate good; and a respectable life is to be recommended, because without it bodily pleasure becomes impossible. Pain is the only real evil; other so-called ills are the artificial creations of opinion. The foolish are tossed to and fro on the phantasmal waves of hopes and fears; let them pull themselves together and shake off the dream, and they will find themselves on dry land. By the study of unsophisticated beasts we may see nature as in a mirror; let us

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imitate them, and no longer groan under the tyranny of convention. The opposite of pain is exemption from pain, and this is the highest enduring pleasure. Pain must often be endured and even courted in order to avoid a future greater pain, and pleasure sacrificed to the attainment of a future greater pleasure. To attain these objects courage is a useful and temperance an essential quality. As objects in space appear smaller or larger as they are nearer or more distant, so do pleasures and pains in time. The function of wisdom is to estimate their real magnitude, and to correct by reason the errors induced by the fallacious aspect which they offer to the passions. The accessories of pleasure and pain rather than the things themselves excite our hopes and fears; by philosophy these accessories will be made to vanish, and the two objects—which alone have a real existence—will be regarded in their own naked proportions. Providence is a myth; the combination of atoms, which in infinite time has formed man, is fortuitous; there is a continual passage of elements into things and of things into elements; the world and all that therein is are things, and therefore mortal; nothing endures but the atoms of which the number of shapes is limited, while in each shape the number of atoms is infinite.

Though the contradictions and poverties involved in this system were ably exposed by Cicero in his book *De Finibus*, yet the tenets continued to spread and deeply affected the Roman character and history. Liberty now seemed an unsubstantial notion, an empty name, for which it was the height of absurdity to suffer. Alone among philosophers the Epicurean lecturers never alluded in their discourses to the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome. Atticus is a good specimen of the best class of men who at this time adopted Epicureanism. Living in accordance with his principles in retirement at Athens, where his amiability made him the idol of the people, he remained throughout his life on the best terms with the various party-leaders, nor did the assassination of his friends appear to him a sufficient reason for quarrelling with their assassins. Sylla and Pompey, Marcus Brutus and Julius Cæsar, Cicero and Anthony, and finally Octavius were all included in the list of his friends.

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Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli.

Consistent to the end, he deliberately starved himself to death in order to avoid the greater pain of a lingering illness. The civil wars must have appeared to him a melancholy absurdity, useful only as they placed in more striking relief his own philosophical tranquillity.

It is not difficult to account for the rapid spread of the new philosophy among the Roman upper classes. The miseries of the civil wars gave reason to those who asserted their irrationality. The contrast between the tangible enjoyments possible under the strong imperial government and the pains which were endured while Brutus and Cato were still struggling for an idea was made and registered by the practical Roman mind. The Emperor Augustus, who regarded life as a sorry play in which he was amused to find that the principal part had fallen to himself, Augustus, with his sceptical good sense and moderation, encouraged to some extent the ideas which afforded so effective a guarantee for the stability of his government, though at times he was alarmed at the progress they had made and endeavoured to check them by precept and example.

And his minister, Mæcenas, found ready to his hand a theory of life which exactly accorded with his own inclinations and habits of mind. Cultured, luxurious and good-natured, he disliked stiffness, whether in manners, literature or dress. He was himself of noble birth, but believed the distinctions of rank to be the creations of an empty convention. His enjoyment of the pleasures of life has seldom been rivalled, and his main departure from the principles of his school lay in his consequent horror of death. He was a man of great intellect, of an exquisite taste in literature, and there was probably no affectation in his laughing disregard of all the old Roman conventions. Such was Mæcenas; and great indeed must have been the change which had passed over the genius of the Roman Commonwealth when such a man could appear at its head.

FRANCIS HOLLAND

THE TRILOGY OF JORIS KARL HUYSMANS

En Route. Paris: Tresse et Stock. 1891.

La Cathédrale. Paris: Tresse et Stock. 1898.

L'Oblat. Paris: Stock. 1903.

“THE note of the purest French,” says Mr Frederick Harrison, “is a serene harmony of tone, an infallible nicety of keeping, a brightness and point never spasmodic, never careless, never ruffled, like the unvarying manner of a gentleman who is a perfect man of the world.”* It would be difficult to express more aptly what the English-speaking world considers the distinctive mark of the literature of France. It has long been the fashion among professional critics to expatiate on its limpid clearness and subtle finish, on its exquisite reserve, temperance and moderation, on the richness and variety of colours that are never pompous, extravagant or garish. When Ferdinand Brunetière placed the essential character of his literature in its quality of being social or sociable, he immediately hastened to inform us that order and clearness, logic and precision necessarily followed as effects from this sociability. And Matthew Arnold, when he stated that the qualities of French prose were “uniformity, regularity, precision, balance,” did not neglect to say that these were the outcome of the practical and social genius of the French. Critics may differ when they wish to diagnose the causes and origin of the qualities that mark in the highest degree the literature of France; but they unanimously admit its essential characteristics to be an unfailing clearness and ease, an exquisite polish and subtle melody, a wonderful variety and elasticity.

There have, however, been great writers and great schools of literature that have not conformed to this classic ideal, schools which have established other standards and other canons of judgement, and to these belonged that remarkable personality of contemporary fiction, Joris Karl Huysmans. Though this extraordinary convert from Zolaesque morality

* Harrison, *On English Prose*.

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and fiction was far too original and personal to belong to any school in particular, still his earlier works have not escaped the influence of Naturalism nor his later works the influence of Symbolism. We all know that three great schools—the Romantic, the Naturalist and the Symbolist—dominated the literature of France during the nineteenth century, and that none of these admitted, at least in theory, the sovereignty of the classic ideal, of that norm which measured the literature of the *Grand Siècle*. Romantic literature is subjective, personal, introspective. Naturalist literature is objective, impersonal, faithfully reproductive of external nature. Symbolism is a reaction against the metallic neatness and photographic precision of the Parnassian phrase. It is characterized by a strong desire to penetrate beyond the surface of things, to reach the substance, or noumenon as they are pleased to call it. “Les Symbolistes,” remarks Brunetière, “estiment que le vague et l'imprécis, que le flottant et le fugitif, que l'aérien et l'impondérable sont une partie de la poésie—si même, peut-être, ils n'en font tout le charme.” They have, in consequence, made abnormal use of the suggestive power of words and of Baudelaire's theory of the correspondence of the senses.*

Joris Karl Huysmans, whose family is of Flemish origin, was born on February 5, 1848, in Paris. The Huysmans, who had been settled in France for some generations, were a distinguished family of artists. Huysmans de Malines gained a reputation in the seventeenth century as a member of the Flemish school of painting. Indeed, Joris Karl, the last descendant of the Huysmans, commenced his career as a painter; but he soon turned to the more attractive and congenial pursuits of the world of letters.

His art, both in theory and practice, has been manifold.

* The following stanza from Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* illustrates his theory:

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies,
Et d'autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants,
Ayant l'expansion des choses infinies,
Comme l'ambre, le musc, le benjoin et l'encens,
Qui chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens.

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At the age of twenty-six he published his first work, *Le Drageoir aux Épices*, a volume of prose-poems in the manner of the Symbolist Baudelaire. During the next ten years his novels show the realism of thought and the strength of style which distinguish the Naturalist school. About 1884 he came under the influence of the brilliant decadents who frequented the house of Madame B. in Paris, and created the character of Duke John Floressas des Esseintes, the hero of *A Rebours*. The cry of anguish with which this book ends shows us that he has won neither light for the intellect nor hope for the will. The school of Zola with its doctrine of materialism and the philosophy of Schopenhauer with its hope in an ultimate *nirvâna* had failed to fill the void in his soul, and, now, decadentism proved equally unfavourable.

There is yet another stage in his mental and moral evolution; for he tells us in the opening chapters of *Là-Bas* (1891) that he has at last grasped the elusive ideal, the form of a new art, which ever floated before his mind. "It is essential," he says, "to preserve the veracity of the document, the precision of the detail, the fibrous and nervous language of Realism, but it is equally essential to become the well-digger of the soul, and not to attempt to explain what is mysterious by mental maladies. It is essential in a word to follow the path so deeply dug out by Zola, but it is necessary also to trace a parallel pathway in the air, and to grapple with the within and the after, create in a word a *Spiritual Naturalism*."* He will, therefore, retain the strong and piquant style of the Realists; but he will infuse into it a soul—spiritual and ideal thoughts. Though he was converted to the Catholic Church after the publication of *Là-Bas*, he made no essential modification of these principles; he merely purified his thoughts and chastened his style.

It is not so very long ago since race, environment and moment were considered the chief, if not the only, factors in the genesis of a work of art. The writings of Joris Karl Huysmans have been deeply marked by their influence,

* Huysmans, *Là-Bas*, p. 6.

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and for that reason we have thought it necessary to trace their effect upon his art. Sprung from Flemish ancestors, he paints the minutest details with the unerring precision of a Van Eyck or a Teniers. In imitation of Baudelaire he has analysed and combined colours, sounds, odours and tastes in a startling manner. Trained in the Naturalist school, he has acquired their strong, vigorous and somewhat brutal style. Influenced by Decadentism, he has written *A Rebours*, "the fullest and most terrible monograph on the crowning disease of these *fin de siècle* days, the poem of nervousity." A neuropath, gifted with the keenest sensibility to all things beautiful, he retained an intense love of Catholic art, and was moved to conversion by it. Like Chateaubriand and Paul Bourget, he informs us in *En Route* that the "true proof of Catholicism is that art which she founded, an art that has never been surpassed;—in painting and sculpture the early masters; mystics in poetry and prose; in music plain chant; in architecture the Romanesque and Gothic styles."*

Dante, in his world-poem, the *Divina Commedia*, described the three stages of a soul's conversion—the purgative, illuminative and unitive—and he called them allegorically Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso. More than three hundred years later Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, painted a less elaborate picture of his struggles with sin and his purification by grace. And now, in this prosaic and self-worshipping age, we have the story of Huysmans' conversion from the deepest materialism to the most passionate love of mysticism. His heart, he tells us, was purged of sin in the Trappist Monastery of Notre-Dame-de-L'Atre, his intellect was illumined with new light in the mystic atmosphere of the Cathedral of Chartres, and his will was strongly united to God in the Benedictine monastery of the Val des Saints. This progress of a pilgrim he has described, not darkly nor allegorically as Dante or Bunyan, but openly and fearlessly. He calls the stages of his spiritual journey *En Route*, *La Cathédrale* and *L'Oblat*.

En Route, as the name implies, tells the story of Huys-

* *En Route*, p. 10.

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mans' return to practical Catholicism. Right from the beginning of the book he seems to have believed in the Catholic Church; for the second chapter opens with these words: "How had he become a Catholic, how did he come to that?"

And Durtal (Huysmans) answered himself: "I don't know; all I know is that after being years an infidel, suddenly I believe."

He suggests, however, three causes: atavism or heredity—he belonged to a pious family—disgust of life and love of art, but lays most stress on the last factor, as the following passage shows: "Finally Durtal had been brought back to religion by art. More than his disgust of life even, art was the irresistible magnet which had drawn him to God."* What he admired especially was the art of the Middle Ages—the early masters, plain chant, Gothic architecture and mystic literature—and this admiration led him to frequent at all hours certain churches in and about Paris. In the first part of *En Route* he gives us the impression produced by these visits, and traces his evolution towards practical Catholicism. Though he had the faith from the beginning, he did not put its teaching into practice. It was the old story:

Video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor.

Durtal and Abbé Gévresin are the only characters in the first part of *En Route*. The latter, "un vrai mystique," according to the author, directs Durtal in his mental struggles, and finally persuades him to make a retreat of eight days in the Trappist monastery of Notre-Dame-de-l'Âtre.† Hither our hero goes, and the second part of the book is made up of piquant observations on the monastic life, portraits of the monks and vivid pictures of the psychological phases through which he passed. Five principal characters are introduced: the abbot, the prior, the guest-master, the swineherd and the oblate, M. Bruno. The

* *En Route*, p. 35.

† Huysmans in the Preface to the twenty-third edition of *En Route* gives the real name of this monastery as Notre-Dame-d'Igny, which is situated near Fismes, in the Department of Marne.

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oblate is half monk, half layman. Huysmans will assume that life later on in the Benedictine monastery of Ligugé,* near Poitiers, and will embody his experiences in the third volume of his trilogy, *L'Oblat*.

Between *En Route* (1895) and *L'Oblat* (1903) Huysmans published *La Cathédrale* (1898), *La Bièvre et Saint-Séverin* (1898), *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam* (1901) and *De Tout* (1901). We have nothing to do with the last three works; but we commend a magnificent passage on the Agony in the Garden, which appears in the Life of Saint Lydwine (pp. 104-106). *La Cathédrale* treats of Gothic architecture in general and of the Cathedral of Chartres in particular. More will be heard about it in the course of this paper. *L'Oblat* is devoted chiefly to plain chant, and can have little interest for the ordinary reader. The unifying thread running through the trilogy is the spiritual evolution of the author, Joris Karl Huysmans.

If we were to judge Huysmans by the canons of criticism which prevailed in the seventeenth century, or by that form of prose which is the distinctive characteristic of French literature, our strictures would certainly be wanting in moderation. If, on the other hand, we were to appreciate this eccentric genius by comparing his works with the works of his still more eccentric contemporaries, we should be extravagant in our meed of praise.

"Metaphysics," said the great Spanish poet, Campoamor, "is the science of ideas, religion is the science of ideas converted into sentiments, and art the science of ideas converted into images." The three works that compose Huysmans' trilogy conform in a wonderful manner to this canon of the Spanish poet. They have a wealth of noble, lucid and original ideas, and these are presented to the reader in a style coruscating with images. The necessity of ideas in a literary work would appear an obvious and commonplace principle; but we must remember how many French writers hold that the form of a work alone constitutes its art, and that the greatest triumph is the book

* Huysmans gives the name of this monastery in *L'Oblat* as Val des Saints, and places it near Dijon.

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which causes pleasure without any element of beauty in its subject-matter. Huysmans wrote some time before the publication of *En Route*: "The subject-matter is nothing by itself, all depends on the manner in which it is treated."*

Those who do not admit the inviolability of the ordinary definition of a novel will easily overlook certain peculiarities which would appear to many a reader flagrant faults. *En Route*, *La Cathédrale* and *L'Oblat* are quite subversive of the notion that prevails of what a novel should be; for they have little or no plot, no portraiture of fierce passions, no elaborate character-drawing. These works do not obey an internal law of evolution, unless we class under that head the purification of Durtal's soul as it passes through the three stages of conversion—purgative, illuminative and unitive. The few incidents or situations introduced are not so much essential parts in an organic whole as pegs on which to hang learned dissertations about art and mysticism. Huysmans was a man born out of his time, a prophet and a mystic preaching in the wilderness, calling upon all who would listen to go back to the ages of faith and medieval art. Like Ruskin, he was a "survival of a past age, a man of the thirteenth century pouring out sermons, denunciations and rhapsodies" to the twentieth century; but he was not gifted with the great master's prophetic spirit or apocalyptic splendour. Neither do we find in his panegyrics of medievalism Ruskin's harmony of thought and expression; for his style has the metallic ring of this age of steam and his imagery the glitter of the electric spark. Still he has enriched the world with innumerable ideas about exquisite but forgotten subjects, about painting, music and architecture, about the symbolism of birds, beasts, plants, colours and gems. His later works are poetical, versatile and mystical; they have precision, balance, power, brilliant mastery of colour and glowing exuberance of fancy. But the reader is too often wearied by the mass of medieval lore, or dazzled by the blaze of far-fetched and new-fangled imagery.

We hold that Joris Karl Huysmans with all his eccen-

* *L'Art Moderne* (1883), p. 176.

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tricies and defects was a giant among his contemporaries, that he was surpassed by few, if any, in the power and variety of his literary gifts, in the vast resources of his knowledge, and in the spiritual and intuitive qualities of his style. It cannot be denied that in his search after original thought and ideal beauty he has shown a great artist's unwearying and unfailing energy. A lover of symbolist art and mystic literature, he had chosen to glorify the Middle Ages, and especially the thirteenth century, the greatest era, perhaps, in recorded history, for intellectual, moral, social and pure artistic progress. If he had not the power of Balzac in developing a character, nor the skill of Bourget in producing an organic whole, nor the freshness, harmony and exquisite polish of Flaubert, he had an unparalleled power of vividly conceiving and presenting whatever he saw or felt. The works that have canonized this Symbolist writer are undoubtedly full of defects, both in the subject matter and the style; but these faults betray rather the idiosyncracies of genius than the absence of creative power. Our whole system of education with its elaborate ideas on culture and its fastidious notions about form has made us hypercritical and far too prone to condemn a work on the score of one slight blemish. After all, there are very few Platos in the Republic of Letters, very few artists who are perfect under every aspect. It is rather a characteristic of genius to have defects, for a giant is one in whom some special gift predominates and destroys the equilibrium of the faculties. Such have been Aeschylus, Corneille and Shakespeare, and such many another whom the reader can easily recall from the past and the present.

Huysmans was a strange and complex genius, whose greatness can never be understood from a translation. Critics may deny him fine taste, exquisite polish and judicious moderation; but they must acknowledge him to be a great master of colour and a subtle painter in words. Determined at all costs to break from the barren monotony of modern times, he has often disregarded the laws of grace and simplicity. His word-pictures are overcrowded, extravagant and lawless. The style, always original and

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studied, is too highly coloured and pictorial. He has analysed and combined sensations with greater effect and subtlety than Baudelaire; but his acuteness of sensibility led him at times to such extravagances that we must fain tigmatize them as morbid and unhealthy. It seems, however, absurd to illustrate these good or bad qualities by translated passages. A book is composed of two elements—thought and its expression—and these are as closely connected as soul and body, as substance and phenomenon. You cannot separate them without destroying the beauty and charm that result from their union. Though the thought may be transplanted into another language, the style can never; for it is the man himself, and must be regarded as “a subjective and not objective, as a personal and not an impersonal phenomenon.” We have, therefore, refrained from translating characteristic passages; but we intend to give two or three long quotations that will fully illustrate the great though singular power of Huysmans. The first passage will be taken from *En Route*. It is a wonderful description of the *De Profundis*, as Huysmans heard it sung one evening in the Church of Saint-Sulpice, Paris.

Dans un grand silence, l'orgue préluda, puis s'effaça, soutint seulement l'envolée des voix.

Un chant lent, désolé, montait, le “*De Profundis*.” Des gerbes de voix filaient sous les voûtes, fusaient avec les sons presque verts des harmonicas, avec les timbres pointus des cristaux qu'on brise.

Appuyées sur le grondement contenu de l'orgue, étayées par des basses si creuses qu'elles semblaient comme descendues en elles-mêmes, comme souterraines, elles jaillissaient scandant le verset “*De profundis clamavi ad te, Do-*,” puis elles s'arrêtaient extenuées, laissaient tomber ainsi qu'une lourde larme la syllable finale, “*-mine*,” et ces voix d'enfant proches de la mue reprenaient le deuxième verset du psaume, “*Domine exaudi vocem meam*,” et la seconde moitié du dernier mot restait encore en suspens, mais au lieu de se détacher, de tomber à terre, de s'y écraser telle qu'une goutte, elle semblait se redresser d'un suprême effort et darder jusqu'au ciel le cri d'angoisse de l'âme désincarnée, jetée nue, en pleurs, devant son Dieu.

Et, après une pause, l'orgue, assisté de deux contrebasses, mugissait emportant dans son torrent toutes les voix, les barytons, les

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tenors et les basses, ne servant plus alors de gaines aux lames aiguës des gosses, mais sonnait découvertes, donnant à pleine gorge, et l'élan des petits soprani les perçait quand même, les traversait, pareil à une flèche de cristal, d'un trait.

Puis une nouvelle pause; et dans le silence de l'église, les strophes gémissaient à nouveau, lancées, ainsi que sur un tremplin, par l'orgue. En les écoutant avec attention, en tentant de les décomposer, en fermant les yeux, Durtal les voyait d'abord presque horizontales, s'élever peu à peu, s'ériger à la fin toutes droites, puis vaciller en pleurant et se casser du bout.

Et soudain, à la fin du psaume, alors qu'arrivait le répons de l'antienne, "Et lux perpetua luceat eis," les voix enfantines se déchiraient en un cri douloureux de soie, en un sanglot affilé, tremblant sur le mot "eis," qui restait suspendu, dans le vide.

Ces voix d'enfants tendues jusqu'à éclater, ces voix claires et acérées mettaient dans la ténèbre du chant des blancheurs d'aube; alliant leur son de pure mousseline au timbre retentissant des bronzes, forant avec le jet comme en vif argent de leurs eaux, les cataractes sombres des gros chantres, elles aiguillaient les plaintes, renforçaient jusqu'à l'amertume le sel ardent des pleurs, mais elles insinuaient aussi une sorte de caresse tutélaire, de fraîcheur balsamique, d'aide lustrale; elles allumaient dans l'ombre ces brèves clartés que tintent, au petit jour, les angelus; elles évoquaient, en devançant les prophéties du texte, la compatissante image de la Vierge passant, aux pâles lueurs de leurs sons, dans la nuit de cette prose.*

This is certainly a magnificent though overwrought passage. It shows Huysmans at his best, displaying fully his two great gifts, unparalleled command of language and dazzling mastery of colour. The piece is majestic, subtle, harmonious and suggestive. It has that imitative rhythm known as onomatopœia, a flower very rarely found in prose. The ring of its cadence suggests the swell of the organ and the rise and fall of the singing. Colour dominates rhythm in the writings of Huysmans; but in this passage he has created a too audible melody. The imagery is original, noble and delicate, though open to the censure of being far-fetched, overladen, and obtrusively studied. Remark the concreteness of the descriptions and the fusion of sensations, which are special characters in Huysmans' prose—"les sons presque verts des

* *En Route*, pp. 6, 7, 8.

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harmonicas"—"les timbres pointus des cristaux qu'on brise"—"gaines aux lames aiguës des gosses"—"tremplin" (a favourite image of the author)—"Durtal les voyait d'abord presque horizontales"—"un cri douloureux de soie"—"leur son de pure mousseline." Word-melody, like every other form of beauty, may be founded on the principle of *unity amid variety*—unity by the regular recurrence of the same or cognate sounds at the beginning of a word or wherever the accent comes, variety by the subtle interchange of vowels and consonants according to established laws and the exigencies of the ear; unity by the use of accents whether in prose or verse, variety by happy differences in the length of words, sentences and paragraphs. We leave to the reader the pleasure of picking out these qualities in the passage quoted.

Huysmans was gifted with vast literary resources, with intellectual, imaginative and sensitive powers which, had he known how to control and train them, would have made him one of the greatest masters of modern French. "No writer," says Virginia Crawford, "can equal Huysmans in sheer descriptive powers. . . . Huysmans seizes at once the spiritual and material; he identifies himself with his subject, he breathes its atmosphere, and not a detail of the physical features escape him." He was an impressionist with acuteness of sensibility and keenness of vision that have scarcely any parallel in the annals of human thought.

His faculty of observation is constantly brought to bear on the most hidden and minute details; it has merited for him frequent comparison with the Flemish and Dutch painters. In the development of the theory of the correlation and correspondence of the senses he has analysed and combined colours, sounds, odours and tastes in a wonderful fashion. "Huysmans," remarks M. Paulhan, "does not confine himself to a mere description, he analyses and combines sensations. He is in this exercise a rare master, and, I believe, the most remarkable writer of all times."* Here are a few illustrations of this phenomenon—"son hymne brûlante, teinte de sang"—"d'un rouge acide de groseille et

* Paulhan, *Nouvelle Revue*, April, 1898.

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d'un bleu de Prusse dur"—"les sons presque verts des harmonicas"—"une pluie de mots gris." The system of odours invented by des Esseintes, the hero of *A Rebours*, and his famous *orgue à bouche* on which he plays symphonies of taste, have been often quoted as typical examples. Remark the love of visual impressions and the subtle synthesis of sensations in the following, "une capuce d'un rose de sang sérieux"; "vert fiévreux des citrons"; "un parapluie couleur de cendre"; "un arôme quintessencié d'angélique et d'hysopé mêlées à des herbes marines aux iodes et aux bromes alanguis par des sucres"; "les deux couleurs, raisin sec et céruse, de ses vitres"; "une robe lie de vin"; "cette brodure teinte avec des rouilles de fer, des roux de sauces, des violets rudes de grès, des verts de bouteille, des bruns d'amadou, des noirs de fuligine, des gris de cendre." The most ardent admirer of Huysmans could scarcely defend some of these. They are artificial and studied in an obtrusive and affected manner.

We shall now give a passage which the critic in calm judgement may well condemn; but he is so carried away with its power and pathos, with the magnificence of its colouring and the symbolism of its detail that he forgets to judge and merely listens in rapt wonder as the great symphony rolls on. In his ecstasy he seems to see Amphion building up with music the walls and pillars of Chartres Cathedral. There are many and great faults in the piece; it is wordy, over-crowded, new-fangled; but the reader is blinded to the defects by the blaze of colour. Here it is as found in the twenty-second edition of *La Cathédrale*:

Dans le mystère de son ombre brouillée par la fumée des pluies, elle [the Cathedral of Chartres] montait de plus en plus claire, à mesure qu'elle s'élevait dans le ciel blanc de ses nefs, s'exhaussant comme l'âme qui s'épure dans une ascension de clarté, lorsqu'elle gravit les voies de la vie mystique.

Les colonnes accotées filaient en de minces faisceaux, en de fines gerbes, si frêles qu'on s'attendait à les voir plier au moindre souffle; et ce n'était qu'à des hauteurs vertigineuses que ces tiges se courbaient, se rejoignaient lancées d'un bout de la cathédrale à l'autre, au-dessus du vide, se greffaient, confondant leur sève,

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finissant par s'épanouir ainsi qu'en une corbeille dans les fleurs dédorées des clefs de voûte.

Cette basilique, elle était le suprême effort de la matière cherchant à s'alléger, rejetant, tel qu'un lest, le poids aminci de ses murs, les remplaçant par une substance moins pesante et plus lucide, substituant à l'opacité de ses pierres, l'épiderme diaphane des vitres.

Elle se spiritualisait, se faisait tout âme, toute prière, lorsqu'elle s'élançait vers le Seigneur pour le rejoindre; légère et gracile, presque impondérable, elle était l'expression la plus magnifique de la beauté qui s'évade de sa gangue terrestre, de la beauté qui se séraphise. Elle était grêle et pâle comme ces vierges de Roger Van der Weyden qui sont si filiformes, si fluettes, qu'elles s'envoleraient si elles n'étaient pas retenues ici-bas par le poids de leurs brocarts et de leurs traînes. C'était la même conception mystique d'un corps fuselé, tout en longueur et d'une âme ardente qui ne pouvant se débarrasser complètement de ce corps, tentait de l'épurer, en le réduisant, en l'amenuisant, en le rendant presque fluide.

Elle stupéfiait avec l'essor éperdu de ses voûtes et la folle splendeur de ses vitres. Le temps était couvert, et cependant toute une fournaise de pierreries brûlait dans les lames des ogives, dans les sphères embrasées des roses.

Là-haut, dans l'espace, tels que des salamandres, des êtres humains, avec des visages en ignition et des robes en braises vivaient dans un firmament de feu; mais ces incendies étaient circonscrits, limités, par un cadre incombustible de verres plus foncés, qui refoulait la joie jeune et claire des flammes, par cette espèce de mélancolie, par cette apparence de côté plus sérieux et plus âgé que dégagent les couleurs sombres. . . .

Était-elle assez grandiose et assez légère cette cathédrale, jaillie de l'effort d'une âme qui l'avait faite à son image, racontant son ascension dans les voies mystiques, montant peu à peu dans la lumière, franchissant la vie contemplative du transept, planant, arrivée au chœur, dans la pleine clarté de la vie unitive, loin de la vie purgative, de la voûte obscure de la nef! Et cette assumption de l'âme était accompagnée, secondée par la troupe des Anges, des Apôtres, des Prophètes, des Justes, tous debout dans leurs corps glorieux de flammes, servant d'escorte d'honneur à la croix couchée sur les dalles, à l'image de la Mère installée à toutes les hauteurs de cette immense chasse dont ils entre-ouvraient les parois pour lui présenter, en un éternel jour de fête, les bouquets de pierreries éclos dans les serres en feu des vitres.

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We have already remarked that the Symbolists endeavour to penetrate beyond the surface of things. They do not confine themselves to a mere description of external features like the Parnassians and Naturalists. This passage from Huysmans is a very remarkable example of that attempt. It is an elaborate and photographic reproduction of the physical details; but it contains also a suggestion, and more than a suggestion, of the spiritual and symbolic meaning of the building. Of course its power and beauty must be examined and measured in the light of other passages. Huysmans has already given a picture of the Cathedral with an accuracy and minuteness of detail that sins against good taste. He has explained with wonderful insight and erudition the special significance of each feature. The meaning and *raison d'être* of animals, plants, colours, gems and numbers have been fully shown, so that objects previously ascribed to the idiosyncracies of architects are now invested with a new and spiritual significance. In fact the whole building evolves from one cell according to a fixed ideal. Every feature appears inevitably and harmoniously at the right moment like the members of the human body. There is nothing superfluous, nothing accidental, nothing extraneous or pasted on. Everything works out according to a law of evolution. The Symbolists endeavour to produce an effect, not so much by what they express as by what they suggest, whereas the art of Huysmans, being a combination of Naturalism and Symbolism—he calls it *naturalisme spiritualiste*—professes both to express and to suggest.

Were we asked to reduce our appreciation of Huysmans to some principle of criticism, we should quote Brunetière's definition of a classic, and test in its light the great Symbolist's trilogy. "What properly constitutes a classic," says Brunetière, "is the equilibrium in him of all the faculties which go to make the perfection of the work of art, a healthiness of mind, just as the healthiness of the body is the equilibrium of the forces which resist death."* Now the faculties required in the creation of any work of high literature are the intellect, will, imagination, sensibility and

* Brunetière, *The Classic and Romantic*.

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ear. The intellect has for object all forms and manifestations of being with their different relations in God and man. It gives order, clearness, logic, precision and sequence of ideas, in a word the special character of harmonious truth. The will demands a certain nobleness of thought and delicacy of expression—"the high seriousness that comes from absolute sincerity." The imagination provides colour, whilst the sensibility gives fire, passion, animation, movement. The ear, of course, tests the rhythm and melody of words, sentences and paragraphs.

The trilogy of Huysmans is certainly not wanting in the special character of thought; we should say it contains too many quaint and recondite ideas. In his attempt to master Symbolism and mystic literature he has sifted and compared the most curious and conflicting opinions. "The great service that M. Huysmans renders," says M. René Doumic, "is to place within our reach authors little known." He shows very extensive knowledge of the writings of St Denis the Areopagite, St Bonaventure, Angela de Foligno, Durand de Mende, St Theresa and St John of the Cross. Like Maurice Maeterlinck he has made a special study of Ruysbroeck *l'admirable*. But he has not allowed his vast erudition to grow and mature in his intellect, and, consequently, it comes forth without that organic sequence which is necessary for unity of impression. The mind of the reader is often bewildered by abstruse dissertations and detailed pictures that are not linked to central ideas. There are passages and chapters in the writings of Huysmans which are unsurpassed for vividness of conception and precision of detail; but they are not sufficiently concatenated by an internal law of development.

The subject matter of the Trilogy precludes to a great extent the possibility of offending the will. Still there are sentences and words that savour too much of Naturalism. The *sequelæ* of Zola's teaching were still present in his system. Persons who grate on his artistic sensitiveness are described by low and vulgar epithets. Enough that we should recall his appreciation of Catholic preachers in *En Route*, his remarks about the offerings of the faithful in *La*

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Cathédrale, and his paragraph on the personal appearance of Dom Ramondoux in *L'Oblat*. An exaggerated love of novelty and effect cause him to employ words which a more delicate mind would never use. It is difficult to defend the realistic pictures of his struggles against temptation which are scattered over *En Route*.*

We have already spoken sufficiently of the qualities of Huysmans' imagination and sensibility. They have destroyed that equilibrium of the faculties which constitutes the greatness of a classic. The intellect of the reader is too often dazzled by the brilliancy of the imagery—imagination oversteps reason. Moderation, self-control, noble reserve of power, have not hall-marked the writings of Huysmans. He pelts you with bright and scented flowers until you grow dizzy and faint. We never find in his great pictures the bold and comprehensive strokes of a Tintoretto, but always the painful precision of a Fleming or a Dutchman. His style, according to M. Jules Lemaître, is *brusque, inégal, et violent*—it is wanting in the finer qualities of ease, flexibility and harmony. Word-melody is almost unknown in Huysmans, he seems to despise it. Colour has taken its place. The epithets he applied to the style of de Goncourt and Verlaine, the two writers he once admired most, give us a pithy estimate of his own manner. He said their style was *tacheté et faisandé*—spotted and high-flavoured.

Such was Huysmans the writer. What was Huysmans the man? M. Léon Daudet, being interviewed on the death of his friend, spoke as follows: "Huysmans, who might be judged by his writings and his manner of life as a man soured, was on the contrary a man charming in society; there was no more steadfast, no more devoted, no more affectionate friend." And M. Louis Lumet wrote of him in his obituary notice: "People were often deceived by his cold and sullen reception of them; he seemed to be always on his guard against an invasion of barbarians. Those who were more intimate with him, those who had his friendship and his confidence, knew what qualities of heart he concealed under a cold and distant attitude."

* M. J. Pachon tries to do so in his work, *De Dante à Verlaine*.

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Huysmans died on May 13, 1907, fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. He had borne with heroic resignation a most painful illness, and his last moments gave one more proof of the sincerity of his conversion. We hope that his many critics have now repented of their suspicions. During his lifetime they could show some cause, for he had lashed without mercy at all sins against the glory and the art of the past. He had marshalled the full resources of his virulent vocabularies to crush out the modernization of Church music, Church architecture and Church statuary. If his sense of beauty was offended, he spared nobody. This did not seem loyal in a son of the Church, and made many suspect the genuineness of his return to Catholicism. Others considered his conversion as an attitude, a literary artifice—a huge advertisement. There is no doubt that *La Cathédrale* had a great sale. Its circulation in 1906, when the twenty-eighth edition was brought out, must have reached 30,000. But no one acquainted with the subject-matter of this book—not even the author himself—could have anticipated such a success. Huysmans can have made little money by most of his subsequent works, and he must have known that before he sat down to write them. If he wished to make money, he had only to take up the threads of the past and return to pornography. Peace to his ashes.

P. J. CONNOLLY, S.J.

THE REACTION IN SPAIN

IN THE DUBLIN REVIEW for last January we sketched the existing relations between Church and State in Spain, and endeavoured to give some account of the heterogeneous Liberal party which had ruled the country for the previous eighteen months. It may be interesting to pick up the threads of the narrative and to review the chief events which have taken place in the past nine months, events which, if less sensational, are no less important than those with which we had to deal in our last article.

For the new Conservative Government has apparently set itself to the work of social and political reform with more seriousness than its predecessors, and some account of its progress will be all the more welcome since the English press, which gloated over the anti-clerical legislation of last year, appears to take little interest in the work of orderly reconstruction which is now going forward. Thus *The Manchester Guardian* for March 2 concluded a singularly inaccurate leader by the melancholy admission that clericalism is "assured of a long period of undisturbed security in Spain." With the cessation of weekly Cabinet-crises and anti-religious legislation the interest of "our special correspondents" in Spanish politics has waned.

When we last wrote, the three parties which composed the Liberal majority were each bidding for the support of the Republicans, and indulging in anti-clerical bluff which would have dismayed Sagasta. Señor Conde de Romanones had played the first card by annulling the circular of the Marquis del Vadillo which, it will be remembered, bade the officials satisfy themselves that the form of civil marriage was not administered to Catholics. To remove such a precaution would be to multiply the number of canonically invalid marriages in the country. The Bishops at once protested, and were duly lectured by the British journalist. The Associations Bill followed three months later and raised a storm of indignation in the country. We concluded our

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article by remarking that the existing ministry of General López Domínguez would "probably not hold together much longer." After going to press we were able to append a note stating that the ministry had fallen, and that the tenure of office of the new Liberal leader, Señor Moret, would probably be brief. As a matter of fact it lasted three days.

These events of the few weeks which preceded the Liberal *débâcle* may now be reviewed more leisurely. On November 27, when General López Domínguez was still Prime Minister, Señor Moret, unknown to his chief, wrote an amazing letter to Alfonso XIII, revealing grave dissensions among the Liberal party, and calling upon the King to intervene. When the Premier was told of the contents of this letter, he lost no time in expressing to the King his astonishment at the action of his subordinate. It was, he said, impossible to remain in office under such conditions. The formation of a new Cabinet was accordingly entrusted to Señor Moret himself. But the new Premier found little support from his colleagues. His letter to the King had caused general exasperation among the majority, and he was compelled to resign after three days. With much difficulty the octogenarian Marquis de la Vega de Armijo succeeded in forming a Cabinet. It was a dull affair. The Liberal party was clearly falling to pieces, and, despite the assurances of the Liberal leaders that they were a happy family, and that nothing should sunder them, the crisis became a matter of common knowledge.

In the meanwhile mass-meetings were being held in all the important towns to protest against the Associations Bill. There was no mistaking their import. So far from being, as we were asked to believe, apathetic gatherings engineered by the clergy, they were spontaneous popular risings of a most embarrassing kind. At Pamplona the meeting numbered 50,000 men; at Bilbao, 60,000; at Barcelona, 30,000, and so on throughout the country. Thousands of villagers walked miles through the winter nights in order to be present at the demonstrations. Even Republican districts like Santander had their monster meetings. There

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were also gatherings of women, and the Duchess of Bailen received over a million signatures to her protest against the Bill. A few counter demonstrations were attempted, but they proved wretched failures. Thus at Pamplona the anti-clericals, who held their meeting on the Sunday following the Catholic demonstration, could only muster some 750 individuals, including women and children.

It gradually dawned upon the Government that there was some point in the prophecy which had been uttered by the late Señor Nocedal in the course of one of his last speeches in the Chamber. This witty orator had said, amid considerable laughter, "I am afraid that the only community which is going to be dissolved as a consequence of the Associations Bill is that one," pointing to the Liberal majority. As a matter of fact the Bill, which had been introduced with the object of keeping the Liberals together, only involved them in hopeless disagreement. Its adoption would have led—as Canalejas intended it to lead—to a rupture with Rome. It had been drafted on the pattern of the French Associations Law, and the promoters of that law were in close communication with certain Liberal politicians in the Peninsula. True, in their public pronouncements, the Spanish leaders were cautious enough, and some of them were genuinely anxious to avoid a rupture. Even the stormy petrel of the party, the Count de Romanones, protested that the Government intended to remain on friendly terms with the Holy See, since a misunderstanding would be most prejudicial to the country. Señor Moret, too, had, as we pointed out last January, no mind to adopt the rôle of M. Combes. Some words of his, uttered early in the year, are worth recording here:

The truth is that there is in Spain a great mass of Catholics, of believers, in whose minds religious convictions are deeply rooted, and every Government has to reckon with them if it does not wish to promote disturbances, and even to put off the realization of its ideals. . . . We who are fighting our way onwards, putting forth our best efforts for the establishment of liberty in this country, must entertain the most profound respect towards the feelings of the people; we must enter into their sentiments, identify our-

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selves with them, and only upon this basis can we work out our plans and attain the end of our policy.

Other Liberals of prominence, like Señor Cobian, repudiated the Associations Bill with vigour, declaring that it was a departure from Liberal principles, and that it subordinated the general welfare of the country to fruitless religious bickerings. And even those of the party who had been most anxious to win Republican favour by throwing the Religious to the lions, saw that they were courting a revolution. The expedient of buying off the barbarian is seldom wise! Canalejas, the Radical leader, only grew more insistent in his demands, and the popular clamour rose higher and higher. Señor Moret was, perhaps, the only man who could have kept the party together, and he had discredited himself by stabbing his chief in the back. The aged Marquis de la Vega de Armijo was quite unable to withstand the pressure of the extreme Left. On accepting office, he had pledged himself to the support of the Associations Bill. But a panic had spread in the ranks of his party. Before the end of December the Ministerial dissensions were furnishing matter for gossip in every *cantina*. Protests against the Bill poured in from the villages and from the clergy, from Liberals and from Carlists, from grandees and from artisans. Eminent Academicians such as Señor Menendez y Pelayo, associated themselves with the cause of the Religious. Don Carlos sent his protest to the *Correo Español*. The perplexed Prime Minister looked round at his colleagues, and was reassured. Moret and López Domínguez and Montero Rios protested their loyalty. Even Canalejas contributed to the gaiety of the nation by announcing his unswerving allegiance to the Cabinet. The Prime Minister drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and announced his intention of opening the Cortes on January 21. Liberal opinion on the subject of the Associations Bill was, he declared, perfectly unanimous.

The Cortes opened on the day announced. The clever fencing of the Ministers could not parry the malicious questions which assailed them; and from outside came the echoes of yet more popular protests. The timid may well

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have anticipated a revolution. While the Ministers were talking smooth things in the Cortes, the Carlist Club of Barcelona was holding a great meeting in the Bull Fighting ring, where Señor Mella was attacking the Liberal Government. Don Jaime, the eldest son of Don Carlos, had escaped the vigilance of the police, and slipped in to take part in the meeting. The secret was well kept until after the event, when the Governor of Barcelona sent in his resignation.

The following day brought no improvement in the situation. The Ministers, amid a general tumult, endeavoured to bring the Session to a close. Canalejas was making desperate endeavours to ride rough-shod over the party with his Associations Bill. Montero Rios was holding back, more inclined, it would seem, to the steadier pace of Sagasta. Moret had no mind to let Canalejas rally the party under the anti-clerical flag, and urged his favourite panacea, "liberty of cults." Señor Baroso and Señor Pérez Caballero had privately threatened to resign their portfolios unless the Associations Bill was withdrawn. Obviously no progress could be made with such clefts in the party, and there was no material left for a new Cabinet. The Session was closed abruptly.

The next day was the King's feast-day—the equivalent in a Catholic land of our royal birthdays—and the palace was thronged with visitors bringing their congratulations. As resignations are not considered suitable offerings on such an occasion, the Ministry were constrained to wear their "happy family" expressions for a few hours longer. Señor Montero Rios, indeed, permitted himself to speak of "clouds on the horizon," though his hearers may have felt that an earthquake would have suggested a more appropriate metaphor.

At a Cabinet Council next morning the Ministers found themselves in agreement at last. They resigned in a body. Señor Maura was sent for next day, and promptly produced a Ministry. The next few days were occupied in the usual process of filling innumerable offices with the partisans of the new Government, a process which was duly punctuated by almost daily bomb explosions in Barcelona.

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A committee of anti-clericals presented a petition to the palace in favour of the Associations Bill. This achievement deserves to be recorded, as it was the only one of its kind which we have been able to discover. Finally, the new Ministry drew up a sketch of its programme, and the general elections were fixed for the following April. We may add that the first measure of the new Prime Minister was the withdrawal of the obnoxious Royal Order regarding Civil marriage to which we have referred above. It may be pointed out incidentally that our own Press was misinformed when it described Alphonso XIII as "signing this Royal Order with pleasure." Royal Orders, unlike Royal Decrees, are not signed by the King at all.

Towards the end of February, Señor Moret rallied the Liberal forces which had grouped themselves round his banner after the defeat. He presided at a meeting, in which he drew up a programme for the next political campaign. In a letter to the Liberals, the mistakes of the past were recognized and amendment promised for the future. Señor Canalejas refused to acknowledge the leadership of Señor Moret, and started a small group of his own ("Liberal Democrats"), recruited from the extreme Left.

The elections of April brought some interesting results. The Conservatives came in with an overwhelming majority, and the Carlist and Solidarist parties succeeded in taking sixteen and seventeen seats respectively. The Liberals, who had already amputated their extreme Left, now found themselves considerably attenuated.

On the growth of the Solidarist party something will be said presently. As to the Carlists, too much has been made of their success in these elections. We need not suppose that there is any very general sympathy with Carlism in the country. The birth of an heir to Alfonso XIII has done much to consolidate the present dynasty, and with the progress of the internal reforms which have been inaugurated by Señor Maura the cause of the Pretender will recede still further into the background. The presence of an increased number of Carlists in the Cortes is largely due to circumstances which may be called accidental. The scare of

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the Associations Bill drove many Catholics to vote for men whose Catholicity was of the most medieval type. It produced a reaction in favour of the most uncompromising clericalism. Dynastic considerations were probably of little weight in the election of many of the Carlist deputies. Candidates were sought who would offer the most strenuous opposition to Liberal ideas.

It must be remembered, again, that the number of Carlists admitted into the Cortes is a matter which depends very largely upon the Prime Minister. The local influence of a government candidate in Spain, as in France, is very considerable. He is in a position to offer substantial advantages to his constituents, while the opposition member can but promise his protests. Señor Maura has openly been reproached in the Cortes for allowing the anti-dynastic parties to secure so many seats. The protest at least points to the fact that the Prime Minister is partly responsible for the presence in the chamber of sixteen Carlists, and that he does not regard them as constituting a real menace to the existing *régime*.

The elections were followed by the mutual recriminations usual after Spanish elections. The Republicans and Solidarists accused the Government of enforcing the nomination of its candidates. Señor Dato, the Alcalde of Madrid, was charged with tampering with the elections. Lest it should be thought that the present elections were more barefaced than usual, we may record the admission afterwards made by leading Liberals that Señor Maura had displayed rather more honesty in the matter than was usually expected of Prime Ministers. The present writer can recall at least one Spanish election in which the results were announced by a newspaper (in the confidence of the Government) some time before the election itself took place. Election forecasts in Spain involve no element of uncertainty.

But Señor Moret was far from being satisfied. He considered that the new Government had shown much want of consideration in its treatment of the Liberal party. He accordingly hit upon a method of retaliation which, he an-

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ticipated, would cause intense annoyance to his opponents. He had recourse to that ultimatum of the nursery—"I shan't play!" For several months he persevered in his attitude of methodic sulks. But his followers were scarcely equal to the strain of such protracted ill-humour. They began well, and the Ministers at first found themselves exhibiting their fine sarcasm and patriotic scorn to empty benches. But curiosity or good sense prevailed on a few at least of the Liberals, and they began to trickle back to their places despite the remonstrances of their chief. It was not until May that Señor Moret returned to the Cortes with the bulk of his party.

Meanwhile the Government was getting to work. The country was clamouring for reform, and amongst the first Bills laid on the table were measures dealing with local administration and the franchise. The financial year promised well, and some diminution of taxation was proposed. The scheme for reforming local administration was of particular interest. The Prime Minister had engineered an elaborate Bill containing some 400 articles and designed in particular to redress the grievances of the Catalans, and to satisfy the new Solidarist party, of whom we have now to speak. Their strength in the Cortes and their growing influence cannot fail to affect the currents of social and political thought in Spain. In some respects they may be compared with the Irish party in our own House of Commons. An interesting sketch of the genesis of Solidarism may be found in an article by Angel Marvaud in *Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales* for June 2, 1907, entitled "Catalonianism in its New Aspect." We may here briefly summarize the chief points in the story of the movement.

Aspirations towards administrative reform have long been felt in Catalonia, a province which is distinguished among others for the vigour and independence of its public spirit, as well as for its economic wealth. It has constantly raised its voice against the cramping centralization of Madrid, and a Catalonian party was formed as early as 1881. Five years later it pressed its claims upon the attention of Alfonso XII, and at the Barcelona exhibition of 1888 it

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presented a programme of reform to the Queen Regent. These aspirations in the direction of Home Rule gradually lost their local character, and formulated themselves as a demand for decentralization and for the fostering of local initiative wherever possible. It was not long before the new movement became implicated in party politics. Though at first suspicious of the growing Republicanism of Barcelona, the Catalans were driven by the Jurisdiction Law of 1905 to throw themselves into the Republican stream, and the *Solidaridad* was proclaimed at the fêtes of May, 1906, and further emphasized at the elections of last April. Their programme includes the repeal of the obnoxious Jurisdiction Law, and they demand a system of local administration which shall deal with finance, education, public works and the like. The municipalities are to be autonomous, and local bodies are to propose such change in the civil code as may be necessitated from time to time.

The views of the party were first expounded at length in the Cortes by Señor Abadal on June 1. His speech caused some apprehension, as it was thought that the Solidarists might attack the army, and cause another such disturbance as that which had upset Sagasta's ministry at the beginning of the South American war. These fears proved unfounded, and the Cortes listened to an eloquent plea for Home Rule which, however visionary, was at least raised above the level of the somewhat sordid party politics which form the staple of discussion in that assembly. Señor Abadal claimed to have a popular mandate. He represented, he said, the advocates of national peace, and of a purified and efficacious suffrage. The only hope for the country lay in decentralization.

The Prime Minister in his reply claimed that the Conservatives were taking steps to remedy the grievances of Catalonia. Much might be expected from the new Bill with its 400 articles. As for party government it made for efficiency, and the only parties which could be dispensed with were those which, like *Solidaridad*, were impracticable. A party which failed to accommodate itself to the constitutional régime was, so far forth, sterile. Instead of disintegrating

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sovereignty, let them fortify the national power and purify the executive.

The Government Bill is not likely to satisfy the Solidarists. Their view of the autonomy which should be enjoyed by municipalities and provinces goes far beyond any concessions which Señor Maura will grant or which the general feeling of the nation will allow. A sudden attempt at decentralization would be impracticable in a country where the people are so little accustomed to the idea of self-government.

It will be seen that Señor Maura, despite the majority at his back, has a somewhat formidable task before him. The Solidarists appear to be irreconcilable. The Liberals have thrown Canalejas overboard and are being reorganized by Moret. And finally a "Catholic party" has been formed which is doing its best to undermine the influence of the Conservative chief. It may here be well to attempt some estimate of the man who is engaged in the work of reconstruction in the face of such difficulties.

In early life Antonio Maura made for himself a brilliant position at the Bar. He became the brother-in-law of Señor Gamazo, the eminent financier, who introduced him to political life as a Moderate Liberal. Ever a reformer, Señor Maura lost his portfolio as Minister for the Colonies under Sagasta through his attempts to emancipate Cuba. Had his counsels prevailed at that juncture, Spain would have been saved many calamities. After the death of Gamazo, he passed over to the ranks of the Conservatives, where his eloquence and vigour won for him the leadership of the party. In December, 1903, he was called upon to form a Cabinet. It will be remembered how, when in office, he resolved to govern the country without the assistance of a corrupt press, and how he actually achieved this somewhat remarkable feat. Among other admirable measures passed at this time we may instance his Law of Sunday Observance, which is commonly regarded as a model of legislation on this subject. But his work was cut short. The young King, it would appear, found him somewhat too dictatorial; and his successors to the premiership lacked the strength to keep the Conservative party in power.

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Of his prospects it is somewhat difficult to speak. The integrity of his private life and his high qualities as a statesman are recognized by his bitterest opponents, while his resolve to remain on good terms with the Holy See has given him the confidence of the bulk of the nation. Yet, while Republicans call him ultramontane, there are many Catholics (including Carlists and Integrists) who distrust him, and regard his policy as even more dangerous to the Church than is the radicalism of Canalejas. The latter, they hold, is undisguised, and leads to a healthy Catholic reaction; the former is insidious and needs to be denounced. Spanish religious feelings, which were strong enough a generation ago to set the country in a blaze, are now on the decline as the consequence of years of Conservative rule. Spain must once more establish those relations with the Holy See which form the Catholic ideal as set forth in the old textbooks. To support any politicians who come short of that standard is treachery to the Catholic cause. It must be noted that such a refusal to support the existing régime is not according to the mind of Rome. Leo XIII and Pius X have both urged upon Catholics the necessity for making the best of the actual situation and, where ideal conditions are unattainable, of supporting those politicians who are least out of sympathy with Catholicism. The letter of the present Pope to the Bishop of Madrid would appear to be sufficiently explicit on this point.

Señor Maura, though wide in his views, is a convinced Catholic. His aspirations after reform and determination to promote the social welfare of the country are not likely to lead him into conflict with the Holy See. He will make no bid for popularity by concessions to secularism. Yet his practical cast of mind and his long political experience will give him an advantage over those of his Catholic adversaries who, however admirable in private life and in generous devotion to their cause, can suggest no remedy for modern evils save the return to an order of things which has passed away for ever.

Towards the Solidarists Señor Maura has made his

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attitude plain. He does not often favour the Cortes with personal reminiscence ; but in a remarkable speech, delivered on June 21, he has answered his adversaries with an *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*. In the course of this speech he deals at length with the aspirations of the Catalans. He is, he says, no stranger to their speech and their ambitions. He was brought up among traditions like their own. But he cannot allow himself to regard Catalonia as if it were the whole of Spain. Castile, too, has claims upon him. In a passage of remarkable beauty he recalls the ancient glories of Spain, with which the name of Castile is indissolubly interwoven, and he declares his sympathy with the poverty-stricken country districts where churches are poor but faith strong ; and where, under the tattered cloaks of the peasants, beat hearts as brave as those which wrested Spain from the Moors in days gone by. While promising reforms to Catalonia, he refuses to let Spain be dominated by commercial ideals, or to merge her aspirations in the money-making ambitions of the North-East province.

We have spoken of the *Solidaridad* as resembling the Irish party in the House of Commons. But our illustration must not be pressed too far. In some respects it is Señor Maura who stands for the Celtic spirit. His faith in religious traditions and his protests against an all-absorbing commercialism remind us of what Cardinal Newman discerned so clearly—that the strength of the Irish people lies in their spiritual mission, and that the modern spirit of Liberalism is endeavouring to put out the ancient lights of the world.

In all our judgements about Spain we must remember this. The people of the country districts are poor and illiterate. They seldom taste flesh meat, and their education is of a kind that dispenses for the most part with books. But they are intensely religious, they are high-minded, and they are remarkably happy. A German politician has recently been scolding them for not making money. But at least they have ideals, for which money would appear to be rather a poor substitute. They derive a keen pleasure from fine actions. To give hospitality, to help the needy, to defend

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the weak—these things afford them sensations quite beyond the possibilities of the municipal tram. Contact with nature and a living participation in Catholic ideals give a deep spiritual significance to their obscure and patient lives. People such as these are not so plentiful that we can afford to crush them in our economic mills. There is much room for wise social reform, but it must not be applied without reference to the national character.

So much for Señor Maura's Carlist and Catalonian opponents. With regard to the Liberals, it remains to be seen how long they will refrain from bidding for the support of Canalejas. Montero Rios and Armijo are now well advanced in years. Romanones, impetuous, ambitious and obstinate, would be more formidable were he less indiscreet. Moret, in spite of his recent plunge into Radicalism, has more constitutional instincts and may live down his recent unfortunate attempt to grab the reins. Canalejas himself is a man of quite extraordinary intelligence, and is capable of deflecting any Liberal combination that may arise. Liberalism in Spain is losing its power of attracting the people. Much of its original ground bait has now become the property of the Conservatives, and rash experiments have been made with artificial flies manufactured in Paris. These are not deficient in colour, but—the fish are not rising.

The REALISM of DICKENS

The Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Chapman and Hall.

Brief Literary Criticisms. By R. H. Hutton. Macmillan. 1906.

Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton. Methuen. 1906.

MR R. H. HUTTON, writing in *The Spectator* in 1870—"While all English-speaking peoples to whom the telegraph has carried the sad news of the death of Dickens are realizing for the first time how vast a fund of enjoyment they owe to him"—and Mr Chesterton, writing within the last two years on the same beloved genius, are agreed on a matter of great interest both as to literature and life: Mr Hutton and Mr Chesterton have decided that Charles Dickens was not a realist. Mr Hutton indeed is the more explicit, and he believes that Dickens was an author whose idealism was only disguised "by the infinite resource of common physical detail with which he illustrates it."

Dickens [writes Mr Chesterton] could only work in his own way, and that way was a wild way. We may almost say this, that he only makes his characters probable by making them impossible.

How little of a realist Dickens actually was in his creations of character [says Mr Hutton] may be seen whenever he attempts to deal with an ordinary man or woman. . . . A realist as regards human nature he never was at all.

He denied his own divine originality [writes Mr Chesterton], and pretended that he had plagiarized from life. He disowned his own soul's children, and said he had picked them up in the street.

It would argue more boldness than wisdom to differ entirely from two such eminent critics. Yet the present writer feels that there is another side of the question, which neither of them adequately states. And, in venturing thus far, no claim is made to an original view. Surely the man in the street has always taken for granted—and rightly so—that Charles Dickens was a realistic portrait painter, that he is magnificently successful just when he is plagiarizing on real life and reproducing the characters he had picked up in the street, and a failure when he trusts his fancy.

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The two distinguished critics just quoted need to be reminded that to point out the limitations and the defects of the realism of Dickens is not to prove that he is not a realist.

His fancy work was often as fatal as that of a portrait painter who does some disastrous brush-work in the absence of the model. For Dickens was not content to omit what he could not see plainly, and it is when his realism fails that he flogs his fancy into longer and more tedious flights.

As to the superficial character of his drawing from the life, Dickens was no doubt a realist who penetrated only so far as ordinary mortals do, as a matter of fact, penetrate into the hearts and souls of their acquaintance. I know his characters as I have known my acquaintance, not much more and no less. But I know the heart and soul and conscience of Anna Karenina or of Maggie Tulliver as I shall never know any heart or soul or conscience except my own—if indeed I ever know myself one half so well.

It must be allowed, then, that the knowledge of mankind in Dickens's work is from the outside, as we do usually in ordinary life know men, gaining occasionally glimpses of the inner man, but on the whole leaving the mystery of personality unsolved.

But here we are met by a further difficulty—why was it that in his most photographic work he could at times record untruly and absurdly? It is not enough to say that this was because he was no judge of what he could see and what he could not, or because he wanted to focus the whole world, and his camera was insufficient for the task. The puzzle remains that he should have done so much in actual portraiture that is astonishingly true, and yet lapse from time to time into things that are astonishingly false. I think the history of Dickens's youth, so admirably described by Mr Chesterton, supplies the answer, and that by learning how he first saw life, we learn the intensity and the limits of his realism.

No one could have drawn a more vivid picture of this wonderful childhood, but Mr Chesterton does not seem to see that all he tells us, far from disproving his realism, points out the actual methods of portraiture pursued by

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Dickens, and that he constantly explains how the great man *did* pick up his great characters in the streets as a child. In the chapter on "The Time of Transition"* speaking of him in middle age, he says that "the original violent vision of all things which [Dickens] had seen from his boyhood began to be mixed with other men's milder visions, and with the common light of day." Are we to learn from this chapter that, as the twilight of business and sadness and ill-health dimmed his sight, he saw more truly than in the bright light of morning? In the abstract, the spiritual, the moral world, the man may see further than the boy, but in the concrete, external world of facts and individualities it would be rash to pit our dim middle-aged sight against the glorious vision of a boy. Nor does the admixture of other men's visions lead to a clearer perception of the spiritual world. Who has not, on the contrary, felt the longing to escape from the tyranny of other men's visions, other men's conventions and proverbs and worldliness that close in upon us with the dull, penetrating, irresistible noxious influence of a fog—disabling our powers of seeing, and disguising the objects given to our sight?

But not only, it seems, did Dickens gain by seeing through other men's eyes, but at the same period of transition, we are told, "he began to practise realism." And here the most patient admirer of the clash of thought in Mr Chesterton's glorious paradoxes becomes suddenly tired in his efforts to put together what he has been striving to understand earlier in the book as to a "realism that does not exist in reality," and this other realism that grows with a sense of the conventional—and with the secondhand use of other men's visions. The real difficulty in Mr Chesterton's path is that in his heart he believes the great Dickens folk to be too good to be true to life, while he also believes them to be too good not to be true in a higher metaphysical sense. He thinks to glorify them by making them into deities, because he cannot believe in them as men, and he seeks to

* In this same chapter we cannot be wrong in reading Miss Podsnap for Miss Lammle, p. 188. Poor Mrs Lammle was the unwilling traitor who deceived the unfortunate Miss Podsnap.

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glorify Dickens as their creator who claimed in all simplicity only to have been their portrait painter. Yet once at least he forgets this position, and owns that "however queer a character of Dickens may have been, he could hardly have been queerer than Dickens was." But if Dickens was more wonderful than his own creations and did exist, why could not they? The fact is that Mr Chesterton cannot bring himself to realize that such great men as Mr Weller ever trod the streets of London, and all those must part company with him who know with the deepest conviction that they did. With the increase of civilization, education, international communications and self-consciousness—and no one ever developed self-consciousness in the uneducated as Dickens did—very individual, strongly marked personalities do tend to disappear. But they are not all gone yet, nor ever will, until mankind goes too; but highly cultivated minds, moving constantly amidst educated people whose occupations are intellectual, are the least likely to discover them. I claim for the uneducated something of the freshness of boyhood in perception, as they go about the highways of the cities or the fields or lanes of the country. That Dickens was an uneducated boy "when he was given the key of the streets" goes far to explain the preternatural quickness of observation that seized on every external suggestion of character with the rapidity and grip of a wild Indian tracking his prey by scents and sounds and sights unseen by the civilized man.

There is very often to be noticed in the most ordinary people a crisis in their youth when their powers suddenly expand, when they see and hear and retain a crowd of new impressions.

The enlargement consists [wrote Newman], not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it.

The world is to them suddenly a new place, and they are full of the joy of discovery. Sometimes the cause of this is travel or a religious crisis, or perhaps it is a great friendship; it may come from love or from loss, or from any

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great change of circumstances. There have been people who in such a state of sudden development have written a novel or a poem of such promise that they are a disappointment to their friends "for all the rest of the time," either by doing nothing more or by doing bad work with the stalest taste of the one fruit of a past moment of expansion. With others the first book may not perhaps have been the best, but if it has been produced at the time of rapid growth, it will be found to hold in it the groundwork of the rest. The powers of observation and sympathy are at their best when in youth, and in a "first-rate state of effervescence"; things seen then are seen more clearly and make a far deeper impression. With Dickens the moment of sudden and immense expansion was not, as with most men, in youth, but in childhood. After an infancy in comfortable middle-class surroundings, the petted and over-stimulated plaything of the family circle, he was flung into London, to be alone at night and over-worked in the day, to be hungry and ill and tired and very desolate. Wonderful and amazing education of genius! Strange and extraordinary incident in the history of literature, that the great artist who was to paint the immortal picture of our most mysterious, commonplace, practical, money-loving, tragic city, was a little delicate, suffering child, "one of a row of suffering boys in a great dreary factory, pasting the same kinds of labels on to the same kinds of blacking-bottles from morning till night." The child who had been over-stimulated in the nursery, escaped the drill of the boys' school, had nothing to crush his originality, nothing to conquer the awful nervous terrors of his age, nothing to make him learn the ordinary worldliness of the ordinary boys' school. The streets of London by night or day were his preparatory school, and after he had learnt his huge lesson by heart, after his imagination had been moulded in an indelible form, he went to learn enough of books and grammar, and what little more teachers far more ignorant of life than himself could teach him, so that he might be able to express the fiery vision in language that we all may read. But it was that first period, that first terrible develop-

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ment, that produced the great Dickens characters, the great Dickens horrors, the great Dickens knowledge of how the selfishness and cruelty and mercy and love of men do actually fulfil themselves in life. Nothing that had not in some sense been realized by him then was ever quite so truly and vividly seen by him afterwards. I think it would be possible to draw up two lists of the especially good and especially bad characters, and that with some few exceptions, such as the success of Lady Dedlock and the failure of little Nell, it would be found that the successes list were of the tribe, type and kind he knew first as a child, and the others, much fewer in number, were of the tribe, type and kind of the acquaintance of his prosperous days.

Take, for instance, some that rise at once in a Dickens-fed memory as among the best: the Wellers, Mrs Todgers, Bailey Junior, Mrs Gamp, Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness, Crummles, the Kenwigs family, Mr and Mrs Micawber, Miss Flite, Jenny Wren—while the following surely are failures, as leaving either a false or a faint impression on the mind: Eugene Wrayburn, Mortimer Lightwood, the Gowans, Mrs Merdle, the Dombey family, Esther Summerson and the Jarndyce family.

All his life, as Mr Chesterton so well puts it, "Dickens had the faults of the child who has been kept up too late." And all his literary life Dickens had the vision of the boy who was given the "key of the street" when other boys are at school. There is no one more realistic than a boy, and it is in the degree and the kind of a boy's realism that we shall find the qualities of Dickens's realism. A boy does not generalize; the man who describes a type is rising from the individual to the general—he is attenuating and watering down individuality into what is common to a number of men. A boy delights in individuality, in strong external characteristics; take any boy to an entertainment, and he will ask you, not who is the well-dressed lady in the front bench, the centre of general attention, but who is the rummy old cove with one eye who tries to interrupt the gentleman on the platform from the last bench but one. But the boy does not cease to be a realist because it is the

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peculiar and not the ordinary fact that he realizes. Again, a boy's realism is very superficial. He will not observe or retain moral subtleties; he will understand anger, remorse or practical kindness, or any of the things he calls humbug; a thorough-going hypocrite like Pecksniff or Mr Turveydrop are nuts to him, but he could make nothing but bad shots at the gentleman in love with the daughter of the waterside character; he could not do anything with Eugene Wrayburn. He accepts hypocrisy as a quality in human nature, a spontaneous vice with its own pleasures, not by any means dependent on the human audience—which it would seem by the way that Mr Chesterton does not, or how could he make the astonishing criticism on Mr Pecksniff?—"It would not be worth a man's while, with any worldly object, to be a holy and high-minded architect. The world does not admire holy and high-minded architects."

The boy understands the broad simple feelings that can be seen from the outside; he must wait for experience to know the secrets of the heart. But because his knowledge is superficial, it is not notional. An impressionist is a realist, not an idealist.

Thirdly, a boy does not wish or expect people to change. "There's the old fellow just the same as ever," will be his delighted exclamation after two years' absence. But do the men and women we know as our acquaintances often change? The slow, gradual moral changes for good or evil are known to the Searcher of hearts, but I doubt if they are often known to a man's acquaintance. Dickens's realism breaks down when he attempts changes in his characters; but when they remain always and entirely themselves, as in the supreme case of Mrs Gamp, they are not "fairies" or "monsters" or "immortals," as Mr Chesterton calls them: they are very human and very mortal, born so, and bound by the chains of habit afterwards; so that, unlike "the Prooshians and the Roossians," who were also born so, they cannot please themselves. I think that the want of change and development in Dickens's characters tells rather on the side of realism than of

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idealism. It would be most encouraging to oneself to be able to think otherwise.

One of the advantages of Dickens's career, already alluded to, was that he saw life with the simple distinctness of the uneducated, and here he has his critics at a great disadvantage. Unlike them, he had not had his powers of observation blunted by education before he saw life; he was not possessed of the conventional views "of other men" before he studied men. Talk to any quick-witted, uneducated woman of good powers of observation, and you will find in her a sense of the variety and edge of life and character that is not blunted by overmuch reading in books. It is true that he had the conventionality of the people, the traditions of the people, for instance, as to poetic justice and a happy ending. If there were elements of popular mythology in the happy end or the perpetual life of his characters, that did not make those men and women less realistic during their brief hour on his stage. An Irish Mrs Gamp will not give a less acutely realistic account of the human elements in a deathbed, because she believes that the sick bed was attended by angels and that holy water constantly expelled the devil in the shape of a black dog who haunted her cottage during the night.

But in no point is Dickens a more wonderful master in realism than in his knowledge of the workings of the *ego*, the personal vanities of the individual. It was not chiefly, as Mr Chesterton would have us believe, because Dickens made men understand the joys of the poor that they were made eager to relieve their sorrows, but because he made the rich and powerful realize the individualities of the poor and helpless that they awoke to the horrors of injustice to what had become to them individuals and not abstractions. And it was greatly in showing of what they were proud in themselves, and in each other, that he showed what manner of men they were. Examination papers in Dickens are now very common in classes for literature in Paris. Might not an excellent one be set asking of what each character was proud? There is no other author's works that could be so exhaustively treated on

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this one point. Old Mr Weller was proud of his own and his son's knowledge of life, the Marchioness was proud of her ingenuity as to doing Miss Brass in the matter of the key of the safe, Mrs Todgers was supremely proud of Todgers's establishment for single gentlemen. "Todgers' could do it when it liked," was writ large in the consciousness of that admirable woman. Mrs Gamp had really professional pride in laying out, if not in bringing round, her patients. The Father of the Marshalsea was unutterably proud of having been in the gaol longer than anybody else. Was not Mrs Nickleby proud of her charms in the darkest hour of trouble, and Mrs Micawber of her power of logical statement? Is there anything to beat the pathos of Miss Flite's pride in the attentions of the Lord Chancellor, or more convincing than the pride of the young Turveydrops in the old scoundrel's deportment? What more tragic than Nancy's pride in the strength of Bill Sykes? Is there not pure tragedy also in the professional pride of the "artful dodger" and the admiration of the other young thieves?

And where he misunderstood the pride and vanity of a man, he often misunderstood the whole character. He always seemed to think that gentlemen had their pride satisfied and glutted; he never saw that their pride depends for its satisfaction on the conquest and the admiration of their equals, just as the pride and vanity of a poor man does on the admiration of his equals. Dickens is ever the boy in the street, who sees the satisfied, haughty great pass in their carriages; and how many of those who pass even in motor cars are satisfied as to the amount of attention they have received from their equals or from those just above them? They are far more occupied with the failure of their own scheme of life than with contemptuous pride of the poor man on the pavement. Their deafness to the voices below them is because in their inner consciousness they are occupied far more often in self-pity and self-sympathy than in self-satisfaction and self-congratulation.

There is a common impression that "realism" and a "realistic" writer must mean the photographic treatment

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of vice by a mind that is not perfectly pure in its tastes. Is it the amazing purity of Dickens that is supposed to stand in the way of realism? Here above all we have the world seen through the eyes of a child, the world of London streets, of a city hoary with vice that does not even pay to virtue the homage of hypocrisy. It is not enough to say that he wrote at a moment when the Court and the society and the reading classes of the country held a higher standard of morality than ever before or since the early Victorian era. If the thing had been in his mind, it would have come out; there must have been a leakage somewhere. Here is a positive, not a negative, cleanness of heart and of fancy; there is nothing suppressed, no temptations resisted. It is there, ever before him, the picture of a great city that could be given into the hands of the youngest child. It was because he learnt London with the eye of a child, it was because a boy's London was engraved deeply in the plate of his mind, and later impressions never blurred the design, that the books cannot scandalize the least of the little ones. But, however beautiful in itself is this purity of atmosphere, can it be realistic? Look on this portrait of our dear old London, and on that of Hogarth, and must not Dickens appear an incurable idealist? Is not this the decision of others besides "the little artists," of whom Mr Chesterton speaks, "who have found Dickens too clean for their delights"?

Yet he is not even in this matter a conscious idealist; he is not a photographer who wilfully wipes away the wrinkles or softens the features of his sitters. He takes from the life; only he is gloriously limited as to his knowledge of one sort of evil. But, on the other hand, is not the man who is a realist in vice also partially blind in his view of life as a whole? The pure in heart see much of true, simple human life which is hidden from more experienced eyes.

The heart of England recognized the work of Charles Dickens to be true, not in any higher metaphysical sense, nor in any idealistic theories as to popular myths and heroes. But the whole country knew that it had gained

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the personal acquaintance of men and women actually living in its midst, and had thereby hugely enlarged the sphere of its sympathies and enjoyments.

Mr Hutton paid, in reality, the highest tribute to the realism of Dickens that can be found in literature when he wrote at the time of his death:

Let any man seriously number the acquaintances, the continual right of personal intercourse with whom he would buy at the cost of renouncing for ever the acquaintance of Dickens's best creations, and he will soon become conscious of the greatness of the sacrifice which would be required of him. How many of our friends should we not give up before letting loose our hold on Mrs Nickleby and the old gentleman who tossed vegetable marrows over her garden wall? How many of our servants would receive warning before we consented to discharge "the Marchioness" from our memory, and forfeited for ever our vested rights in Sam Weller and Job Trotter? How many schoolmasters would retain their schools, if parents had to choose between their closing their doors and the final breaking up of Dr Blimber's, and his successor, in their minds? Where is the caller whose cards we would not consent never to see again, rather than lose the picture of the pack Mr Toots used to leave "for Mr Dombey," "for Mrs Dombey," "for Miss Dombey"? Would not London sacrifice fifty real boarding-houses without a sigh, rather than lose its "Todgers"? And where is the popular preacher, however large his tabernacle, whom England would not surrender with resignation rather than surrender the memory—fragrant of much rarer and more delightful odours than pine-apple rum-and-water—of the immortal shepherd? Which of our thieves and housebreakers should we not be inclined to pardon by acclamation rather than sentence either Charley Bates or the Dodger to intellectual transportation for life? Would not even America—libelled America—part with many an eminent candidate for the next Presidency rather than lose its Pogram, or its Hominy, or its Jefferson Brick? How long we might go on with such a list of alternatives I dare not even try to calculate, but I am certain that I am speaking well within the mark when I say that there are at least a hundred of Dickens's figures in every reading Englishman's mind, no one of whom would he consent to lose to keep the acquaintance of one-half of the living men whom he would speak to with friendly greeting if he met them in the street.

JOSEPHINE WARD

The EXCAVATIONS at GEZER And the Light they throw upon the Bible *

THE Bible tells us of successive Canaanite, Israelite and Canaanite, Egyptian, Philistine, Syrian and Macabæan occupations of Gezer; while the Tell-el-Amarna correspondence shows us Gizri as a vassal city of Amenophis III. Previous to the era of that correspondence, 1500 B.C., we find from the records of Thothmes III on the columns of Karnak that he had subjugated Gezer.

It was, then, natural to expect that excavation at Gezer would reveal many interesting details of these successive occupations of the city, and we may state at once that no excavation yet carried out has so fully, and in some respects so unexpectedly, realized the hopes of the eager band of scientific explorers to whom we are indebted for so much of our knowledge of the Palestine of the Canaanites and Hebrews. A city like Gezer, coming as it does so constantly into the Biblical narrative, dating from before Biblical times and subsisting long after in the age of the Crusaders, may well serve as an archæological test of the Bible's accuracy, and no one acquainted with the details of the excavations will deny that the Bible comes out of the ordeal, not merely unscathed, but triumphant.

The mound consists of an eastern and western hill and of a central valley. The excavations commenced in June, 1902, on the eastern hill, where four successive strata of ruins were found. On proceeding to the central valley these same four strata recurred, but three more were added, two below the lowest on the eastern hill and one above the topmost previously found. The western hill is to a great extent occupied by a modern Arab cemetery, which pre-

* See DUBLIN REVIEW, Jan. 1905.

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cluded investigation; indeed, during the course of excavation a fever carried off many of the natives, and so lessened the unencumbered area of the hill. Certain trenches were, however, dug outside the cemetery and revealed an eighth stratum of ruins.

The central valley has been the most remunerative sphere of these operations, and we may give here a summary of the principal points of interest which scientific digging, combined with the trained eye and resourceful mind of one educated in the school of Flinders Petrie, have brought to light. Three walls round the city have been traced. The outer one is set with thirty towers, of which twenty-eight have every appearance of being inserted in the wall after its construction. The towers themselves seem to have been repaired by a later hand. The second wall, often running under the outer, was of better workmanship in many respects; and two gates have been disclosed, the north-eastern and south-western. The south-western gate is peculiarly interesting, and its neighbourhood has produced perhaps the most valuable and archæological "finds," at any rate from the point of view of chronology.

The innermost wall consisted of an earthen mound flanked on either side with stone; it may certainly be regarded as the primitive fortification of the city. Though seven principal strata have been laid bare, it has been found convenient to arrange them in four main groups. Beginning at the surface we find in descending order Maccabæan, late Semitic or Jewish Monarchy, early-Semitic (otherwise Amorite or Canaanite), and lastly pre-Semitic, archæological remains.*

The strata are thus arranged on the strength of the antiquities discovered in each. It is here that the skill of the trained archæologist comes in. Every object found is sketched *in situ* and then carefully described. The provenance of every "find" is of the utmost importance, and a great deal may depend upon the exact position in which

* Stratum vii is Maccabæan or Post-Semitic; strata vi and v are late Semitic or late and early Hebrew; strata iv and iii are early Semitic (otherwise Amorite, or Canaanite), and strata ii and i are aboriginal.

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it lay when first exposed. The explorer has to depend upon native workmen, but research work in Palestine during the past thirty years has trained numbers of the Fellaheen to work intelligently and honestly. One of the most important discoveries of all, viz., that of a cuneiform tablet, was due to the foreman of the Arabs. Needless to say that dates are assigned to various strata only upon the concomitant testimony of many minute indications, and it is precisely the remarkable convergence of many lines of argument that makes us feel fairly confident regarding the chronology of the various strata and their contents. It is, of course, inevitable that an occasional "fault" should occur: objects may get displaced, some which date from a remote antiquity may be treasured by later generations as curios and may occur unexpectedly in strata of far more recent epochs; but the explorer is prepared for such freaks, and since his argument is not from a single instance they do not cause him needless perturbation. Thus, to give but one example out of many: the south-west gate in the second or inner wall has underneath it three distinct strata of ruins, two other strata are contemporary with the wall itself, three are superior to the wall. Now in the ruins of a house on this wall, and therefore lying in stratum vi from the rock, a scarab of Amenophis III and his wife Thyi was found, but this carries us back to the date of the earliest Tell-el-Amarna correspondence, circa 1500 B.C. The wall, then, was ruined, as it would seem, in his time. So far this would be an argument from a single instance only, and the scarab might be very much older than the house, for scarabs are practically imperishable; if, however, we follow the same inner wall to the north-east gate we find there the ruins of a house built upon the same ruined second wall, and here was unearthed a scarab of King Khyan, one of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, who carries us back to the date of Joseph. It is clear that neither of these scarabs can definitely date the wall. If, however, we follow up the clue afforded us by the scarabs found amongst the debris, we find that the majority of those discovered in strata iii-v are referred by Mr Macalister to the Hyksos period, and this is endorsed by the prince of Egyptologists,

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Mr Flinders Petrie. But the scarab of the later Amenophis III occurred in the sixth stratum, and this is as it should be. We must repeat, however, that the argument from scarabs has to be used with caution, and it only forms one of the many indications of date for the various deposits; the results attained by the excavators do not stand or fall by it. We have felt that this digression was necessary, for the dates are all important and the methods of ascertaining them are little understood.

In the post-exilic or Maccabæan stratum the most important discovery is that of the castle of Simon the Maccabee, a discovery which dovetails into the story of the first Book of Maccabees in the most remarkable way, as we shall see. No striking vestiges of the period of the Jewish monarchy have been disclosed, and we have learned little of the still enigmatical Philistines, with one exception to be given later. The giants, too, have left no trace; the sons of Rapha, with whom David's "worthies" fought, seem to have vanished.

The interest deepens when we come to stratum v, which is referred to the early Israelite occupation, and to strata iv and iii, which reveal to us more about the early Semites, or, as the Bible terms them, Amorites or Canaanites, than we could ever have hoped for. Strata ii and i afforded, however, the greatest surprise. Troglodytic neolithic man stands unveiled before us with a clearness and detail which no geological discoveries could hope to rival.

To understand these various strata we must work in chronological order of discovery, that is from above downwards. In the central valley three large stones appeared slightly above the surface. Upon digging round these it was discovered that they were the all-but-buried summits of three monoliths, and five more were unearthed. Here was a discovery of exceptional interest. Careful note had been made of the debris removed and of the various strata uncovered, and when the bases of the monoliths were disclosed they were found to date from the third stratum. No iron was found, but bronze relics were abundant. Flint, however, was the predominant material for weapons and domestic instruments; while the pottery was of a type known as pre-Israelite, a type which

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had been abundantly displayed in the earlier excavations at Lachish (Tell-el-Hesi). The scarabs found lying amongst the debris were all to be referred to the twelfth dynasty or Middle Egyptian Empire. It was evident from the nature of the debris that these were vestiges of a race far anterior to the Israelites. The scarabs alone would carry us back to the third millennium before Christ, viz., to somewhere about 2700 to 2400 B.C. Abraham was not yet born! This would seem to compel us to allow another 1,200 years for the earlier accumulations of debris, thus putting back the earliest occupations of the Tell to about 4000 B.C. Nor was this all. An examination of the rock surface revealed a series of caves which had been in great part silted up when the megaliths were erected. On clearing these out it was found that a large slab had been laid on the silt which had accumulated in the larger of these caves, and on this stone lay a large bottom-pointed jar containing the remains of an infant. This jar lay just to the east of the fifth great stone, and similar infant remains were found in the layer of soils spread under the whole temple area, for so we must designate the space surrounding this strange series of pillars. The caves beneath were once occupied by Troglodytes, but of this more in the sequel. What especially concerns us now is the fact that these caves have been adopted by the temple builders as part of the appurtenances of the temple. We have here, then, a series of monoliths, a comparatively large temple area, a series of rock-hewn caves, belonging, indeed, to another occupation, but now forming part of the temple,* and above all we have clear evidence of the custom of sacrificing new-born children, probably as foundation sacrifices.†

* The "inner cave" often played a prominent part in Semitic worship. Thus compare C.I.S. i, 177, a Punic inscription from Carthage, "To the lady Anna, and to the lady, mistress of the inner cave, which HMLR, son of Baál-hanno, made." Possibly the same thing is meant in C.I.S. i, 166, line 3, an inscription also hailing from Carthage.

† Apropos of the infant sacrifices at Gezer it will be of interest to note the similar burials unearthed at Taanach (cf. Jos. xii, 21) by Dr Sellin during the years 1902-3. The town was Amorite, or Canaanite, or early Semitic, whichever term we choose to use, and it thus corresponds with strata iii and iv at Gezer. To the earliest period belongs a rock-hewn

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It is, of course, well known that in Semitic religions standing pillars, and sometimes sacred caves, played a prominent part, but it must be confessed that our knowledge on this subject is as yet but hazy. Never before, however, have such clear evidences been put before us of the part which such stones had in Semitic worship, and a detailed examination of the individual pillars will repay us. They stand in a line, or rather in a gentle curve running from south to north. This fact at once separates them off from such remains as those at Stonehenge, where the circle is the main feature, though it should be noted that at Gezer itself microlithic circles have been uncovered. The pillars stand on a platform of raised stones, and are all different from one another. The maximum height is 10ft 9in., which is that of the fourth stone from the south end; stone no. v only attains a height of 5ft 10in., but 8ft seems to be about the average. No. i, measuring 10ft 2in. and 4ft 7in. by 3ft 6in. in depth and breadth, is roughly squared. The top is deeply grooved, and two socket holes appear, one on each side of the groove on the western end. The next stone, no. ii, is the smallest of all, but may be the most important; it is only 5ft 2in. high and 1ft 2in. by 1ft 9in. in depth and breadth. It ends in a point, and its polished surface looks as if it had been much handled and kissed, thus reminding one of the Kaaba of Mecca. The third resembles the first but is slightly smaller, it has a cup mark on the west face; we shall return later to these cup marks. No. iv has been carefully rounded. No. v has more of the character of a cippus or of a boundary stone such as occur in Assyrian and Babylonian excavations; it measures 5ft 10in. and 1ft 7in. by 2ft 1in. in depth and breadth.

No. vi is 7ft high and 2ft 8in. by 1ft 6in. in depth and breadth; no. vii, 7ft high and 2ft 10in. by 1ft 3in. in depth and breadth. This stone has a curious groove on its western altar, near which several jars containing the remains of newly-born infants were discovered. Only one adult foundation sacrifice was discovered at Gezer, but several appeared at Taanach. The Semitic cult of sacred pillars was as marked at Taanach as at Gezer, though no row of monoliths was found at the former site (Cf. Dr Sellin's report summarized in *Pal. Expl. Report*, Oct. 1904, p. 388).

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surface, and the fact has been established that it alone is not from local quarries; its provenance is unknown,* but this may explain the groove, which was possibly cut to fit the rope used in order to convey it to its destination. We may, perhaps, find a parallel in the statement of King Mesha on the Moabite stone, line 12: "And I took thence the Arel of Dodah, and I dragged it before Chemosh," and so, too, probably in line 18.

The most interesting is no. viii. The others are with few exceptions equidistant from one another, namely between three and seven feet apart, but this last stone stands by itself at a distance of 17ft 11in. from no. vii. Two cup-marks, of which more later, occur on its western face; on either side of it are the stumps of two small pillars: these with a prostrate one found lying to S.E. of no. i bring up the total to eleven.

Was there a twelfth stone? We read in Jos. xxi, 20-21, that Gezer was a Levitical city:

And to the rest of the families of the children of Caath of the race of Levi was given this possession.

Of the tribe of Ephraim, Sichem one of the cities of refuge, with the suburbs thereof in Mount Ephraim and Gezer.

Now after the passage of the Jordan we read in Jos. iv, 8, 9:

The children of Israel therefore did as Josue commanded them, carrying out of the channel of the Jordan twelve stones, as the Lord had commanded him, according to the number of the children of Israel, unto the place wherein they camped, and there they set them.

And Josue put other twelve stones in the midst of the channel of the Jordan, where the priests stood that carried the ark of the covenant: and they are there until this present day.

Is it possible to suppose that we have in Gezer a reminiscence of what was done at Gilgal? The witness of the strata is against any such view, and the monoliths are far too early to accord with the date of Josue, even though we

*The material of the seventh pillar is similar to that from the Jerusalem quarries, and it should be noted that the Tell-el-Amarna Letters indicate a period of hostility between Gezer and Jerusalem.

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were to suppose that the Israelites erected them and they were afterwards debased to idolatrous worship. Moreover, the fact that no. vii is not local stone seems to point to some special honour paid to it. The stones, too, cannot be considered alone, they must be regarded as forming a unit with the cave and the infant sacrifice referred to above.

What then was the object of these strange pillars? We may perhaps get a hint from a curious-looking stone trough which stands immediately in front of stones nos v and vi. Mr Macalister would see in this a socket for the Ashera pole. It is well-known that the word "grove" which so often occurs in the Bible when mention is made of foreign worship is due to the LXX and Vulgate, which render the Hebrew אַשְׁרָה by ἄλσος and "lucus" respectively. But what was this Ashera? It must be confessed that the Biblical references to the prevailing Canaanite idolatry are provokingly vague, and some statements are apparently conflicting. The word אַשְׁרָה occurs with the article הַאֲשֵׁרָה, also in a feminine and masculine plural אֲשֵׁרִים אֲשֵׁרוֹת. The Vulgate and the LXX consistently render all four forms by ἄλσος, or in plural ἄλση, and "lucus" and "luci" respectively. It may be well to bear in mind that the Bible never describes these idolatrous forms of worship, it merely refers to them, and generally only singles out some salient feature in them as expressive of the whole; it is only by combining the various data afforded by the Biblical passages that we can hope to arrive at some idea of the various details. Four items in this worship are mentioned in Deut. vii, 5:

Destroy their altars and break their statues, and cut down their groves (אֲשֵׁרֵיהֶם), and burn their graven things.

A grove of trees is here clearly signified by the "Ashera." The same also appears from the Story of Gideon in Judges vi, 25-26:

That night the Lord said to him, Take a bullock of thy father's, and another bullock of seven years, and thou shalt destroy the altar of Baal, which is thy father's: and cut down the grove that is about the altar:

And thou shalt build an altar to the Lord thy God in the top

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of this rock, whereupon thou didst lay the sacrifice before: and thou shalt take the second bullock, and shalt offer a holocaust upon a pile of the wood, which thou shalt cut down out of the grove.

The Vulgate here alone renders אֲשֵׁרָה by "nemus," which is more precise even than "lucus." The same appears from 4 Kings xviii, 4, and xxiii, 6,7, where we are told of Josias that

He caused the grove to be carried out from the house of the Lord without Jerusalem in the valley of Cedron, and he burnt it there, and reduced it to dust, and cast the dust upon the graves of the common people.

He destroyed also the pavilions of the effeminate, which were in the house of the Lord, for which the women wove as it were little dwellings for the grove.

There can hardly have been a "nemus" or "lucus" in the temple, or even in the temple courts, still less could the women be said to weave little dwellings for a grove of trees! If we now turn to 4 Kings xxi, 7, we can understand the expression פָּסַל הָאֲשֵׁרָה "he made the idol of the grove," and we can see how the term אֲשֵׁרָה was used indifferently of the image and of the grove surrounding it; the previous passage, however, has shown that the grove in this case can only have been a conventional representation. And from this it would follow that the Ashera was really and primarily the goddess or idol and not the surrounding grove. This may help us to clear up an obscure passage in 3 Kings xv, 13; we are told of Asa that

He also removed his mother Maacha, from being the princess in the sacrifices of Priapus, and in the grove which she had consecrated to him: and he destroyed her den, and broke in pieces the filthy idol, and burnt it by the torrent Cedron.

The Douay Version follows the Vulgate, which is obscure, and the LXX is still more so. A literal rendering of the Hebrew would be: "And also his mother Maacha he removed from her queenship because she had made an idol for the Ashera [if we could disregard the points we might render "for Ashera"], and Asa cut down the idol and burnt it in the Kedron valley." It is noteworthy that St Jerome by rendering the passage by "Priapus and the grove which she

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had consecrated to him" evidently regarded it as an obscene representation. Moreover, "Priapus" is a pure insertion on St Jerome's part, or on the part of the original Latin. It is due to the failure to recognize that it was the Ashera or "lucus" itself which was really the goddess. St Jerome evidently felt that an idol could not be set up to a grove, but to the deity of the grove, hence he inserted "Priapus." The above texts, however, show us that the idol was wooden, for Josias burnt it. Is there any connexion between this *wooden* image and the grove of *trees*?* Tree worship was common among the Canaanites, whether this was due to their regarding the tree as a Totem or link between them and the deity, or whether† they looked upon trees as embodying the principle of fertility is not clear, but the references given above seem to lead us to the conclusion that the Canaanites recognized a deity whom they represented by an idol of wood, and in a conventional form suggestive of fertility; the grove of trees, as a further symbol of the deity's chief characteristic, was either real, as in the story of Gideon, or merely conventionalized, and as this grove was, at least in its real state, the most salient feature in the worship of the deity, the name of the latter was transferred to it, so that the term Ashera may represent indifferently either the goddess or her grove. These two ideas, viz., of tree worship and a wooden symbol of a tree and therefore (?) of fertility, are well brought out in Osee iv, 12, 13:

My people have consulted their stocks, and their staff hath declared unto them: for the spirit of fornication hath deceived them, and they have committed fornication against their God.

They offered sacrifice upon the mountains, and burnt incense upon the hills: under the oak, and the poplar, and the turpentine tree, because the shadow thereof was good; therefore shall your

* Cf. W. R. Smith, *The Religion of the Semites*, p. 187.

† It is evident from the words of Arnobius adv. Gentes, i, 39, that the Deity was really held to inhabit the stones: "Whenever I espied an anointed stone and one bedaubed with olive oil, I worshipped it as if some power resided in it, I addressed myself to it and begged blessings from a senseless stock." It is conceivable that he gives us the origin of this cult when he tells us the story of Accestis, who was born of a rock.

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daughters commit fornication, and your spouses shall be adulteresses.

The LXX renders the Hebrew **בַּעַז** by *ἐν συμβόλοις*, and it is clearly implied by the prophet that the people worshipped some wooden staff as a symbol of a deity, and, being a staff or tree-stock, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that it is Ashera worship that is spoken of. Thus, too, compare the early prohibition to the Israelites: "Thou shalt plant no grove nor any tree near the altar of the Lord God."*

It has seemed necessary to examine these texts at some length, because it has been the custom to deny that Ashera was a goddess at all. The truth may be, however, that in reality Ashera was one of the oldest deities of the Semitic race.† Two names occur in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets which show her existence and her cult. Abd-Ashratu and Abd-Ashirta can only mean "servitor or devotee of Ashratu and Ashirta" respectively. Moreover, the ideogram‡ used sometimes in these names is the equivalent for the Babylonian Istar or Astarte, and this perhaps throws some light on the obscurity regarding the goddess in the Bible—she was confounded with Astarte.§ As Hommel has so persistently maintained, the Assyrians may in part have come from Arabia, consequently the occurrence of the deity Ash-ra-tum in Babylonia compels us to look to Arabia for the provenance of Ashera, and Hommel has indicated the existence of a deity "Athirat" among the Minæans. Again, in the course of a comparatively long inscription from Tema in Arabia, we read: "And this is the grant which Salm of Mahram and Shingala and Ashira, the gods of Tema, have given."||

It is possible that we have an instance of this confusion between Ashera and Astarte in the difficult passage occurring in an inscription from Ma'sub, a spot about half-way between Tyre and Acre. The inscription is referred to about

* Deut. xvi, 21.

† Lagrange, *Rel. Sémit.* 122.

‡ Hom. *Anc. Heb. Trad.*, p. 220; and Pinches' *Old Testament and Assyrian Records*, p. 314.

§ Note the very large number of plaques and figures of Astarte found in the debris.

|| Cf. C.I.S. ii, 113, and Cooke, *North Semitic Inscr.* no. 69.

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222 B.C., and informs us that the inhabitants of Hammon near Tyre wished to restore a portico in the temple of Astarte at Ma'sub. The phrase in question runs thus: "The portico . . . which the citizens of Hammon built to Ash-tart in the Asherah לעשתרת באשרת." If the text has been read correctly, it would seem to mean "to Astarte in (her symbol) the Ashera." That the Ashera was the symbol of Astarte cannot be shown,* and if they were different goddesses, as we have seen reason to suppose, it is hard to understand how the symbol of one can have been transferred to the other. It should be noted that the only other place where the name אשרה occurs in the North Semitic or Aramæan inscription is the Arabian inscription referred to above, where the spelling אשירה should be noted.†

We have seen enough, however, to enable us to understand the alignment at Gezer a little better. The Ashera was a pole or rod, a symbol of tree-worship, and associated with lascivious rites. The peculiar socket in front of stones nos v, vi may well have served for the insertion of this sacred pole.

A further examination of the "Ashera" passages, as we may term them, in the Old Testament will throw light on the strange megaliths unearthed. As pointed out already, there is no question of orientation about them, for there seems to be no definite plan beyond that of a slightly curving line of pillars running from north to south. Now in a number of instances where we find mention in the Bible of אשרים in the masculine plural we have joined with it another term, מצבות. Thus, to take one or two passages at random, in Exod. xxxiv, 13, "But destroy their altars, break their statues, and cut down their groves," the word rendered "statues" is מצבות, which the Vulgate as a rule renders "statuæ," and the LXX στήλαι. There is clearly a difference between the two terms. A "stele" need not be carved, whereas a statue demands some representa-

* Pinches, l.c. p. 278, so regards it and cites the Arabic *eshara*—"a sign."

† Lagrange, *Rel. Sémi.* 122; and cp. Deut. vii, 5; xii, 2; Jos. xvii, 2, where we seem to have the *scriptio plena*.

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tion. Moreover, when idols or carved figures are intended, they are expressed generally by the term פסלים meaning "graven" images.

And this fully accords with what we know of the erection of מצבות, matseboth, elsewhere in the Bible. Jacob's "titulus lapideus" and the well-known monument of Absalom were both of them "matseba." It may be well to give both passages in full:

And Jacob arising in the morning, took the stone, which he laid under his head, and set it up for a title, pouring oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of the city Bethel, which before was called Luza.*

Now Absalom had reared up for himself, in his lifetime, a pillar, which is in the king's valley, or he said: I have no son, and this shall be the monument of my name. And he called the pillar by his own name, and it is called the hand of Absalom to this day.†

Many important features are indicated here. Jacob's stone was presumably not a large one, but Absalom's must have been something very conspicuous. Jacob consecrated his stone by pouring oil upon it, and by the name of Bethel which he gave to the scene of his vision he seems to have regarded the stone, which he had anointed, as being in some sort a symbol of the presence of the Deity. When St Augustine derived "monumentum" from "monens mentem," he might have omitted the last word; the whole idea of such stones was admonitory; they stood for a memorial of their erector,‡ just as nowadays, or more often as a reminder of some striking event. The most remarkable instance in the Bible of the erection of such stones or pillars is that of Jachin and Boaz which Solomon reared in the Temple porch. That Solomon in the days of his piety could erect them shows us that such stones were not necessarily idolatrous but were common to the Semitic peoples whether monotheistic or polytheistic.§ They were not the Deity, nor per-

* Gen. xxviii, 18, 19. † 2 Kings xviii, 18. ‡ Exod. xxiv, 4.

§ The custom of placing votive pillars in the temples was very common. Thus in a Phœnician inscription from the Piræus dating 96 B.C.: "In the fifteenth century of the people of Sidon, the community of the Sidonians resolved in assembly to crown Sham'a-ba'al . . . with a golden crown

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haps did they, to the Semitic mind, necessarily enshrine the Deity, but they were reminders of the Presence. They seem indeed to have been regarded as a necessary accompaniment of the altar; thus in Isa. xix, 19, 20:

In that day there shall be an altar of the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a monument of the Lord at the borders thereof. It shall be for a sign, and for a testimony to the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt.

Indeed in Osee iii, 4, such a "pillar" is the equivalent of the altar.

For the children of Israel shall sit many days without king, and without prince, and without sacrifice, and without altar, and without ephod, and without theraphim,

where the word rendered "altar" is *מצבה*, Herodotus and tells us* of the famous pillars of Melkarth at Tyre, Ezechiel seems to refer to them when he says, xxvi, 11:

With the hoofs of his horses he shall tread down all thy streets: thy people he shall kill with the sword, and thy famous statues shall fall to the ground.

And that these "matseboth" could be very large appears from Jeremiah's words about the obelisk at Heliopolis, xxxiv, 13:

And he shall break the statues of the horns of the sun, that are in the land of Egypt, and the temples of the gods of Egypt he shall burn with fire.

Now though the esoteric meaning of these stele might be good even in the eyes of the heathen, there is no doubt that in the eyes of the populace the pillars themselves became the object of veneration, and while the custom of erecting them merely in honour of the deity, whose altar they girt, still persisted, undoubtedly the stones themselves became the object of worship and were carved to represent . . . this intention to be written on a golden stele and set up in the portico of the Temple before men's eyes. . . ." The same custom is revealed to us in Greek inscriptions, thus see in Michel's *Recueil d'Inscriptions Grecques*, no. 977, they were set up, *ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ τοῦ θεοῦ*, or, *πρὸ τοῦ ναοῦ*, no. 982; or, *ἐν τῷ προνάῳ*, no. 546, quoted by Cooke, *North Semitic Inscriptions*, no. 33.

* Herod. ii, 44.

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licentious objects. At least two of the pillars at Gezer seem to have served some such purpose. These may have been the original elements of the temple, perhaps more especially the stone which stands at some distance from the others, though no. ii is the more realistic. We may suppose then that the remaining pillars were gradually added as occasion offered, and were primarily honorific in purport.* The Ashera pole in its socket was presumably the sacred object *par excellence*, or it may have shared this position† with the obscure stones which played an important part in Baal worship; the others were grouped around or in a line as at Gezer. The best indication of this gradual formation of the alignment is derived from the foreign provenance of stone no. vii, and also from the boastful words of Mesha recorded on the Moabite stone and given above.

The curious groove and socket marks on the summit of the first stone have been much discussed, but it has been suggested that these marks may serve as indications that at certain periods the votaries hoisted themselves to the top somewhat in the same way as we read of St Simon Stylites. Mr Macalister cites a passage from Lucian's *De Dea Syria*, in which he describes two similar pillars outside the Temple of Hierapolis, and says that once a year the priest ascended to the summit and remained there seven days.

The infant sacrifices of which such convincing proofs were found in the temple enclosure are of great interest. As a rule they are new-born children, though a few exceptions occur where the victims appear to be about six years old. It is hard not to see a connexion between these immured children and such a passage as Josue vi, 26,

Cursed be the man before the Lord, that shall raise up and build the city of Jericho. In his first-born may he lay the foundation thereof, and in the last of his children set up his gates, with its fulfilment in 3 Kings xvii, 34:

In his days Hiel of Bethel built Jericho; in Abiram his first-born he laid its foundations: and in his youngest son Segub he set

* And thus note how in the LXX version of 2 Chron. xxxiv, 3, פסילים is rendered by περιβόλιον.

† Cf. Lagrange, *Rel. Sémit.* p. 205.

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up the gates thereof: according to the word of the Lord, which he spoke in the hand of Josue the son of Nun.

These children, enclosed in large pointed jars, with food and drink vessels arranged around them, were deposited within the temple area to the east of the line of megaliths; one of them, as related above, seems indeed to have been the inaugural sacrifice. Similar interments were found under the door-sills of houses and that at a comparatively late period, and only one adult was found so buried.

As mentioned above, these infant burials are not confined to Gezer. Dr Sellin has found at Paanach a very early cemetery of jar-buried infants. But as Dr Macalister points out:*

An important difference is to be noticed between the age of the Gezer and Taanach infants. All the Gezerite child-sacrifices were new-born infants, save two (not buried in jars) who had attained the age of five or six. The Taanach children included some (jar-buried) who might be about two years. Two of the Gezer infants had been burnt, as had also the older children; the Taanach examples, however, showed no trace of fire. A very important distinction between the Gezer and the Taanach cemeteries lies in the association of the Gezer jar-burials with the row of monoliths which is absent in the case of Taanach.

Dr Schumacher's "finds" at Megiddo will, however, show how unwise it is to attempt to form any definite conclusions regarding this strange rite. The vessels accompanying the infant-burials at Megiddo are very different from those found under similar circumstances at Lachish or Gezer. They seem to belong to the Israelite period and were found at a very slight depth.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the fact that they belong to the Israelite period will not prove that they are due to Israelite influence. Taanach and Megiddo were not among the earlier sites occupied by the Israelites, while, as already seen, Gezer was so occupied from the beginning of the conquest.

Dr Macalister's concluding words on the sacrifices found at Megiddo † may be given in full:

* *Quarterly Report*, April 1906.

† *Quarterly Report*, January, 1906.

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It is becoming increasingly clear that we must carefully distinguish between two classes of jar-buried infants. The first class are sacrifices, to which we may safely assign those found in the High Place at Gezer (especially those which display marks of fire on the bones) and those found in the corners of houses, when these are fully developed. There is another class of infant burial, however, of which some specimens were found at Gezer, and at least one at Megiddo; I refer to still-born and premature births. I am informed that it is still the custom of the Fellaheen of Egypt to dispose of such by burying them under the floors of houses (quite possibly this is a survival of a traditional immolation of child victims). At Gezer both undeveloped and developed infants were found in house walls and corners, the latter generally with a more elaborate deposit of food-vessels, showing that both the original custom and its probable modification were practised.

Especially interesting in this connexion is the example (at Megiddo) of a foundation sacrifice at the corner of a large tower. This was evidently very similar to the sacrificed woman illustrated in the *Quarterly Report*,* differing chiefly in the age of the victim; at Gezer she was aged and rheumatic, at Megiddo about fifteen years old. These and similar examples show that no age or sex exempted a person from the chance of being chosen as a foundation sacrifice if other circumstances led to his or her selection.

Gezer was one of the early cities occupied by the Israelites, and it was assigned to the Levites.† It has been supposed that this was on account of its famous temple; and though the idea is repugnant at first it would be wrong to say that the idea of such stones as constituent portions of a temple would shock the Hebrew mind. Even after all Moses's exhortations to destroy the matseboth of the Canaanites we yet find that Moses himself

built an altar at the foot of the mount and twelve titles accorded to the twelve tribes of Israel;‡

and we remember Josue's erection of the memorial "matseba" after the crossing of the Jordan. At any rate the

* 1904, p. 17.

† In this connexion it is worth noticing that there was an altar and possibly a temple of Jehovah in Moab at the time of Mesha, who tells us (Moabite stone, line 17-18) how he took from Nebo the "Arels" (?) of Jahveh and dragged them before Chemosh.

‡ Exod. xxiv, 4.

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temple at Gezer must have exercised a seductive influence upon the Hebrews, and we find them living with the Canaanites though apparently retaining, at least for a while, the position of the dominant class.*

The Canaanite temple has been assigned to the third stratum, that is to say there are two below it. These two lowest strata represent the cave-dwelling aborigines whom we may henceforward term Troglodytes. We referred to their caves in our former paper, so will content ourselves with pointing out certain features regarding them. These Troglodyte caves are remarkable for a stairway leading down to them, a feature which is persistent; no metal was found, but flint knives and other implements were fairly abundant. The pottery discovered was rough and gritty, but a coarse red or yellow wash was applied. That they practised cremation was proved by the very early discovery of a cave which showed two clearly-marked strata of occupation. On clearing out the cave the upper surface of the debris yielded a series of interments showing that the cave had been used as a sepulchre by the early Semites, the builders of the temple; but when the layers of silt in which these bodies had been laid was removed, a layer of more or less completely charred remains revealed an extensive crematorium. The remains belonged to a slightly built but muscular people, possessed, as the remaining debris showed, of a civilization considerably anterior to that of the early Semites. Rough emblems of nature-worship were found. These troglodytic caves were most marked on the East Hill and in the Central Valley, and we have already seen that one of them was, after the remains of the aborigines had been silted up, adapted by the temple builders as part of their shrine. These latter had joined two caves together by what appeared to be a secret passage, and Mr Macalister suggests that the larger of the two caves served as an "adytum," and the smaller may have been arranged for the delivery of oracles.

The discovery of the Early Semitic High Place or temple naturally caused great jubilation to the fortunate

* Jos. xvi, 10.

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explorers, but somewhat later they were lucky enough to light upon what may very probably be considered the "High Place" of the Neolithic Troglodytes.

About one hundred and twenty feet south of the alignment of pillars the excavations laid bare the rock surface, which presented a most curious appearance. Three successive strata of ruined dwellings had been already removed when they came to a layer of earth about a foot deep and resting on a rock. This contained many remains, which, from the analogy of those found in the earlier cases, were due to the Troglodytes. One piece of wall, however, seemed to be older than the others, and it alone rested directly on the rock. On laying bare the rock it was found that this piece of wall more or less completely encircled a stepping entrance to a cave. The rock surface all round was very uneven and broken up into projecting ledges, in which were hewn what can only be described as cup-shaped marks. Eighty-three such hollows were counted. They were of varying sizes, some measuring between five and six feet in diameter. The area of rock surface so treated measured ninety feet north and south, by eighty feet east and west. Underneath, a series of three remarkable caves were found. Little was found in them, though one was brick-lined and a store of pig-bones was discovered in it. One of the caves had three entrances, by a stairway, by a narrow creep-passage, which looked as though it was meant to be hidden, and, lastly and most remarkable of all, by a carefully-constructed shoot leading from one of the cup marks on the rock surface above.

The stratification of this portion of the excavation, and the similarity between these caves and the one under the Early Semitic temple area, proved incontestably that this rock-cut series of caves and cup-hollows was much anterior to the alignment of stones, and we cannot refuse to date that temple as early as the first war of Semitic invasion. We have evidence of such an invasion in the story of Chedorlaomer and Amraphel,* and this would carry us back into the third millennium B.C. Yet these Troglodytic people had cut out

* Gen. xiv.

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their "High Place" so long before that period that their caves could be silted up and their crematorium completely hidden by the time the temple-building Semites arrived. To what a hoary antiquity this points! Perhaps people will cease to laugh at the remote dates assigned by Nabonidas, the father of all archæologists, to Naram-sin!

Granting that this rock surface with its caves and cup-hollows is really of the Neolithic age, it is yet by no means easy to determine its meaning. We have the following data to help us. The cups are sometimes arranged in clusters, two or three occasionally overlap one another. That they are connected in some way with the caves is rendered certain by the shoot leading from one of them to the cave beneath; in this same cave were found the pig-bones. We might see in the latter, as Mr Macalister has suggested, a proof that the non-Semitic aborigines sacrificed pigs, and might thus glean a hint as to the origin of the Semitic detestation of that animal,* but it is hard to argue that what one nation delighted in, was necessarily abhorrent to those who displaced them.

Again, only one of the eighty-three cup-marks is connected with the caves. Readers of Conder's *Heth and Moab* and *Syrian Stone Lore* will remember the dolmens and menhirs which he describes as so thickly dotted over Palestine and Moab. They will serve to illustrate both the megaliths and the pitted rock surface. After speaking of the scanty traces of ornamentation to be found on the Syrian and Moabitic dolmens, Conder writes:

A far more important indication is afforded by the existence of certain hollows observed in the table-stones of dolmens. Du Chaillu speaks of these in describing the free-standing dolmen near Fas-morup in Skane, and although he is a firm believer in the fashionable sepulchral theory, he yet considers it probable that sacrifices to the dead were prevalent. There are eight holes shown in his sketch, and he gives their diameter as about two inches. Ferguson describes a somewhat similar feature in the passage at Gavr Innis, where these hollows are sunk in an upright stone: "Not only," he says, "are the three holes joined, but a ledge or trunk is sunk be-

* Cp. Is. lxv, 4, and lxvi, 3, 17.

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low them, which might hold oil or holy water, and must, it appears to me, have been intended for some such purpose." . . . Such hollows are commonly found on the table-stone of Moabite dolmens, and two facts were perfectly clear respecting them: first, that they were artificial, and not natural, and, secondly, that they were intended to hold some liquid. We have seen that stones used to be smeared with blood and anointed with oil in ancient times, and the most natural conclusion seems to be that . . . in these hollows we find evidence of sacrifices or libations of blood shed upon the table stone, or of oil or water * poured on it.†

And later on, in describing a great demi-dolman at Rabbath Ammon, Conder says:

The top-stone measures thirteen feet by eleven feet, and is inclined at a flat slope eastwards. On the west it is supported by a stone six feet high and five feet wide. In the middle of the table is a hollow about two feet across and a few inches deep, and a regular network of channels leads to this from a higher or western end of the table. There are two other large hollows and nine smaller ones in different parts of the stone, several having little channels leading to them. There is also a pair of such hollows on the flat rock, just east of the stone.‡

And again:

On the north bank of the Zerka M'ain . . . on a flat plateau stands a single menhir called Hajr el Mansub, a name identical radically with the Hebrew word rendered "pillar" in the English version of the Bible.§

At a distance of about three quarters of a mile . . . is a large group of menhirs surrounded by dolmens. The summit of the low knoll is occupied by three very conspicuous stones standing erect, the largest being six feet high; . . . there appears to have been a square enclosure defining the limits of this site; . . . the enclosure thus defined would be about a quarter of a mile either way. . . . There must be at least 150 dolmens at this site, and the number of menhirs is even greater. . . . The menhir group is called el Ma-reighât, "the things smeared" (with oil or other thick liquids); but

* That water was often offered to the dead as a last rite appears from many Egyptian monuments and papyri; thus note C.I.S. ii, 141 (the Carpentras stele): "Blessed be Taba, daughter of Tahapi, devoted worshipper of Osiris . . . before Osiris be thou blessed! From before Osiris take thou water!" Cf. Cooke, *North Semitic Inscriptions*, no. 75 (1).

† *Heth and Moab*, pp. 235-6. ‡ l.c. p. 252. § l.c. 260.

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no tradition was collected as to the original meaning of the monuments.*

The close connexion between these Moabite menhirs and the megaliths of Gezer is, of course, evident, but the fortunate accident of burial under debris has preserved to us more traces of the other constituents of the temple at Gezer. The cup-hollows on the dolmens also find a parallel in similar hollows cut on the vertical faces of two of the Gezer stones. These hollows are hard to explain in such a position; may it be that the stones were hewn from a rocky surface already so marked by the aborigines who made the rock-cut "High Place"? or are we to see in these vertical and therefore seemingly useless cups a proof that these stones were once the table-stones of dolmen? The suggestion was made to Mr Macalister that the rites of these two "High Places" were mutually exclusive. This may be the case with regard to the pig-bones, but the fact that the cups and the stones are found combined in Moab should make us chary of deciding to accept such a view.

We mentioned at the outset the discovery of the palace of Simon the Maccabee. If any lingering doubts remain as to the validity of the various arguments by which the previous discoveries have been tabulated and explained, we feel that the really marvellous verification of the hypotheses put forward by the explorers in their undoubted discovery of this palace will establish the general accuracy of the principles which have guided them all along.

In 1 Macc. xiii, 43-48, we are told of Simon's successful siege of Gaza:

In those days Simon besieged Gaza and camped round about it, and he made engines, and set them to the city, and he struck one tower, and took it.

And they that were within the engine leapt into the city: and there was a great uproar in the city.

And they that were in the city went up with their wives and children upon the wall with their garments rent, and they cried with a loud voice, beseeching Simon to grant them peace.

And they said, Deal not with us according to our evil deeds, but according to thy mercy.

* l.c. 262.

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And Simon being moved, did not destroy them; but yet he cast them out of the city, and cleansed the houses wherein there had been idols, and then he entered it with hymns, blessing the Lord.

And having cast out of it all uncleanness, he placed in it men that should observe the law; and he fortified it, and made it his habitation.

We have no other hint that the Maccabees ever went so far south as Gaza, and the immediate references to the fortifications of Gazara make us feel inclined to read in the above passage "Gezer" instead of "Gaza." Josephus, Ant. XIII, 6-7, expressly mentions the fact that Simon took Gazara, but makes no mention of Gaza. We may take it then that Gazara is the town in question. That the city walls must have suffered severely in the siege is evident from the above account in the Book of Maccabees. Now Mr Macalister* had, after very careful examination of the outer wall, come to the conclusion that it showed signs of repairs which might be assigned to two periods—viz. to Solomon† and perhaps to Bacchides, Demetrius' general, 1 Macc. ix, 52. Putting together the data afforded by 1 Macc. xiii, 43, 48, 54, xiv, 7, 34, it was easy to anticipate that some such breach in the wall and also a palace occupied by the Maccabees might be found. In the *Quarterly Report* for October, 1904, Mr Macalister wrote: "The tracing of the city walls on the south side was for a time continued; the gang of labourers engaged in this task discovered a fragment of masonry which at present I am inclined to regard as the foundation of the missing Crusaders' castle at Mont Gisart. I have not yet been able to expose it sufficiently for thorough study." In the Report for January, 1905, he writes: "A few days' digging showed that the building was not a castle and could not be assigned to the Crusaders; and a few more assured me that I had to do with a magnificent structure, no doubt the main entrance to the city in the Maccabæan period, and possibly, in addition, something yet more interesting." In the next Report, April, 1905, we find that the excavations have yielded a paved causeway ascending and entering the city

* *Pal. Expl. Rep.* April, 1903, p. 115. † 3 Kings ix, 16.

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at a level very slightly under the present surface of the ground; a long wall neither broad enough nor sufficiently deeply founded to be a city wall; and lastly a gateway in this wall with an elaborate system of drainage under it. It was evident that there could not be two city gates in such immediate proximity; the former gate led out of the city and must therefore belong to some high official. The date of the debris was clearly Maccabæan, as proved by the antiquities found; why then should not the gate be assigned to Simon the Maccabæan in accordance with the testimony of 1 Macc. xiii? The fact that the wall was extensively breached and that the city gateway had been built into the breach lent additional support to this theory. On excavating further, a small block of limestone of the kind characteristic of Maccabæan buildings was unearthed; it bore a Greek inscription which was submitted to P. Germer Durand of the Assumptionists and to P. Lagrange of the Dominicans. It was exceedingly difficult to decipher, but, all variants considered, it may be read as follows: Πάμπρα(ς) Σιμῶνος κατεπάγη(?) π(ῦρ?) βασιλείου, which may be rendered: "Pampras, may he bring down fire upon the Palace of Simon." Whatever doubts may be felt about some of the letters, the two words which are most important for us are clear, viz., "the Palace of Simon." It would carry us beyond our limits to attempt to give here any account of this palace; suffice it to say that the portion already exposed in April, 1905, measured 256 by 176 feet and that a large series of baths was discovered.

We have said that the Bible narrative not only emerges unscathed from the searching test which these excavations supply, but that it is absolutely triumphant. First of all from the historical standpoint: Canaanites, Egyptians, Hebrews both early and late, Egyptians, Maccabees and Syrians are mentioned by the Bible apropos of Gezer, and the excavations have revealed most substantial traces of all these in the order given, and we have learnt far more about the various occupations of the site than we could have gleaned from the Bible's scanty but accurate hints. But it is more interesting to note how it is from the standpoint

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of its religious teaching that the Bible stands vindicated by the discoveries at this Canaanite Tell.

We must always bear in mind the racial affinities of these Canaanites with the Hebrews and their consequent similar tendencies in religious matters. The chosen race was to be fashioned out of a people in whom were engrained low conceptions of the Deity, ideas which resulted in debased and revolting practices. This was due not merely to their long sojourn in Egypt but also to their parentage.* All the religious practices of the Amorites were, if we may say so, natural to the Hebrews; this is especially evident in their pillar-worship. But the discipline of the Exodus, starting with the Sinaitic revelation and finally sanctioned by its reiteration in the plains of Moab, had taught them a higher creed. They were to go into the land of Canaan, and, having a natural sympathy with the rites of its inhabitants, they were to hold aloof from them and, where possible, to destroy them. The Biblical narrative shows, indeed, a deplorable amount of failure in this respect, but we know how, even at the cost of a second exile, the Hebrews and the chosen land were ultimately purified. It had remained for the excavations at Gezer to bear witness to one point in which the Hebrews loyally carried out the law given to them. We have seen the extent to which infant sacrifices † were performed at Gezer, Lachish and Taanach. These sacrifices are practically confined to strata iii and iv, or the pre-Israelite period, though Mr Macalister found under the door-sill of houses of a later period remains of similar foundation-sacrifices of children. It would be wrong to hastily attribute these to the Hebrews on the ground that they occur during the period of their occupation of the town, for Jos. xvi, 10, tells us how Canaanite and Hebrew lived side by side at Gezer after Joshua's conquest of the land. What is of importance to notice, however, is that in the first stratum associated with the Hebrews, viz., stratum v, a peculiar form of foundation-sacrifice appears. This has

* Cf. Ezech. xvi, 3, 45.

† For the meaning of these Foundation sacrifices cf. W. R. Smith, *The Religion of the Semites*, p. 159, note.

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been termed provisionally "the lamp and bowl deposit," and is of peculiar interest. To understand the full meaning of these deposits we have to go to another Canaanite city. When Professor Petrie was excavating Tell-el-Hesi, the site of Lachish, he examined what he took to be a cemetery outside the town. He says:

• It does not appear to have been for human remains; no bones that were found appeared human; and only a little wire circlet that might have been a child's bracelet would lead us to think of human burial. Among the fragments of bones found was a part of the lower jaw of an ass, according to Professors Boyd and Hawkins. These bones were found in jars which were filled with sand; the filling sand was often white, and distinct from the light brown sand of the hill. The jars were generally large and often contained smaller vessels. Usually there was a bowl inverted on the top of the jar as a cover. The jars were upright in the ground. . . . I have named the place a cemetery, because bones are found there; but it may as likely have been a place of religious sacrifice and offering.*

When Mr Macalister was engaged at Gezer, he heard of the discovery of infants buried in jars at Taanach, and consequently was on the look-out for similar traces at Gezer. Now the jars he found were the counterpart of those found by Petrie at Lachish.† The jar full of fine sand with the covering bowl forms the peculiar feature, and it is not improbable that, had Petrie expected infant remains, he might have found them, as they would escape observation unless looked for purposely. Moreover, at Tell-el-Hesi curious deposits of lamps with bowls inverted over them and filled with fine sand were discovered in the fourth city, which, as occurring above the date-line furnished by the deep bed of ashes‡ in that Tell, has been referred to the Jewish period. Exactly similar lamps and bowls were discovered at Gezer in the early Israelite period, but no connexion between them and the infant sacrifices was dreamed of, until Mr Macalister

* *Tell el Hesi*, p. 32.

† Compare Plate vii, no. 124, in Petrie's *Tell el Hesi*, also the jars figured on p. 40 of the same work, with that given in the *Pal. Explor. Report* for Oct. 1903, pl. iv.

‡ Cf. Petrie, *Tell el Hesi*, p. 34; *Pal. Explor. Rep.* Jan. 1903, p. 10; and Bliss, *A Mound of Many Cities*, p. 64, 66.

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came across a most remarkable foundation deposit at Gezer. in which the two main features of either, viz., the lamp and bowl and the jar, were combined. He has given us an account (*Report*, October, 1903) of this deposit. It was found under a house-wall in the early Canaanite period, and consisted of the following elements: a jar of the familiar type lying on its side and containing remains of two infants; two shallow bowls were immediately above the jar, and inside one of them two saucers, one inside the other. Behind the jar and bowl stood two jars, and between one of these standing jars and the large jar containing the infants came two lamps, one inside the other. Nothing but a photograph can convey a fair impression of this remarkable "find," the details of which show that it is the result of no accident, but a carefully arranged deposit with some symbolical purport. The importance of this curious collection lies in this, that, taken in conjunction with another fact, it serves to bridge over the gulf between the jar of buried infants and the mysterious lamp and bowl deposits. That other fact is the significant one that while from the time of the Israelite occupation the infant burials became gradually extinct, the lamp and bowl deposits became prevalent, and only cease to appear in the seventh stratum, viz., in the Seleucidan period. Mr Macalister suggests that we are thus enabled to trace the evolution of the foundation rite as follows:

1. A sacrifice in which an infant was built into the wall, probably (if analogy with the customs of other countries and races be reliable) alive.
2. The previous slaughter of the victim and the deposition of the body in a jar, as in the temple of sacrifices.
3. Addition of other vessels of pottery to the jar containing the body, possibly containing food for the victim.
4. Addition of a permanent symbolization of the act of sacrifice, consisting of a lamp, typical of fire, and a bowl or bowls containing blood or some substitute for it.
5. Omission of the human victim and retention of the symbols.*

If this view be accepted, we can claim for the Israelite

* *Pal. Explor. Rep.* Oct. 1903, pp. 308-9.

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domination that, whatever their failures may have been, they yet eliminated this cruel sacrifice from the cities they occupied. We all know the horror with which these sacrifices are spoken of in the Bible, and when they were perpetrated by Israelites they marked the lowest depths of their degradation.*

We may cite here the remarkable words of Robertson Smith, written, of course, long before these discoveries were made. It will be seen that the buried infants of Gezer fit in very aptly with his views, and thus throw light on the vexed question of the consecrated first-born children:

The consecration of first-born male children (Exodus xiii, 13; xxii, 28; xxxiv, 20) has always created a difficulty. The legal usage was always to redeem the human firstlings, and in Numbers iii this redemption is further connected in a very complicated way with the consecration of the tribe of Levi. It appears, however, that in the period immediately before the exile, when sacrifices of children became common, these grisly offerings were supposed to fall under the law of firstlings (Jeremias vii, 31, xix, 4-5; Ezechiel xx, 26). To conclude from this that at one time the Hebrews actually sacrificed all their first-born sons is absurd; but, on the other hand, there must have been some point of attachment in ancient custom for the belief that the deity asked for such a sacrifice. In point of fact, even in old times, when exceptional circumstances called for a human victim, it was a child, and by preference a first-born or only child, that was selected by the people in and around Palestine. This is commonly explained as the most costly sacrifice a man can make; but it is rather to be regarded as the choice for a special purpose of the most sacred kind of victim.†

The same writer also tells us that "In old Arabia little girls were often buried alive by their fathers, apparently as sacrifices to the goddesses."‡

Robertson Smith would be obliged, however, to change the view which he more than once insists on, namely, that "among the Semitic peoples human sacrifices were performed always outside the town."§

HUGH POPE, O.P.

POSTSCRIPT.—The writer has only just come across Dr Emil Reich's paper in *The Contemporary Review* for January.

* Cf. 4 Kings iii, 27; xvi, 3. † *Religion of the Semites*, note E, p. 464.

‡ Ibid. p. 370, note. § Ibid. pp. 372, 376.

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In view of the wonderful results of the excavation at Gezer, Dr Reich's appeal for funds in order to excavate Ed-daharije, the probable site of Kiriath-Sepher, ought to meet with a ready response. Kiriath-Sepher was known not only to the Hebrews but also to the Egyptians as "Book Town," or, as it may perhaps be rendered, "Town of the Scribe." One cuneiform tablet containing the originals of the Pentateuch would be worth all the cuneiform tablets which have yet been discovered.

MARTHA AND MARY

I

THE daughters of Mary are poor in spirit, meek, and lowly of heart,
And never ask, as they kneel and pray, who hath chosen the better part.
They worship Martha with following eyes, and, all that she doth, admire,
As they sit by the hearth with folded hands, while she layeth the household fire.

II

They watch her spreading the clean green rushes all over the well-swept floor,
Then apart they kneel at the foot of the Cross, to bow their heads and adore:
Forget the fire, forget the fuel, and leave the doors unbarred,
But remember to feed the fluttering doves, and the faithful hound in the yard.

III

They watch for the sunrise, they gaze at the sunset, they cherish the twilight hours;
Their presence seems wandering music there, and to perfume the dusk with flowers.
The night is to them a solemn time, as they lie on their pallets and weep,
While the sons of Martha, worn-out with work, are pillowed on rest and sleep.

IV

They would fain help Martha, and share her toil, when she dusts the dresser and shelf,
But they know that she loves to do the work that is hardest and roughest herself;
So should any knock at the door, and bring glad tidings of peace he hath heard,
They bid him enter, they sit at his feet, and they hearken to his word.

Martha and Mary

V

Who, who shall say—neither you nor I—which the dear
Lord loves best,
Martha who feeds, or Mary that sits and sighs with the
Heavenly guest?
Or who can tell—neither you nor I—which hath chosen
the better part,
Martha that serves the Lord with her hands, or Mary that
serves with her heart?

VI

Blessèd be both! They are sisters twain! twin at their sa-
cred birth,
One with her gaze fixed high in Heaven, and one on the
needful earth.
But while one dreams, and loves, and prays, and one spreads
the welcoming board,
Each shall sing the new song before the Throne, both are
handmaids of the Lord.

A CATHOLIC POET

Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Elkin Mathews. 1895.

Ireland: with Other Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Elkin Mathews. 1897.

IT is going on for five years now since Lionel Johnson died; and for one reason or another the Memoirs of him which we had been led to expect, the volume or volumes of his selected critical essays, the selection from his poems, have never been made. I myself desired to undertake one or all of these works of piety, and more than one London firm was anxious to be their publisher; but for some reason permission was withheld by his family. The permission was given to another friend of Lionel Johnson's, but so far it has never been acted upon. The two volumes of his poems are out of print. Altogether it seems as if, so early, Time had begun to strew his dust on a memory distinguished, rare, beautiful, as though Lionel Johnson's name, except for the generation that knew him, was to be writ in water.

His personality was peculiarly interesting and winning. Small as a child, the little sensitive face, given to nervous twitchings, had superimposed upon it a magnificent brow. He looked extraordinarily wise, like a child-saint, perhaps, and a child-martyr, whose wisdom is not altogether of this world. He had a gliding step and a mouse-like way of coming into a room. Before we knew him, we were warned that he was oddly, embarrassingly silent; that he could spend an evening with you and never open his lips. That was a characteristic I never discovered in him; in fact, I found him a voluminous talker. One can see him now, stealing into the room, his hands clasping and unclasping each other, his head on one side; can hear the little "A...h!" with which he greeted the friends he was very glad to see.

I have watched him sometimes when he was silent perforce. He was one of those who could suffer fools gladly. The fine little mouth would wear a look half of amusement, half of lofty derision, if one could associate derision with his

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enormous charity, for I think I never heard him say a word that was not generous. In fact he was over-generous, and one was sometimes disappointed with his friends when one met them after his panegyrics. But he was so concerned with the things of the spirit and the intellect that he could not help that look of sitting apart, in lofty and lonely places, beyond the trivial things and the trivial people of life.

His was essentially the scholar's and the poet's temperament; but he was strongly human as well. He had a delightful sense of humour. He had a great affection for children and animals and a delightful appreciation of their ways. Beyond the tragedy and grief of his death one has memories of him that bring a smile. There was a dog, "Paudeen," a half-bred Irish terrier, the quaintest, wisest, most loving of creatures. Lionel was devoted to Paudeen. Sometimes we came in to find him waiting, sitting with Paudeen in a perfectly happy communion. One could not help imagining something in common between them. When we went out of town for a few days, Lionel came quite seriously and solemnly to see Paudeen. It was a half-serious jest with him to beg us to give him Paudeen; and I can see him now with the little grey-faced dog in his arms, the quaintest, sweetest little couple imaginable.

Another memory of Lionel is of his sitting watching with a face of exquisite quiet humour the frantic efforts of a pair of alarmed parents to check the screaming of their first-born, ætat. five months, in the nurse's absence. The young person only consented to be soothed when the father's terror turned to anger and he used opprobrious terms. A blue, considering eye was turned upon him, the baby who had been sung to and danced and walked up and down all to no purpose, realizing when it came to shaking and bad language that it was time to change tactics. "Ah!" said Lionel, rubbing his hands softly together, "he did not renounce the devil altogether at his baptism."

When I knew him first, his two volumes of poems were yet to come. So also was his *Art of Thomas Hardy*, surely a stupendous and exhaustive piece of criticism. One knew

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his poems in the two volumes collected by the Rhymers' Club, and his criticisms in *The Speaker*, *The Anti-Jacobin* (during its too brief revival by Mr Frederick Greenwood), *The Outlook*, *The Academy*, *The Daily Chronicle* and elsewhere. We used to hail him in those days as the heaven-born critic who should make criticism one of the arts, as it has been in France, as it rarely is in England. He always wrote beautifully, in a clear, lambent, cultivated style, with perfect knowledge, with perfect sympathy, with the generosity which the critic, of all men, most needs when he has first the critical faculty. His intellect and his knowledge in a sense overdominated his poetry. It smacks so much of scholarship at times as to be over-deliberate, over-informed. Except at its very best it lacks the passion, the impulse, the rush of inspired poetry. I recall only one poem which has throughout the white light of poetry, the movement and the energy. That is the poem, *To Morfydd*, in which for once Lionel Johnson stood side by side with the Celtic poets he admired so passionately. It haunts one's memory with a sense of whiteness and brightness long after one has read it.

To Morfydd

A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

Cold, cold grow the winds,
And wild grow the waters,
Where the sun dies:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

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And down the night winds,
And down the night waters,
The music flies:

Oh! what are the winds?

And what are the waters?

Cold be the winds,

And wild be the waters,

So mine be your eyes!

When I first knew Lionel Johnson, he was about twenty-four, but he knew so many things concerning the art and literature of all the ages that one had a feeling he must have lived before to have learned so much. He was so steeped in the great poetry and literature of the world that his own poetry had a strange air of maturity irreconcilable with his years. It was almost too serious, too stately for the work of a very young man. There was something of the enchantment of the ages about it, something of the golden light which for the imaginative hangs over his own Oxford, his own Winchester. Full of singular felicities, ripe, polished, weighty with thought, one had to know this sage of the early 'twenties to realize how a youth could produce such work. An occasional critic was not kind to Lionel Johnson. One could imagine how some people not knowing him might be repelled by the almost unnatural air of wisdom, as of all the ages, which was in his work as in himself. It might have been said of him that he *built* the lofty rhyme. It was built steadily, perfectly: the one thing it nearly always lacked was unpremeditation. But how lofty the rhyme he built one realizes afresh looking over the first of the slender grey volumes which bore his name. There is a magnificent stateliness in *Sancta Silvarum*:

Deep music of the ancient forest!
Through glades and coverts with thy magic winding;
And in the silence of our hushed hearts finding
Tremulous echoes of thy murmur,
Unshapen thoughts thronging and throbbing:
O music of the mystery, that embraces
All forest depths, and footless far-off places!
Thou art the most high voice of nature,
Thou art the voice of unseen singers,

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Vanishing ever deeper through the clinging
Thickets, and under druid branches winging
A flight, that draws our eyes to follow:
Yet, following, find they only forest;
But lonely forest, stately melancholy,
A consecrated stillness, old and holy;
Commanding us to hail with homage
Powers, that we see not, hid in beauty:
A majesty immeasurable; a glorious
Conclave of angels: wherewithal victorious,
The Lord of venerable forests,
Murmuring sanctuaries and cloisters,
Proclaims his kingdom over our emotion:
Even as his brother Lord of the old ocean
Thunders tremendous laws, in tempest
Embattled between winds and waters.
O mighty friendship of imperial forces!
O servants of one Will! Stars in their courses,
Flowers in their fragrance, in their music
Winged words, and lightnings in their fierceness!
These are the world's magnalities and splendours:
At touch of these, the adoring spirit renders
Glory, and praise, and passionate silence.

One of his great delights at this time used to be long solitary walks in open country, over moors and hills, when even his dearest friend was not invited to accompany him. Through those walks he knew much of the beauty of England and was informed by its spirit. He was Irish, he was Welsh, he was Cornish. The three strains of Celtic blood met in his veins. But everything that jarred and was acrimonious seemed far from him : his company was holy ground—though he was proud to be a Celt and devoted to Cornwall, Wales and Ireland, he loved the land that bore him, and was sensitive to her rich, abundant beauty. The England of Winchester and Oxford—those two loves of his—could he do anything but praise her? The ordered beauty of the English landscape as one finds it in Surrey and Hampshire, in Warwickshire and Devon, delighted his own rich and ordered mind. One can see him stepping Westward, the sun in his face, as one reads a poem such as *In England*, dedicated to Charles Furse, another of the bright company of

The lads who have died in their glory and never grown old.

A Catholic Poet

Bright Hellas lies far hence,
Far the Sicilian sea:
But England's excellence
Is fair enough for me.

I love and understand
One joy: with staff and scrip
To walk a wild west land,
The winds my fellowship.

For all the winds will blow,
Across a lonely face,
Rough wisdom, good to know:
An high and heartening grace.

Wind! on the open down!
Riding the wind, the moon;
From town to country town,
I go from noon to noon.

Cities of ancient spires,
Glorious against high noon!
August at sunset fires;
Austere beneath the moon.

Old, rain-washed, red-roofed streets,
Fresh with the soft south-west:
Where dreaming memory meets
Brave men long since at rest.

Evening, from out the green
Wet boughs of clustered lime,
Pours fragrance rich and keen,
Balming the stilly time.

Old ramparts, grey and stern;
But comely clothed upon
With wealth of moss and fern,
And scarlet snapdragon.

Harbours of swaying masts,
Beneath the vesper star:
Each high-swung lantern casts
A quivering ray afar.

My step fills, as I go,
Shy rabbits with quick fears:
I see the sunlight glow
Red through their startled ears.

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Mild, red-brown April woods,
When spring is in the air:
And a soft spirit broods
In patience everywhere.

Primroses fill the fields,
And birds' light matin cries:
The lingering darkness yields,
Before the sun's uprise.

Deep meadows, white with dew,
Where faeries well may dance;
Or the quaint fawnskin crew
Play in a red moon's glance.

Quivering poplar trees,
Silvered upon the wind:
In watermeads and leas
With silver streams entwined.

Waters in alder shade,
Where green lights break and gleam
Betwixt my fingers, laid
Upon the rippling stream.

In merry prime of June,
Birds sun themselves and sing:
Mine heart beats to the tune;
The world is on the wing.

The sun, golden and strong,
Leaps: and in flying choirs
The birds make morning song,
Across the morning fires.

Old gardens, where long hours
But find me happier,
Beside the misty flowers
Of purple lavender.

Heaped with a sweet hayload,
Curved, yellow waggons pass
Slow down the high-hedged road;
I watch them from the grass.

A pleasant village noise
Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
Before the first leaves fall.

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Red wreckage of the rose,
Over a gusty lawn:
While in the orchard close
Fruits redden to their dawn.

September's wintering air,
When fruits and flowers have fled
From mountain valleys bare,
Save rowan berries red.

These joys, and such as these,
Are England's and are mine;
Within the English seas,
My days have been divine.

He used to step out on these rambles of his cheerfully. For all his childish stature and fragility of look he had far more strength than one could have believed possible, as a much more strongly-built man realized when he insisted at last on relieving Lionel of a portmanteau he had carried to all appearance lightly enough. He always carried a portmanteau-like bag when he came for a few days' visit. But he had few wants—he was not such a little image of austerity for nothing—and I remember one Christmas-time when we discovered that the bag contained little else but a change of clothes, a toothbrush and a rosary-beads like a cable. Lionel belonged to the old faith. He had chosen it while yet a boy at Winchester. I remember a story he used to tell of how, still a Wykehamist, he went off to the old priest who conducted the Catholic mission in the town, and asked to be received into the Church. "You are a Winchester scholar?" asked the benign old man. "Yes, Father." "Well, you are doing wrong; you are out of bounds. Go away, and think of it for a year, and then come back."

His religion was something he delighted in with a fresh delight and wonder. He never tired of its rubrics, its ritual, its ceremonies and all that appertained to them. He brought a fresh delight to the consideration of all things essential and unessential connected with the religion of his choice. His joy in the observances of religion put the colder-hearted born Catholic to shame. For some years he used to spend his Christmas with us; and the thought of the rosary-beads

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recalls to me one Christmas Eve night when we went to midnight Mass. It had been beautiful, frosty weather and we had looked forward to walking across the fields by moonlight. But it came on to rain heavily, and so we drove to the church. The bad weather meant a very small attendance at the Mass. Indeed, I remember the church as a wilderness of empty benches, but, for all that, a portly and offended lady whose seat we had entered by accident came and stood over us, silent but frowning so portentously that we got up and scurried away. Not so Lionel, who was so absorbed in his rosary that he did not see the indignant lady nor even notice our vacation of the seat. For some seconds the lady towered above Lionel, who with his head in his hands was saying the rosary, the great beads dropping noisily through his fingers. At last the lady, despairing of moving him, took her place in a seat where there would have been room for six Lionels as well as for her own majestic presence.

When we left the church at about 1-30 a.m., the rain was over and it had begun to freeze. I remember the walk home along the wet half-frozen high road, with its strange silence and loneliness, where the moon eclipsed the electric lights or did her best to. We had supper when we got home, but Lionel and one of us fell to discussing Plato, and it was six o'clock on Christmas morning when those two went to bed.

It was about that time, that being ill and in trouble, I found myself unable to execute an article commissioned by an American Magazine, on the younger English poets of those days; or at least I was unable to execute it to my liking. "Help me," I said to Lionel; "my mind is a blank." A few days later there reached me in his cramped writing, exquisitely fine and careful, certain suggestions on my subject which have a curious interest to-day. His generous admirations, which gave him that great quality for a critic, the capacity of finding out a man's best and going straight for it, are in these notes and suggestions. One or two names would drop out if one were to deal with the younger poets of to-day, but there would be curiously little to add. These notes were written nearly twelve years ago.

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WATSON

An almost unfailing dignity of *external* manner; and always an *attempt* at an *internal* gravity and greatness, which sometimes succeeds, but most often when he is reflecting and commenting, not imagining. An understudy, as actors say, of the great men, Arnold, Wordsworth, etc., capable of deceiving you for a time by his airs of being the true master instead of a very serious and accomplished substitute. At his best he impresses by his frequent stateliness and purity of phrase, his freedom from positively bad work, and his sincere *desire* to be lofty and impassioned and fine. He will tell you, in felicitous phrases and with a grand air, that Duty is difficult and divine: and the poem will be just an honest and thoughtful moral essay aptly versified. Read Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, and Watson vanishes. He has *worked* at *poetry*, and has made himself a sonorous *orator*, a fine declaimer, a dexterous manager of words. He respects himself and the English language.

DAVIDSON

Powerful is the word: fervour, ardour, energy, rapid imagination and passion, sometimes heated and turbulent—a dash of Watson's sobriety would improve him. Intensely interested in *life* and its questions: a Scotch metaphysician turned into a romantic and realistic poet, without losing his *curiosity* about things. Versatile, experimentalist, prolific: writes ballads, which are psychological problems dramatically conceived and put, with wonderful beauty of language at moments, but with a certain lack of delicacy—the poems rush and dash at you, overpower and invigorate you, rather than charm and enchant you. A restless poet—a true countryman of Burns and Carlyle, who has read the Elizabethans, and Keats and Browning. Earthy in a good sense; loves facts and Darwin: dreams and wonders and imagines, but always with a kind of robust consciousness. His beauty and his strength not in perfect accord. Take a poem of Watson; no amount of alteration would improve its decent and decorous mediocrity: Davidson's work often requires a last refining touch to transfigure it into a very wonderful thing. Hardest to estimate of all the younger poets: has tried so many ways and done so much. Has put genuine passion into his poetry, not an "artistic" pose: full-blooded, generous, active: very human. Has not quite "found himself" in literature or in life.

LE GALLIENNE

Prettiness; not beauty, which implies more imaginative thought and faith, than he possesses. Sensitive by temperament, and feels

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the *sentiment* of beautiful things in art and life, not their *truth*. A persistent note of—not vulgarity, nor bad taste—but of unconscious familiarity in a bad sense. He belittles things by his touch. When his subject is in itself trivial he can be charming: when it is high he does not rise to it. He prattles, chatters, which he thinks natural and simple: in dread of the “academic” he becomes impertinent. A real love of poetry, utterly undisciplined and unintelligent: he is never to be trusted. Has enough culture not to be a “self-taught” genius: and not enough to desire the discipline, the labour, the pains of art. Now and then is happily inspired, and is never quite contemptible: but usually very irritating. Conceivable, that he might write an *Endymion*: impossible, that he should ever write *Hyperion* or the *Odes*. Is too much the “professional” poet, thinking of Chatterton and Keats and Shelley. Should take a long course of Arnold and Dr Johnson. Contrives to get a certain curious *personality* into his work, which either fascinates or exasperates.

SYMONS

A singular power of technique, and a certain imaginativeness of conception, mostly wasted upon insincere obscenities. Baudelaire and Verlaine generally ring true, and their horrors and squalors and miseries and audacities have the value and virtue of touching the reader to something of compassion or meditation. Symons no more does that than a teapot. “This girl met me in the Haymarket, with a straw hat and a brown paper parcel, and the rest was a delirious delight: that girl I met outside a music hall, we had champagne, and the rest was an ecstasy of shame.” That is Symons. And this sort of thing in cadences of remarkable cleverness and delicacy! He can be pleasant and cleanly when he chooses: has written things of power and things of charm. But is a slave to impressionism, whether the impression be precious or no. A London fog, the blurred, tawny lamplights, the red omnibus, the dreary rain, the depressing mud, the glaring gin-shop, the slatternly shivering women: three dexterous stanzas, telling you that and nothing more. And in nearly every poem, one line or phrase of absolutely pure and fine imagination. If he would wash and be clean, he might be of the elect.

THOMPSON

Magnificently faulty at times, magnificently perfect at others. The ardours of poetry, taking you triumphantly by storm: a surging sea of verse, rising and falling and irresistibly advancing.

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Drunk with his inspiration, sometimes helplessly so: more often, he is merely fired and quickened, and remains master of himself. Has done more to harm the English language than the worst American newspapers: corruptio optimi pessima. Has the opulent, prodigal manner of the seventeenth century; a profusion of great imagery, sometimes excessive and false: and another opulence and profusion, that of Shelley in his lyric choruses. Beneath the outward manner, a passionate reality of thought: profound, pathetic, full of faith without fear. "Words that, if you pricked them, would bleed," as was said of Meredith. Incapable of prettiness and pettiness: for good and bad, always vehement and burning and—to use a despised word—sublime. *Sublime*, rather than *noble*! too fevered to be austere: a note of ardent suffering, not of endurance.

MICHAEL FIELD

Alone of the younger poets aims at tragedy above all other forms of poetry: the lyrics and sonnets are well enough, but the play is the thing. An imaginative grasp of historic tragedy, the clash of high passions and forces, the sense of destiny at work. Vigorous language, sometimes over-Elizabethan, but never flat and tame. The earlier work the best: is becoming too subtle and eccentric, less broad and strong. Not afraid of attempting great work: no mincing delicacy, in the prevailing fashion. The plays are *dramatic*, moving, urgent: some scenes of extraordinary force, others of extraordinary grace. In a way, like Mrs Browning: ambitious, vehement, sometimes turbid and turgid and strained, but at least enamoured of strength and largeness.

VARIOUS

Horne and Image, both artists in many arts, both have published one book of verse: infinitely refined work; inspired scholarship; a waiting upon perfection, an admirable restraint; a somewhat old-world daintiness, clothing rather than concealing a very true and fine passion. Binyon: a beautiful seriousness, a gracious pensiveness, a sort of delicate Puritanism and mild austerity: an artist in rhythms and music. Rhys: best in Celtic things of the gentler sort and in a kind of shy and reverent love-poetry. Benson: a quaint charm of moral meditation and loving intimacy with nature's "little" things.

So sorry to have delayed: I have not been up to anything. These notes are very poor and hasty stuff, barely intelligible: but they try to be true. I say nothing of Beeching: you know him better than I. John Gray, perhaps, a sometimes beautiful oddity: not more. I send my *Chronicle* review of Yeats: will you return it at your leisure? Among

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the women poets, Madame Darmesteter comes high: far above Mrs Bland and Miss Blind and Mrs Marriott Watson. You might mention Dowson and Victor Plarr as men sure to be successful when their first books appear: Dowson you appreciate, I know: but Plarr is delightful, a kind of half-French, half-Celtic Dobson, with nature and the past and dying traditions and wild races for his theme. Radford: a very limited, but very true, lyrical gift of singular simplicity and "forthrightness."

If this rigmarole be of any service to you, 'twill be a wonder.

L.J.

His MS. was always a delight to read, so neat was it, so careful, so legible, despite the tiny and cramped writing. He was a faddist about punctuation. "When you and I are dead," he wrote to some one not long before his death, "the colon will have lost the last two friends it has left in the world."

I remember to have seen him wince once when I referred to him affectionately as "little Lionel." Yet he could jest about his childish looks and size. One of his stories was of a motherly Irish nun, who, taking him for fifteen, rebuked him for keeping the hours of grown men. "But I am twenty-seven," he said. "No matter what age you are," replied the undaunted daughter of Erin, "you don't look it, and you oughtn't to do it."

Another story of his was of an old gentleman he met at an Irish hotel, who had arrived at that stage to which most people attain if they live long enough, when his vanity was to pass for being older than he really was. He asked all with whom he came in contact to guess his age and was disgusted with the would-be flatterers who guessed him younger than he was or said he was. To his intense delight Lionel guessed him older than his age, which he repaid in kind by guessing Lionel to be older than he really was. After this the two fraternized warmly, and sat up half the night drinking punch and discussing deep matters.

A clever, rather sceptical Irishwoman who was Lionel's hostess for a time once told me of the nightly symposia in which she argued against the immortality of the soul,

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while Lionel argued passionately for it. Her husband was leader-writer on a Dublin newspaper and did not get home before three o'clock in the morning. He always found his wife and Lionel engaged in the same deep wrangle. Lionel was always on the side of the angels, always wanting his friends to share the delight and solace which he had found for himself in the Catholic Church. I believe these two made a compact that whichever died first should return to give the other the benefit of his or her experience of the other life; and my friend believed she had had assurance from Lionel in a dream.

One of the interesting things about Lionel was his tolerance. One thinks of him always as *snow-white*, unspotted from the world. Yet he had the tolerance of a very old saint, a very old sage, who knows the heart of man and understanding all forgives all. It was a part of the beautiful serenity which one remembers as his atmosphere that he had no condemnation for anyone. Indeed, it was sometimes a little startling to hear him speak so kindly and even tenderly of some notorious black sheep. It was as though he saw the sinner beyond the sin, as He did who said, "Go, and sin no more." I only remember to have heard him condemn once a notorious public sinner, who after all the shame and scandal was happily to end in the arms of the old Church who was Lionel's tenderest mother. "The one thing I can't forgive him," he said, "is the wife and children." To be sure he could stand aloof from a sin and a sinner with a rare impartiality, since from certain of the grosser sins his soul must have been constitutionally exempt.

Not but that he had his struggles, his temptations, his falls, his despairs; but despite them all his soul always dwelt on spiritual heights. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." He was always, will be always, St Lionel to those of us who loved him and knew him. He was like one who has gone into the waste places carrying his soul in his hand and has kept it unsmirched. His spotlessness was in the exquisite old-fashioned manners he kept to the very last, when the little "A-a-ah!" of greeting had become like a moan—for one of us saw him almost at the

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last, although an unfortunate country holiday led to his being sent away when he sought us, without seeing us. One has a feeling about those last days of his slipping from the hands that would fain have held him. The year before he died he began to come to us on alternate Sundays. He used to come down looking small and cold—it was winter time—and having been warmed and fed he would go off to the High Mass. After lunch we would walk in the Middlesex lanes which are yet unspoilt, over the Weald of Harrow. Afterwards there were long, long talks of books and men. If one had writing to do, he amused himself. I can see him stealing to the bookshelves, treading like a little mouse, taking down a book, reading it for a while and replacing it. He was exquisitely neat by nature, and up and down books in a shelf worried him. I can see him softly rearranging mine in the order he loved.

The poems of his dark moments have a poignant quality usually absent from the serene air of his poetry.

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

We get the same note of lonely suffering often in "Mystic and Cavalier," in "The Dark Angel," and elsewhere in his poems.

It was said of his poetry that it was not musical. Perhaps it was not often lyrical, but it had the music of a Nocturne, of a Fugue. What could be more stately, more measured, like a high-hearted Funeral March, than this?

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The Last Music

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids!

Breathe a calm music over my dead queen.

All your lives long, you have nor heard nor seen
Fairer than she whose hair in sombre braids
With beauty overshades

Her brow, broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years:

Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart.

Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart:
And leave me in her presence to my tears,
With music in mine ears;
For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! she lies

Dead: and more beautiful than early morn.

Discrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn:
Alone vain memories immortalize
The way of her soft eyes,
Her musical voice low-borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round,

As once life gave her grace beyond her peers.

Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres,
To sleep by her at last in common ground:
When kindly sleep hath bound
Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make

Silence a melody, no more. This day

She travels down a pale and lonely way:
Now, for a gentle comfort, let her take
Such music for her sake,
As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:

Music moves over her still face, and I

Lean breathing love over her. She will lie
In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath:
The twilight wind, that saith:
Rest! worthy found to die.

Again, the Winchester poem which concludes his second volume surely sings itself. One loves the melody of it, the colour, the gracious Latinity. It is a delightful poem with its succession of great names, fragrant with the very air of Winchester, of Oxford.

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At thought of thee the old words come
The old *Eia! Quid silemus?*
Then *Dulce Domum resonemus!*
For thou art our true Home.
Praises of thee
From such as me,
Thy children well beseem us.

Our thought of thee is as the thought
Of dawn, when nights are bitter:
The shadowy world begins to glitter,
And lo! the sun hath brought
Bright flowers to birth
While dewy earth
Thrills at the birds' clear twitter.

Our joy in thee is as the joy
Of bells, when airs are stilly:
Through pastures lone, down moorlands hilly
They ply their grave employ.
Peace lulls the day
Rest soothes the way;
Hearts glow that late were chilly.

The poem has the magical charm which lies over *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar-Gipsy*, where the very names are sweet to one's ear, as though they came out of Fairyland. Lionel loved Arnold, and well he might, for they were something of born brothers. Lionel was a person of passionate adherences. Where he loved and trusted, he loved and trusted entirely. He had no misgivings. Winchester, Oxford, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall; he loved them as he loved his friends, entirely. Those two books of his are a rosary of friendships, for every poem has its dedication.

Though he died midway of his life and his work, who shall say that it was not a singularly happy life? He was so sure of the kingdom of heaven. He was born out of his due place and time. He ought to have been in a mediæval monastery or in a college of pre-Reformation Oxford. One could imagine his little head bent over an illuminated folio. Well, he made his illuminations. These two volumes of poetry set holy heads against a background of pale gold. His second book, *Ireland*, is full of his passionate patriotism to the Island of Sorrows, his passionate sonship towards

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the Mother of God. What a solace this chivalrous and passionate devotion towards the Lady of Heaven must have been to him in the growing solitariness and weakness of the last years! The second book, in poetical achievement, is not equal to the first. Perhaps he grew a less-exacting critic towards himself. He told us that he wrote reams of poetry in those years when illness had laid him low and he grew more and more aloof, closing his doors upon even his best friends. After his death his family failed to find the poems. Remembering how he wrote them—on backs of old letters, on bills, in the fly-leaves of books—one wonders! In one of my own books, which I bought back after the dispersion of his library, I found two new poems written. How many then are scattered up and down the world in the many, many books he owned?

In my little volume, *Miracle Plays*, which I also bought back from his library, he had written:

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro Scriptore.

The manner of his death was characteristic of his personality. A little tilt backwards of a high stool on which he was sitting, a fall on to a carpet, did not suggest dying; but he died of it nevertheless, because his skull was as thin as a child's. It took the hospital authorities some days to discover that the skull was fractured. It was an accident to which there must be few parallels.

Perhaps none could have written his epitaph better than himself:

Lonely, unto the Lone I go:
Divine to the Divinity.

KATHARINE TYNAN

MENDEL & HIS THEORY OF HEREDITY

Mendel's Principles of Heredity. By W. Bateson. Cambridge University Press. 1902.

Mendelism. By R. Punnett. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1905. Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution. By R. H. Lock. John Murray. 1906.

Catholic Churchmen in Science. By J. J. Walsh. The Dolphin Press. 1906.

IN the case of former writers whose work has been dealt with in previous articles the life of the individual in question has not seemed of sufficient importance or significance to make it worth while to devote any space to biographical details. But the life of Abbot Mendel is of such peculiar interest to the readers of this REVIEW, and the story of his achievements is of so unusual a character, that it may not be out of place to deal briefly with it before proceeding to consider the theory with which the name of its author is associated.

Gregor Johann Mendel, then, was born, the son of a farmer, in Silesia, in the year 1822. He was educated at Olmutz, and entered, at the age of twenty-one, as a novice in the Augustinian monastery of Königenkloster, in Altbrünn. He was ordained priest in 1846, became a teacher in the Realschule in Brünn, and attracted so much attention in that capacity that he was sent by his superiors to Vienna in 1851 to pursue a post-graduate course. After two years' study there he returned to his Abbey, where he passed the remainder of his life, during the last sixteen years of which he held the position of abbot. No doubt he made an excellent head of the Abbey, but the labours thus cast upon him must have seriously interfered with his scientific studies, most, if not all, of which date from an earlier period. He died in 1884, at the age of sixty-two, and left behind him the still remembered recollection of one who, in addition to his great scientific merits, was possessed of a truly lovable personal character. Darwin died in

Mendel and

1882, so that the two workers were contemporaries; but it does not appear that the great Englishman ever heard of his Continental colleague, whose work, according to no less an authority than Professor T. H. Morgan, was destined to give the final *coup de grâce* to the doctrine of natural selection. Mendel's discovery was published in 1866 in the Transactions of the Brünn Natural History Society, and for thirty-three years it lay dead and apparently still-born. But in 1899 three workers, de Vries in Holland, Correns in Germany and Tschermak in Austria, re-discovered the facts which Mendel had first brought to light; his paper was resuscitated, and the original discoverer—a circumstance not of invariable occurrence—came into the reward of his labours.

In this country Bateson of Cambridge has been most active in sustaining Mendel's hypothesis; and he, Miss Saunders and Messrs Lock, Punnett and Hurst have published numerous papers bearing on it under the ægis of the Royal Society and elsewhere.

That the theory in question is one of far-reaching importance may be gathered from the fact that Bateson has declared that "his experiments are worthy to rank with those which laid the foundation of the atomic laws of chemistry," and that Lock claims that his discovery was "of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton."

Though later experiments in connexion with this matter of hybridity have been conducted in connexion with many kinds of animals as well as plants, Mendel himself was occupied with plants alone, and his most important observations were made on the garden pea, *Pisum sativum*. What these observations were, and what conclusions they have led to, it will now be the business of this article to detail. The main theory is not difficult of comprehension, but the intense research which has lately been directed to this subject has led to many complicated side-discoveries and has necessitated a nomenclature—here purposely omitted—which is a little difficult of comprehension to those who have not been brought up to biological studies. To

His Theory of Heredity

begin with, then, Mendel's first innovation was the examination, not of plants as a whole, but of isolated pairs of characters belonging to certain plants. For example, in his study of the pea he found that there were some which had a greenish colour of the endosperm, or substance of the part of the pea which one eats, whilst others were yellow. Some were tall, others were dwarfs; some had round, ripe seeds, others angular and wrinkled. For the purposes of his experiments he selected seven such pairs of characteristics and observed the way in which they were distributed in cases of hybridization. A concrete example will make the matter clearer than abstract description, and we will select one which has been brought forward by Bateson,* and which is of easy comprehension by all. There are both tall and dwarf, or "Cupid," sweet peas, these two kinds thus affording, in this particular, a very striking and easily-distinguished difference. Suppose now that we cross the tall with the dwarf variety, secure the resulting seeds and sow them, what results? All the plants which grow up belong to the tall variety. It might be supposed that the tall variety had simply wiped out the dwarf strain, but a further experiment shows that this is not the case. Let the tall children of the mixed tall and dwarf parents be self-fertilized; let the seeds thus obtained be sown, and it will be found that the resulting plants are mixed in character, and mixed, too, in definite proportions. For it will be found that on the average there are three tall specimens for every one of a dwarf nature. It would appear then that the dwarfishness was only hidden in the children; that its absence was apparent and not real, and that the potentiality was there in the germ and made itself evident in the grand-children. To the character which alone appears in the first cross is given the name "dominant"; to that which, existent in one of the original parents, hidden in the children, becomes again obvious in some of the grandchildren, is given the name "recessive." Let us again allow the tall and dwarfs thus obtained to be self-fertilized, and a remarkable result follows. All the recessives (or dwarfs)

* "Mendelian Heredity," *British Medical Journal*, July 14, 1906.

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breed true, and, to make a long story short, it may be added, will continue to breed true, that is, to produce dwarf forms without any admixture of the larger variety for any number of generations. Such is not the case with the dominants. They, when self-fertilized and sown, produce both tall and dwarfs. Some of the tall will be pure, others will not, for their offspring will give both varieties, and the pure are to the impure on an average as one to two. Hence, out of the first hundred plants, seventy-five will be dominants, or, in this case, tall, and twenty-five recessives or dwarfs. But the latter will be pure and will go on, so long as they are not crossed, producing dwarf specimens. Of the seventy-five dominants twenty-five will be pure dominants and will go on producing tall, but fifty will be mixed, and their progeny will consist again of pure dominants, mixed dominants and recessives as above stated.

The laws which underlie these observations have been formulated by Professor Davenport,* whose statement is here reproduced.

The two great laws enunciated by Mendel were these: Of the two antagonistic peculiarities possessed by two races that are crossed, the hybrid, or mongrel, exhibits only one; and it exhibits it completely, so that the mongrel is not distinguishable as regards this character from one of the parents. Intermediate conditions do not occur. That one of the two parental qualities that alone appears in the mongrels is called dominant; the other recessive. Second, in the formation of the pollen or egg-cell the two antagonistic peculiarities are segregated; so that each ripe germ-cell carries either one or the other of these peculiarities, but not both. It is a result of the second law that in the second generation of mongrels each of the two qualities of their grandparents shall crop out on distinct individuals, and that the recessive quality shall appear in twenty-five per cent of the individuals, the remaining seventy-five per cent having the dominant quality. Such recessive individuals, crossed *inter se*, should never produce anything but recessive offspring.

We have already seen that it is one of Mendel's claims to distinction that he introduced to biologists the idea of unit characters, which can be inherited independently of one another, but his work leads to further reaching considera-

* *Science*, N.S. vol. xix, no. 472, pp. 110-114.

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tions than this. In a former article it was shown that de Vries and others claim that by transmutation alone can different species have arisen. In other words they claim that development is not Continuous, as Darwin believed, but Discontinuous, just as the face of nature presents us with discontinuous species. Now Mendel's observations show us that there is Discontinuity in Inheritance as well as in Variation. It was once asserted that a mutation was in danger of being swamped by inbreeding with the normal form, but Mendel has shown that this was not the case. And so, says Mr Punnett (p. 55):

The position of the biologist of to-day is much the same as that of the chemist a century ago, when Dalton enunciated the law of constant proportions. In either case the keynote has been Discontinuity—the discontinuity of atom, and the discontinuity of the variations in living forms. With a clear perception of this principle, and after a long and laborious period of analysis, the imposing superstructure of modern chemistry has been raised on the foundation of the atom. Not otherwise may it be with biology though here perforce the analytical process must be lengthier, both from the more complex nature of the material, and from the greater time involved in experiments on living forms.

Characters of colour are not difficult to study, and a large number of the recent researches into Mendelian principles have dealt with that class of observation. Thus, according to Lock (p. 200) "colour characters which follow Mendel's law have been observed in mice, rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, fowls, cats and so on. In butterflies and other insects, and even in snails, similar phenomena have been described." An interesting point is that in plants possessing both coloured and white varieties, so far as investigations have been pursued, the white forms are recessive to the coloured. Yellow-seeded maize is dominant over the white-seeded variety, and the so-called "sugar" is recessive to the "starch" variety.

Two remarkable instances, one from the animal, the other from the vegetable kingdom, may be cited before passing to some further considerations. There is a curious kind of mouse, known as the Japanese "waltzing mouse," which

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gets its name from the fact that it will spend hours in the day chasing round and round after its own tail. It is known that this curious habit is the result of a malformation of the semicircular canals, passages connected with the internal ear and having to do with the balancing power of the possessor. Experiments were made by breeding "waltzers" with normal mice, the result showing that the malformation in question functions as a unit in comparison with the normal condition and that it behaves as a recessive. Thus, to make things quite clear, the offspring of a "waltzer" and a normal mouse is always normal, but in the next generation "waltzers" reappear.

Readers of Darwin's books will be aware that he devoted much attention to the question of the two kinds of primroses which exist in nature in about equal numbers. In one of these varieties, which is called "thrum," the anthers are in the top of the tube and the style is short. In the other, or "pin-eyed," the anthers are at the point of contraction of the tube and the style is long. These two characters also behave as Mendelian units. The "thrum" is the dominant form, and long-styled plants, being recessive, never produce short-styled, unless they have been fertilized from a flower of the other variety. As Bateson points out, this fact goes a long way towards disposing of one of the objections which was brought against the Mendelian theory when repounded, namely, that wild animals and plants might not follow the rules applying to domesticated breeds. Also it clears up, so far as such a thing can ever be cleared up, a difficulty to which Darwin devoted a vast amount of time and space.

It is quite clear, from what has been said, that a knowledge of the Mendelian laws, assuming that they are proved to be laws, ought to be of the highest value to breeders and to agriculturists. To the former the need of securing a pure strain has always been of paramount importance. If the Mendelian laws be true, then the problem will be to find out the unit characters, establish which is the recessive variety, and in that will be found a pure race. A pure dominant race can also be obtained, as has been shown. A few instances

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of the application of these laws to purposes of the kind indicated above will be of interest.

The variety of fowl known as the Blue Andalusian has long been the despair of breeders. Do what they might, select as carefully as they could, it seemed to be impossible to secure a pure strain of this form. No matter how perfect the parents, the results have always been the production of "wasters" of two kinds, some of them being pure black, and others of a peculiar white, with black splashes. On the average the results of the breeding of a pen of Blue Andalusians is the production of twenty-five per cent each of black and of splashed, and fifty per cent of blue. This fact receives a perfect explanation on Mendelian lines. The black and the splashed are really pure races, and behave as such when bred. The so-called "pure" Blue Andalusian is a mongrel and must always remain such. In fact, experiment has now shown that more Blue Andalusians can be got by mating black with splashed "wasters" than by mating birds of the blue colour. There is a remarkable point about this case, and that is that the mongrel does not resemble either of its parents. There is, therefore, neither dominant nor recessive in this case, and the Mendelian law is to some extent departed from. This is a point which will be dealt with later on; it is, no doubt, one which will be cleared up on further investigation, and this line of inquiry may lead to a wider extension of the law or laws which govern hybridity.

Even more promising experiments have been made in connexion with wheat, and two of these may be described, as they show the vast importance which the discovery of the Augustinian abbot may have upon agriculture. Our first instance relates to a certain quality known as "strength," a quality which, it appears, is absolutely essential if the flour produced is to be finally made into the only kind of loaf which is saleable at the present time in England. So far this quality has been absent in those kinds of wheat which it has been found possible to grow at a profit in this country. It is present in American and Canadian "hard" wheats, and hence these are worth some shillings a quarter

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more than the English corn, another difficulty in the path of the already sufficiently depressed corn-growing industry of England. It may be asked, Why not grow these "strong" American varieties in this country? That, of course, has been tried, but the result shows that nearly all lose their quality and become as "weak" as the English wheat. Some do not, and of these the Red Fife is an example. But then these "strong" wheats yield in England a smaller crop per acre, and as a result the increased price which is obtained for them does not make up for the diminished amount which is produced. Here was a case in which experiments on Mendelian lines might well be made, and they were conducted by Mr Biffen at the Experimental Farm of the Cambridge University Agricultural Department. For this purpose Manitoba Hard, a "strong" wheat, was crossed with a typical English wheat—Rough Chaff. The result was the production of plants all possessed of hard grains. The second generation produced "strong" and "weak" grains in the proportion of three to one. This, as we have seen, is the classical Mendelian proportion, and it became obvious that the weak was the recessive, the strong the dominant character. But, as we have already seen, in later generations certain of the dominants will be pure forms, and when these have been established, as can be done by several series of growings, individuals will have been produced which will combine strength of grain with the other desirable qualities of the second parent. "The problem has, therefore, been completely solved, and there can be little doubt that when these new types are brought into general cultivation the profit obtainable from the growing of wheat in this country will be increased by several shillings to the acre of crop grown."*

A further, perhaps even more important, experiment has been made in connexion with the power to resist the attacks of "rust," a fungous disease due to the attacks of *Puccinia graminis*, the loss caused by which is said to amount to a considerable number of millions of pounds sterling per annum throughout the world.

* Lock, p. 219.

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There are some strains of wheat which resist the attacks of this enemy, but unfortunately they are strains which, for other reasons, are not very suitable for cultivation. Mr Biffen again attacked this problem and with success. He took a form which was always immune, even when grown in the midst of a field of rusted plants. He took another form, known as Michigan Bronze, which seems never to escape the plague, and he crossed the two together. Mr Lock gives the result (p. 220):

In the first generation every plant without exception was badly rusted, but fortunately a considerable number of ripe grains was obtained, and these were sown to produce the second generation. When the plants of this generation had grown up, it was observed that among a majority of badly-rusted plants certain individuals stood out fresh and green, being entirely free from infection. On examination it was found that every plant could be placed in one or other of two categories—either it was badly rusted or it was entirely free from rust; and the numbers of the two kinds of plants were as follows: 1,609 infected, 523 immune. It is clear, then, that immunity and susceptibility to the attacks of yellow rust behave as a simple pair of Mendelian characters, immunity being recessive. And it is, therefore, possible to obtain by crossing, in three generations, a pure rust-free strain containing any other desired quality which is similarly capable of definite inheritance.

If these observations, as certainly seems likely, come to be ultimately established beyond cavil, the Augustinian abbot's observations in his monastery garden will have had for their result the saving of vast sums annually for the agriculturists of all countries.

In speaking of the Blue Andalusians mention was made of the fact that to some extent they departed from the original Mendelian laws, in that a new form not represented by either of the parents was produced, and it was suggested that some explanation of this point was probably attainable. Some indication of how this will be arrived at may be gleaned from experiments which have been made with red and cream-coloured stocks and other flowers. Bateson describes these experiments and says:

The red variety is characterized by red sap, the cream variety is characterized by yellow corpuscles, surrounded by colourless sap.

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In the red those corpuscles are represented by colourless corpuscles floating in the red sap. What will happen when these two are crossed together? As a matter of fact we find that the red is dominant. But in the second generation we have nine red, three red with cream, three *white* and one cream as before. What is the white? White was not put in. Apparently we have produced it *de novo*—an albino by crossing two coloured forms: cream was a corpuscle colour, red was a sap colour, but the white have *colourless* corpuscles floating in *colourless* sap. It is evident what has happened. Which are the factors which segregate in the formation of the germ cells? They are (a) red sap from colourless sap, and (b) white corpuscles from yellow corpuscles; so that when the possible combinations of those two pairs of characters are made, colourless corpuscles may coincide with colourless sap, and a white flower is the result. I think the answer is quite clear.*

Sufficient has now been said to show what Mendel's law is and the important results which may flow from it; but it would not be fair to conclude without stating that there is still an important body of biologists who refuse to believe in the truth of the theory, and severe, even acrimonious, contests have been waged between the upholders and the deniers of Mendelian views. The chief opponent was the late Professor Weldon of Oxford. To discuss the exact points at issue would occupy more space than can be afforded in an article of this kind, of which the main object is to describe Mendel's theories and some recent work following on them. Suffice it to say that Professor Weldon was of opinion that sufficient attention had not been paid to the ancestry of the forms experimented with; and here it may be noted that de Vries—one of the re-discoverers of the theory—is of opinion that Mendel's law of dichotomy only holds in general for phylogenetically recent characters. Those who desire to pursue their investigations further must consult the works placed at the head of this article and others to which they will find themselves referred in the books and papers cited.

It may, however, be stated that some workers have, in their experiments, been led to the conclusion that the Mendelian laws are not everywhere and in all cases appli-

* *British Medical Journal*, ut supra.

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cable. Thus, to give but two examples, Davenport concludes that "while Mendelian principles seem applicable to some cases of crosses between sports and the normal species, there seem to be others where neither Mendel's nor Galton's Law of Inheritance holds." *

This conclusion he arrives at from his study of the so-called "wonder-horses." Moreover, his study of colour in mice leads him to think that "Mendel did not discover all the important laws of inheritance"—which is more than likely—"and that further investigation will unquestionably reveal other and still broader principles of heredity." Again Toyama, † as the result of a prolonged examination of silk-worm crosses, concludes that whilst some strictly follow Mendel's laws, others obey certain other laws which are not to be exactly formulated as those of Mendel.

One last instance may be given to show the remarkable differences of opinion which may be held by men of science as to the interpretation of the same set of facts. Mr Hurst, a well-known worker and an adherent to Mendelian principles, and the late Professor Weldon, an equally stout opponent of the same, both conceived the idea of studying the inheritance of coat colour in horses. Obviously to work this out by the ordinary method of experiment would take at least one long lifetime, not to speak of great expenditure of money, so both of them had recourse to the pages of a work known as Weatherby's *General Studbook of Horses*. It appears that this *magnum opus* runs to twenty volumes, and gives "fairly complete records of the age, colour, sex and parentage of British thoroughbreds from the earliest accounts down to the end of 1904." Their conclusions will be found in the Proceedings of the Royal Society. ‡ Both, as has been stated, dealt with the same series of facts, and both arrived at opposite conclusions. Mr Hurst thought that the Mendelian laws had been justified; Professor Weldon was of opinion that they could be shown not to apply. No doubt in this case the evidence is secondhand. The colours of the race-horses dealt with were given for other than

* *Science*, N.S. vol. xix, no. 473, pp. 151-153.

† *Biologisches Centralblatt*, Juni 1, 1906.

‡ Series B, vol. LXXVII.

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scientific reasons, and probably no one would have been more surprised than the estimable Mr Weatherby, or whoever may be responsible for the production of the vast work which bears his name, to find its pages the battleground of two men of science. Such facts are, of course, of much less value than those obtained in the experimental garden or breeding-ground, but that such divergence of opinion is possible, even on such a series of observations, shows the difficulty of coming to a final judgment on matters of this kind.

At least this must be said for Mendel's laws or theories. They have opened up new lines of investigation, and have—so far as one can see—established new laws of relation between parents and offspring. And, not least, they have given to breeders and agriculturists a hint as to the direction in which their pursuits may be most profitably and successfully pursued.

What is really wanting in this matter is an abundance of carefully conducted observations. When one considers the interest, not to say the fascination, of the subject, and when one remembers that it is in the power of anyone who has a modest greenhouse, or even an ordinary garden, to carry out such observations for him or herself, it is somewhat wonderful that more has not been done towards the elucidation of the remarkable problems which, from the obscurity of his monastery, the Augustinian abbot set to the world.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

DANTE & THE UNION OF ITALY

La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri nuovamente riveduta nel Testo dal Dr E. Moore, con Indice dei Nomi propri compilato da Paget Toynbee, M.A. Oxford: Nella Stamperia dell' Università. 1900.

The De Monarchia of Dante. Translated by F. J. Church. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

The Banquet (Il Convito) of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Katherine Hillard. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters, with Explanatory Notes and Historical Comments. By Charles Sterrett Latham. Edited by George Rice Carpenter, with a Preface by Charles Eliot Norton. Student's Edition. London: Edward Arnold.

The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce, D.C.L. A new edition. Macmillan & Co. 1904.

Essays on Dante by Dr Karl Witte. Selected, translated and edited with Introduction, Notes and Appendices by C. Mabel Lawrence, B.A., and Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. Duckworth & Co. 1898.

Essays by Mazzini. Edited by William Clarke.

The Formation of Christendom. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Third edition. Burns & Oates.

Modern Italy. By Pietro Orsi. The Story of the Nations. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

SOME forty years ago Italy was little more, in the scornful phrase of Metternich, than a geographical expression. The long, boot-like strip of land, with Sicily at its foot, rich in nature's richest gifts, where the genius of man vies with nature herself to win the pilgrim's admiration, comprised peoples differing in tongue, in character, in government, in race. Sometimes at peace, they were frequently rent in twain by war. They are now banded together under one rule. One sceptre is wielded over the length and breadth of the peninsula from the Alps to the Middle sea. Discordant Italy has become a united kingdom. Whence has issued this marvellous transformation? Many modern Italian politicians have regarded Dante as the moving spirit of this great achievement. His statues have adorned the squares of

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Italian cities, their streets have taken his name, and he himself has been hailed as the patron of Italian unity. The band of fiery yet literary enthusiasts of the nineteenth century professed to draw inspiration of their ideals from the pages of the Sacred Poem. Mazzini, the founder of "Young Italy," and the mouthpiece of the party, wrote in his manifesto, "From the study of the works of Dante the Italians will find . . . the consecration of the national idea by the greatest Italian genius."* When a committee was started in Mantua in 1851 for the organization of insurrection, its register of members consisted of a cryptogram with a canto of Dante as its key.

"It was from [Manin]," wrote Gladstone, "that in common with some other Englishmen I had my first lesson upon Italian Unity as the indispensable basis of all effectual reform under the peculiar circumstances of that country." "Yet," writes Mr Morley, "*the page of Dante holds that lesson.*"†

It may be worth while to ask if Italian patriots are quite justified in holding this view of their great poet's political position. It ought not to be a hard task to ascertain those political opinions, considering that over and above his poetry he has made his profession of political faith in precise prose. Besides his Letters we have his views given us in a definite treatise, *De Monarchia*, to say nothing of similar opinions expressed in his *Convito*. That he longed for a United Italy, in some sense, cannot be doubted. He loved his country too sincerely to have felt otherwise. She had cast the spell of her beauty upon him, and he was fired with all the patriot's passion. To him Italy was ever *Bella Italia*, "il bel giardin del imperio," "the noblest region of Europe," a land endeared to him by the sound of the "sweet Si." No such ardent lover of his country could fail to be equally distressed at her internal strife and to yearn for her union. In her discords, in the tyranny of her warring princes, in her need of a strong, ruling hand Italy had become "a slave," "a hostel of woe," "a storm-tost ship without a pilot," "a brothel," "a riderless and unmanageable

* *Essays*, p. 208.

† Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. 1, p. 402.

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horse," "a raving maniac." This is vehement language, but not over-vehement for what Dante must have felt about Italian disunion and his keen desire for Unity—but what Unity? For an explicit answer to this question let us turn to the *De Monarchia*. We must not, however, expect a writer of the fourteenth century to have the manner of one writing in the twentieth. Much of Dante's reasoning will appear grotesque and unreal to the modern mind, but we are concerned with his conclusions and his opinions and not with his reasons and method. His reasoning is subtle, ingenious, sometimes far-fetched, though, with his given premisses, scholastic and logical. We will give his teaching in his own words, translated by Dean Church, so far as our space will allow, rather than his meaning in our own words, for one is apt in this latter way to translate one's own meaning into the original, as Mazzini does, instead of rendering the author's true sense. Mazzini, for example, makes out that Dante was not a Catholic, reading his own unbelief into the poet's works.

Dante asks himself three questions, and then by proof answers the first two, and the first member of the third, affirmatively.

1. Is Monarchy, "which in more common speech is called the Empire," necessary for the welfare of the world?

2. Did the Roman people take to itself by right the office of Monarchy?

3. Did the authority of Monarchy come from God directly, or only from some other Minister or Vicar of God?

In answer to the first question Dante replies that peace is required by the human race in order that it may do its proper work and fulfil the end for which it was created. This peace can only be obtained:

1. By due subjection of the race to one Ruler. According to his method he proves this from reason and the "venerable authority" of Aristotle,* pre-eminently styled "The Philosopher." "Where a number of things are arranged to attain an end, it behoves one of them to regu-

* "The Master and Leader of Human Reason."—*The Banquet*, p. 254.

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late or govern the others, and the others to submit.”* In a man, his powers are regulated for his happiness by his understanding. So the household, the village, the city, the kingdom, each must have its Ruler, or discord and not peace will result and its end be unattainable. Finally, the human race must have its one Ruler, namely, the Emperor, ruling the whole race and his Empire. This is as plain as that the whole Universe must have its one Ruler—God.

Man, moreover, is made in God’s image—Oneness. This unity is displayed when mankind is united under one governing head.

Things are well and at their best with every son when he follows, so far as by his proper nature he can, the footsteps of a perfect father. Mankind is the son of heaven.†

But the whole heaven is regulated by one motion, the *primum mobile*, and by one mover, God, in all its parts, movements and movers. So the human race is at its best when it is regulated by a single prince, as by the single movement of heaven, and by one law as by the single motion.

Where there are controversies, there must be a judgement to settle them, but where princes are equal this will be impossible.

Monarchy is therefore necessary to the world, and this the Philosopher saw when he said: The world is not intended to be disposed in evil order; in a multitude of rulers there is evil, therefore let there be one prince.‡

Further the world is ordered best when justice is most paramount therein.

Justice is paramount only in a monarchy, for its jurisdiction is bounded only by the ocean, and therefore a Monarchy, that is, the Empire, is needed if the world is to be ordered for the best.§

Again:

The human race is ordered best when it is most free; but he who lives under a monarchy is most free, for then only are the perverted forms of government set right, while democracies, oligarchies and tyrannies drive mankind into slavery, as is obvious to anyone who goes about among them all.

* p. 10.

† p. 14.

‡ p. 16.

§ p. 17.

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Lastly, our Lord set His seal to the above doctrine by choosing to be born in the fullness of time when the whole world, after periods of disruption and revolution, lay in peace and tranquillity under the sole rule of "the divine Augustus."

2. In answer to the second question, "Did the Roman people take to itself by right the office of monarchy?" Dante proceeds to show, "by the light of human reason" and "the ray of God's authority," that it assumed this dignity by right, and not by force and violence, as once in his ignorance he had deemed.

In the first place it is fitting that the noblest people should be preferred to all others; the Roman people were the noblest, therefore it is fitting that it should be preferred to all others. They were the noblest by ancestry, for Virgil, our divine poet, testifies throughout his *Æneid* that men may ever remember it, that the glorious King *Æneas* was the father of the Roman people.

The best blood of three continents ran in his veins, and his descendants were further ennobled by his wives.

And now that we have marked these things for evidence of our assertion, who will not rest persuaded that the father of the Romans, this most unconquerable and pious ancestor, and therefore the Romans themselves, were the noblest people under heaven? Who can fail to see the divine predestination shown forth by the double meeting of blood from every part of the world in the veins of one man?*

And, again:

That which is helped to its perfection by miracles is willed by God, and therefore it is of right.—The Roman people has been helped to its perfection by miracles; therefore it was willed by God and consequently was and is by right.†

In evidence of miracles he quotes the marvels narrated by Livy, which he accepts as true miracles.

Further:

Whoever aims at right, viz. the public weal, walks according to right; the Roman people, that sacred, pious and glorious people, in bringing the world into subjection aimed at right—in their public bodies and individually—therefore, in bringing the world into

* p. 44. † pp. 44, 45.

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subjection the Roman people acted according to right: consequently it was by right that they assumed the dignity of Empire.

The Roman people was ordained for Empire by nature, [and] what nature has ordained is maintained by right.*

Certain races are born to govern, and certain others to be governed and to serve, as the Philosopher argues in his Politics.†

Dante would have agreed with the Volscian general that Rome was to all other nations

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sov'reignty of nature.

All nations, Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, except the Romans, failed in grasping universal dominion. In acquiring it, the Romans proved that they had it by the judgement and the will of God as well as by nature. God's will was displayed in the Roman victories by battle and single combat.

As "Christ, the bridegroom of the Church, sanctioned the Roman Empire at the beginning," so likewise did He "at the end of His warfare on earth."‡ He took on Himself the sin of the world, and in order that we might be redeemed, this sin must be punished. The penalty paid, to be true punishment ("and not mere injury"), must be legally inflicted. But no judge could have adequate authority over such a criminal, bearing a world's sin, unless his jurisdiction was world-wide. Now Pilate, who signed the death warrant, was the representative of him whose jurisdiction extended over the world, and in submitting to Pilate's verdict Christ showed that He approved of Rome's universal dominion. On that approval our very redemption depended;§ a "somewhat amazing doctrine," adds Mr Gardner.

3. Dante's answer to the third question, "Does the authority of the monarchy come from God directly, or from some other minister or Vicar of God?" is to the effect that it proceeds direct from God. Three classes of persons oppose his contention, viz., the Pope, certain Bishops and others, out of zeal and love for the Church; secondly,

* pp. 53, 54. † p. 58. ‡ p. 79. § pp. 77, 78.

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Certain others in whom obstinate greed has extinguished the light of reason, who are of their father, the devil, and yet pretend to be sons of the Church; *

and thirdly, the Decretalists. He excludes the last two classes from his field of argument and confines himself to the first class as alone worthy of his blade. These adversaries draw their arguments from three sources—Holy Scripture, the Acts of the Supreme Pontiff, and the Acts of the Emperor. Their arguments of Scripture, Dante declares to be simply a result of a misapprehension of the Bible's meaning. The Emperor's act on which they based this argument was Constantine's gift of imperial authority to Pope Sylvester. This transference of authority was an impossibility, for Constantine had no power to alienate it, neither was the Pope, from the very constitution of the Church, capable of receiving it. As to Hadrian's conferring the imperial authority on Charlemagne, the Papal Act, "is naught, for a usurpation of right does not make right." † Having answered the arguments of his opponents who laid the source of Empire in the Pope, Dante now gives his reasons for saying it descended direct from God.

Firstly, he shows it does not come from the Church, and if not from the Church then from God, "for there is no argument concerning any other authority." ‡ The Empire could not have received it from the Church, because, as a fact, the Empire existed before the Church and held all its power within itself. If the Church had possessed this power, she must have derived it from God by the natural or divine law. But neither law gave it to her. She had it not from herself, for such power was opposed to her constitution, § and, as already stated, the Empire existed when the Church came into being. Nor, as it is quite plain, has she received this power from the universal consent of mankind. But Dante proceeds to give a direct answer. Man is a composite being of matter and spirit, having a material body and a spiritual soul, and therefore he has two ends to aim at, one for the body and one for the soul. The end of the body is happiness in this world, attained by the practice of the

* p. 85. † p. 112. ‡ p. 116. § Numb. xviii, 20; Matt. x, 9.

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moral and intellectual virtues. The end of the soul is the blessedness of heaven, and the practice of the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity is the means thereto. In striving after his two ends man is hampered and hindered by passion, and needs in consequence two guides to assist him—the Emperor for the things of this life, the Pope for those of the next.

And since the order of this world follows the order of the heavens, as they run their course, it is necessary to the end that the learning which brings liberty and peace may be duly applied by this guardian of the world in fitting season and place, that this power should be dispensed by Him who is ever present to behold the order of the heavens.*

It is therefore clear that the authority of temporal monarchy comes down, with no intermediate will, from the fountain of universal authority.†

Yet the truth of this latter question must not be received so narrowly as to deny that in certain matters the Roman prince is subject to the Roman Pontiff. For that happiness, which is subject to mortality, in a sense is ordered with a view to the happiness which shall not taste of death. Let, therefore, Cæsar be reverent to Peter, as the first-born son should be reverent to his father, that he may be illuminated with the light of his father's grace, and so may be stronger to lighten the world over which he has been placed by Him alone, who is the Ruler of all things spiritual as well as temporal,‡ [for] it is good that the temporal power should receive from the spiritual the means of working more effectively by the light of the grace which the benediction of the supreme Pontiff bestows on it both in heaven and on earth.§

The two chiefs were to be mutual helpmates. The sword of Cæsar should guard the Pope, that the Church, in the midst of tranquillity and order, might fulfil her heavenly mission, and the cross of Peter, in return, would bless and hallow Cæsar's sceptre.

Here we have Dante's political creed expressed in explicit terms—a universal monarchy, temporal and spiritual, an Emperor and a Pope to guard and guide a united world, an Emperor as directly appointed by God as was the Pope himself. In the poet's day the German Emperor was Cæsar's

* p. 127

† pp. 127-8.

‡ p. 128.

§ p. 94.

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successor and representative. It was only in this sense that Dante could desire the Union of Italy; that she should be an organic part of this world's Empire. To be cut off from the Empire meant discord; union with the Empire meant peace. Separation from the Empire—political schism—was the deepest of political crimes, the greatest political misfortune. To cast out Cæsar from Italy would be to fulfil the prophecy of Mark Anthony:

Domestic fury and fiercest strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war.

In substance and effect this is the "Christendom" of Mr Allies, "the Holy Roman Empire" of Mr Bryce, an Empire in its outwardly ordered civilization like that of its pagan predecessor, but animated by a new spirit—a society in fact "founded in Christ, made by Christ, stamped with the image of Christ."* Such was the dream of the medieval idealist and the aim of its statesmen; a dream realized and a purpose accomplished for a brief space as "a beam in darkness" during the pontificate of Innocent III.† If the world has never yet seen a nation of Christians, as Southey maintained, the Christendom of Innocent III in its public life was at least a Christian nation.

To quote from the fourth and fifth chapters of the fourth book of *The Banquet*, where the same line of argument is drawn out with the like conclusion, would be a mere repetition of the foregoing extracts from the *De Monarchia*, the poet ending with the lyrical cry that "the stones which form [the Holy City's] walls are worthy of reverence; and the ground on which she stands is worthy beyond all that has been preached and proved by men."‡

In his *Letter to the Florentines* we listen again, in brief, to the same doctrine:

The compassionate providence of the Eternal King, who, while in His goodness He perpetuates His celestial kingdom, does not in

* Allies, vol. II.

† See Barry's *Papal Monarchy*.

‡ p. 251.

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disdain desert our earthly one, decreed that human affairs should be governed by the Holy Empire of the Romans, in order that mankind might repose in the calm of so great a protection, and that it might everywhere be ruled agreeably to law, according to the demands of nature.

In Letter V, to "the Kings of Italy," "the Senators of the fair city, the Dukes, Marquises and Counts and Peoples," he writes, "that God so predestined the Roman Prince, shines forth in wonderful effects." So, again, in addressing Henry VII, "the successor of Cæsar and Augustus," he hails him as the "Ambassador of God."

When we pass from the *De Monarchia*, *The Banquet* and *Letters*, we ascend into the diviner air of the *Commedia*, and here we may well expect to find its splendours coloured by the poet's belief in the sanctity of the Empire. Ever an ideal if not a practical Ghibelline, he was an Imperialist in the phrase of Lord Tennyson, made current by a popular statesman, "who always thought imperially," in the heights of Heaven as in the lowest depths of Hell. The wings of the Eagle—"l' uccel di Dio"—would seem to brood over the peace of the *Paradiso*—"di questo imperio giustissimo e pio" of which God is "nostro Imperadore," "Cristo è Romano," our Lady "Augusta," and the Saints are "i gran patrici." Mr Gardner says in his *Ten Heavens** that Dante indirectly answers in the *Paradiso* his three questions of the *De Monarchia*.

The first question as to the necessity of a universal Empire is answered in the Heaven of Jupiter. Blessed spirits, in a kind of spiritual dance, forming themselves into the figure of the Psalmist's verse, "Diligite justitiam qui iudicatis terram," imply the teaching of the prose treatise.

"The world is ordered best when justice is paramount therein, but justice is paramount only in a monarchy, and therefore a monarchy, that is the Empire, is needed if the world is to be ordered for the best." Whereupon these same spirits, when they came to the final letter, shape themselves into a great golden "M"—the initial of monarchy—against the silvery white of Jove, and then into the curious

* p. 132.

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but splendid Eagle, the symbol of Empire, wherein justice alone can truly flourish.*

Justinian's magnificent story of the triumphant march of the Roman people over a conquered world (*Paradiso*, vi), reminding us for once, by its massive verse, of Milton in his high historic mood, is an affirmative answer to the second question, "Did the Roman people take to itself by right the office of monarchy?" Conquest proved their right, of which Empire was the reward. "Vedi quanta virtù l'ha fatta di reverenza."

Thirdly, the Roman Monarchy is the direct gift of God. God is Himself the Artist who paints the wondrous Eagle—"il sacrosanto segno," His own "Scutcheon."

He who there paints has none to be His guide,
But Himself guides.†

But it may be truly said that Dante answers these three questions in a similar way in a hundred places throughout the poem, by a suggestive word, a phrase or a symbol. Wherever his pilgrim steps may wander, the image of Empire pursues him, even as the Bard of Empire escorts him down the circles of Hell or round the terraces of Purgatory. Yes, even in Hell, a land of pain and discord, where peace can never dwell, a travesty of Empire may be witnessed. Satan is "lo Imperador del doloroso regno," and champing their heads, out of his "beslobber'd and bloodbolter'd jaws" dangle the legs of the arch-traitors of Empire, Brutus and Cassius.

It must be considered, then, that the only idea Dante could have had of a United Italy was of one united to the Empire. He "prayed," says Mr Bryce, "for a monarchy of the world, a reign of peace and Christian brotherhood; those who, five centuries later, invoked his name as the earliest prophet of their creed, strive after an idea that never crossed his mind—the gathering of all Italians into a national state."‡ Dr Karl Witte, "the acknowledged master of the most prominent Dante scholars in Germany, Switzerland, Italy,

* Mark Twain in his *Autobiography* cynically remarks "the human race was always intended to be governed by kings, not by popular vote."

† Longfellow.

‡ *The Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 314-15.

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England and America,"* is in agreement with Mr Bryce's book—a classic on its subject. The distinguished professor writes: "Dante has surely no thought of allowing the complex Italian organism, with its aristocratic republics like Venice, and democracies like Florence, its feudal principalities such as Naples, and its rule of so many autocratic dynasts in so many Northern States, to be plunged into the all-reducing crucible of the kingdom of Italy. He yearned, indeed, for the day when there should be an end to internecine feuds, and the States should bind themselves together as members of one body, and give each other mutual support, and in order that this Union might not fall to pieces at the first blow, the Emperor was to hold the supreme power as judge over the whole and avenger of every breach of law."†

But circumstances, it will be said, are completely altered. The Empire is passed away: when Napoleon officially declared its dissolution in 1806, it was a certificate of death rather than a death-warrant that he signed, for the Empire had been long dead, and its corpse, encumbering the ground, only needed decent burial. What then would have been Dante's idea of a United Italy in the changed times? It is hard to say and, perchance, idle to speculate. In the stormy years before Piedmont accomplished the Union of Italy under her own strong hand, various theories were afloat in men's minds as to how the unification should be brought about. Some, like Mazzini, were in favour of a Republic, some for a confederation of States under the Presidency of the Pope, advocated by Gioberti, others were for welding the States together under the governing rule of a stronger State like Piedmont or Naples. This was Cavour's idea, and the one eventually carried out.‡

Which of these theories would have commended itself to the mind of Dante we cannot say with certainty. It is not at all unlikely he might have preferred a Confederation. This, under the new circumstances, would not have been

* Mr Wicksteed's "Introduction" to the *Essays*. † *Essays*, p. 388.

‡ "The Italy to which Cavour aspired was an enlarged Piedmont."
—Stillman's *Union of Italy*, p. 393.

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out of keeping with what he has written in the *De Monarchia* as to each State keeping its own individuality under the Empire by a kind of Home Rule.

But it must be carefully observed [he says] that when we say that mankind may be ruled by one supreme Prince, we do not mean that the most trifling judgements for each particular town are to proceed immediately from him [the Emperor]. . . . For nations and kingdoms and States have, each of them, certain peculiarities which must be regulated by different laws. For law is the rule which directs life. Thus the Scythians need one rule, for they live beyond the seventh climate, and suffer cold which is almost unbearable, from the great inequality of their days and nights. But the Garamantes need a different law, for their country is equinoctial and they cannot wear many clothes, and from the excessive heat of the air, because the day is as long as the darkness of the night.

But our meaning is that it is on those matters which are common to all men, that men should be ruled by one monarch, and be governed by a rule common to all, with a view to their peace.*

Dante might, therefore, have voted for a Confederation of States, preferring as its president one of the stronger Princes. Of one thing we may be quite sure: he was too noble-minded and of too upright a conscience to have approved of the manner in which the unification of Italy was carried out. Above all virtues Dante loved justice, and in one of his *Letters*† he speaks of himself as a “man who preaches justice.”

In Piedmont's absorption of the Peninsula his favourite virtue suffered gross violation. Marco Lombardo, in the *Purgatorio*, says:

In sul paese ch' Adige e Po riga
Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi.

Where were “valour” and “courtesy” when the wiles of Cavour and the arms of Victor Emmanuel were taking the Southern States in the toils? The O'Clery, in a book that deserves to be more widely known, has temperately told the story of *The Making of Italy*, relying on official

* Pp. 28, 29.

† This Letter (X) addressed to a Florentine friend is of doubtful authority, but there is enough evidence of Dante's special devotion to justice in various parts of his works.

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documents; and it is pleasant reading to no honourable mind. Montalembert pithily describes the process of unification. "The drama," he said, "is played in three acts: The Defamation, the Invasion, the Voting. Each act has its own actors—the writers, the soldiers. The whole proceeding henceforth is known to every one."* Piedmont began her task with her immediate neighbours, the Duchies. On the outbreak of the Austrian war in 1859 revolution was excited in Carrara, troops were withdrawn to the capital, a provisional government was established, and Piedmont took possession. The same process was carried out in Tuscany. Agents of the Turin Revolutionary Committee residing in Florence, aided by Buoncompagni, Sardinia's accredited minister, stirred up insurrection, the Grand Duke was frightened away, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed Dictator. Mr Stillman, the sympathetic historian of *United Italy*, admits the truthfulness of this story. Indeed, it may be conceded that there is no question about the facts, the difference between the narrators lying in the judgements each puts upon the facts according to his individual bias. "In the Principalities and in Tuscany," says Mr Stillman, "revolutionary action had been supported more or less by official responsibility. Cavour had used means which, strictly speaking, might be called illegal, to combat an external interference at once unjustified and unauthorized by treaty. The provisional governments under their respective dictators in Emilia and Tuscany had received hearty support from the Piedmontese Government. Farini and Ricasoli were, in fact, the lieutenants of Vittorio Emanuele. It was naturally expected that a movement in the South would receive the like support, and Central Italy was no sooner secured than it became a base for plots and revolutionary operations against the provinces remaining under absolute Governments. † Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the English House of Commons, declared that Buoncompagni had forfeited his privileges as an Ambassador, if he had acted as the correspondence appeared to show he

* Quoted in *The Making of Italy*, p. 478.

† *The Union of Italy*, p. 311.

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had acted; and under similar circumstances Cromwell would certainly have hanged him.

In the brave Elizabethan days the sharp edge of the axe, with a likely foretaste of the rack, would have abruptly enough cut short his scheming. The Bishop of Ross, for instance, the Scots' Queen's representative at the English Court, and to whom had been accorded the privileges of an ambassador, was found guilty of sharing in the treasonable correspondence of Norfolk and the Lords, "and the law officers of the Crown, when consulted by Cecil, gave as their opinion. . . that an ambassador, who could be proved to have moved a rebellion in a country to which he was accredited, had forfeited his protection and might be proceeded against as a private person."* The unhappy Bishop, on being brought to London for examination, was peremptorily told that if he did not answer the questions put to him, "he would be made to suffer to the example and terror of all others."† The milder methods of modern times are now employed in the suppression of treason, greatly no doubt to its comfort and advantage.

Revolution broke out in Bologna, on the retreat of the Austrians, and Buoncompagni sent 3,000 rifles for the arming of the National Guard.

By such means Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Bologna and the Romagna fell to Piedmont, the earlier sheaves of the fuller harvest.

It was now the turn of the Two Sicilies to feel the death-dealing grip of Cavour's diplomacy.

When Garibaldi embarked on his warlike expedition to Sicily in 1860, though Piedmont was officially at peace with the Neapolitan kingdom, Cavour gave secret help to the Redshirts. Again Mr Stillman writes: "Undoubtedly the Piedmontese authorities were more or less accomplices of the entire operation. The Navy had orders to close its eyes to the expedition, if it went to Sicily."‡ Persano's fleet covered and escorted the Garibaldian ships, and Piedmontese forts supplied them with arms and ammunition. In conjunction with Admiral Persano, Cavour was work-

* Froude's *History*, vol. x, p. 297.

† Ibid.

‡ p. 313.

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ing disloyalty in the Neapolitan Navy. From Sicily, Garibaldi, with the permission, connivance and encouragement of Cavour, was to pass over to the continental possessions of Naples. After the battle of Milazzo, "Admiral," wrote Cavour to Persano, "I beg of you to present my sincere and warm congratulations to General Garibaldi. After such a brilliant victory, I cannot see what there is to prevent him from passing over to the Continent. I should have preferred that the Neapolitans should themselves accomplish at least the beginning of the work of regeneration; but since they will not or cannot move, let Garibaldi act. The enterprise cannot stop half-way. The National flag, hoisted in Italy, must be displayed on the Continent."*

The ground on the Continent had already been well prepared and laid out for the new plantation.

The Marquis di Villamarina, the Sardinian Ambassador at Naples, had not been idle. He had spread a network of intrigue around him and he had friends and agents in the Civil Service, the higher ranks of the Army and Navy, the Ministry and even the Royal Family.†

As usual, Piedmontese ships and guns were to help Garibaldi in his attack on Naples, and if the King should fly, Persano was to seize the Neapolitan Navy "to prevent disorder."

"Do all you can," says Cavour to his friend, "*to get up the insurrection in Naples before the arrival of Garibaldi, as well to clear the way for him as to save us from diplomacy.*"‡

All this time, be it remembered, Piedmont was at nominal peace with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. A Revolutionary Committee, called the "Comitato del Ordine," was one of Cavour's principal instruments in Naples. "*The problem we have to solve is this,*" he writes again, "*to help the Revolution in such a way that it may appear in the eyes of Europe to have been a spontaneous act.*"§

If such measures were meted out to the secular States

* From the correspondence of Cavour and Persano, quoted in *The Making of Italy*, pp. 155-156.

† *The Making of Italy*, p. 157; also, *Modern Italy*, p. 277.

‡ Cavour and Persano Correspondence in *The Making of Italy*, p. 160.

§ *Ibid.* p. 161.

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of Italy, we cannot be surprised, knowing our men, if the Ecclesiastical fared no better.

Mutterings of the coming storm could be heard so long ago as 1848 on the expulsion of the Jesuits from Piedmontese territory and the passing of an anti-Catholic law on education. Two years later a Bill was presented, passed, and finally received the Royal Assent to deprive the clergy of their privileges and immunities, to abolish certain holidays of the Church, and to deprive priests and religious Orders of the power of acquiring property in Piedmont. By a law passed on May 28, 1855, all the convents and monasteries of the country were suppressed and their property sequestrated. As we have seen, the Revolution had already handed over to Sardinia, Bologna and the Romagna portions of the Papal States in 1856, the first substantial instalment of plunder. To protect himself against further aggression Pius IX got together from Italy and elsewhere, but mostly from his own dominions, a small army of 15,000 men, which Cavour denounced as a menace to Piedmont and a "casus belli." The view he took of the armed force of neighbouring Italian States was singular but convenient. Those forces were always weak or strong. If the army of a coveted State were weak, he deemed it necessary *for the protection of its inhabitants* to despatch Piedmontese troops and annex it. If the army were strong, it proved a menace to Piedmont and a "casus belli," and the State must be annexed *for the protection of Piedmont*.

There was no escape from this dilemma. Whether the army were weak or strong, the consequences were the same and equally favourable to the aggrandizement of Piedmont. The weakness or strength of an Italian state was to Piedmont like the "guilt of wealth" in a Nabob to the insatiable greed of Warren Hastings. The Pope's army of 15,000 men thus becomes a menace to Piedmont—no great compliment to the "valour" of its own immense army of 120,000 men. But Piedmont was simply playing the big bully of the Peninsula and repeating, from the North, Old Rome's conquest and unification of Italy from the South.

September 8, 1860, saw an insurrection, as arranged and

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even foretold by Cavour, break out in the Papal States. A Garibaldian raid was backed up by an ultimatum to the Holy Father; but, neglectful of the "courtesy" of the House of Savoy, Cavour declared war before he received an answer, even before the ultimatum was delivered into the hands of Antonelli, the Pope's Secretary of State.*

This outrageous behaviour aroused the protests of France, Protestant Prussia, schismatic Russia and Catholic Austria, who all withdrew their representatives at the Court of Turin.

The campaign of Castelfidardo, disastrous but glorious to the Papal troops, resulted from the ultimatum, and Umbria and the Marches were absorbed by Sardinia. The battle of Mentana in 1867 was the last flicker of the lamp before the extinction of the Temporal Power. Six years previously a resolution, the death knell of the Temporal Sovereignty, had been carried in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies that Rome was the national capital of Italy, and in 1870 on the outbreak of war between France and Germany effect was given to the resolution. *Italia farà da se!* had been the proud but unfulfilled boast of Italian patriots. As France, by her Austrian war, had given Lombardy to Italy, so now Prussia was to give her Rome. Negotiations had been passing between Berlin and Turin for the neutrality of Italy, and Rome was the price demanded by Visconti Venosta, the Italian Minister. The price was duly paid.

The *Augsburg Gazette*, towards the end of August, informs its readers that

The Prussian Ambassador at Florence, M. de Saint-Simon, had given perfectly satisfactory assurances to the Italian Government as to the policy of Prussia—Prussia will defend Italy against any Power that attempts to dispute with her the possession of Rome. Another French defeat [Bazaine was shut up in Metz], and Italy will march on Rome. Victorious Prussia, when she dictates the terms of peace, will take care that France does not molest Italy on account of Rome. Italy will owe the possession of Rome to the German victories.†

All to be done now was to proceed with the stereotyped

* *The Making of Italy*, p. 189; *Modern Italy*, p. 279.

† Quoted in *The Making of Italy*, p. 471.

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formula of raising disturbance, the despatch of troops "to keep order," a plébiscite and annexation. But the annexation of Rome was to be preceded by a nauseous piece of hypocrisy. Before he dealt the death-blow, Victor Emmanuel, "Your Holiness's most humble, most devoted and most obedient son," wrote a letter to Pius IX:

With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the honour of a King, with the feeling of an Italian, I see that it is unavoidably necessary for the safety of Italy and the Holy See that my troops already marshalled for the protection of the frontier, should advance and occupy the positions requisite for the security of your Holiness and for the maintenance of order. Your Holiness will not choose to see a hostile act in this measure of precaution.*

No wonder the Pope exclaimed when he read this letter, "What is the good of this attempt at useless hypocrisy? Would it not be better to say plainly that they want to despoil me of my kingdom?"†

Of course the King's language would not deceive the ordinary man, but all the same, as we have been assured by priests attending the Roman hospitals, there was many a simple lad marching in the ranks of the Sardinian army fully persuaded he was a pious crusader going to rescue the Holy Father out of the hands of foreign gaolers. To save useless bloodshed, hardly more than a nominal resistance was offered, and the Piedmontese, under Cadorna, passed through the gates of Rome; Italy was at last enthroned in her capital.

A plébiscite was taken more barefaced than usual in its unreality—a farce, the afterpiece of tragedy. The Pope forbade Catholics to vote; nevertheless, the astuteness of the invaders, by clever manipulation, secured a good muster-roll of 40,831 voters. Of these there were:

For "Yes," in favour of annexation	40,785
For "No," against „	46
<hr/>	
Majority for „	40,739

* *The Making of Italy*, pp. 484-6.

† Professor Orsi, whose history is written from the Revolutionists' point of view, seems to think Pius IX a rather poor creature who "simply wished to better the condition of his subjects." No temporal sovereign could desire a nobler epitaph!

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To bring about this result sham Romans, "absent from the city," were introduced, convicts were released from gaol, and youths under legal age were added to the roll.* Cards with "Si" printed on them were scattered broadcast, whilst a French engineer was locked up in the police station for asking where he could obtain a "No" card. There was no difficulty in "voting often" as well as "early." A young Belgian artist, to test the working of the plébiscite, amused himself by going from urn to urn and voting twenty-two times for annexation.†

On the September 11, 1870, the *Official Gazette* had contained the following words: "His Majesty the King, on the proposition of the ministry, has this morning ordered the royal troops to enter the Roman provinces."‡

The invasion began without the legal declaration of war, and this act of violence was directly in the teeth of a solemn engagement to do no such wrong.

By the September Convention, as it was called, made between France and Italy on September 15, 1864, Articles were signed by the respective Powers. By Article I "Italy undertakes not to attack the present territory of the Pope, and even to prevent by force any attack proceeding from the exterior."§

A month before the invasion Visconti Venosta, Victor Emmanuel's Foreign Minister—Cavour having died in 1861—had publicly declared that the obligation which Italy had undertaken, neither to attack the Pontifical frontier, nor

* "The first to enter Rome [after the bombardment] were a band of Roman exiles. . . . This vanguard of real Romans and Garibaldians was followed by a motley crowd of patriots from all parts of Italy, some curious, some speculators and undoubtedly some thieves."—*Union of Italy*, p. 355. It is remarkable that Mr Stillman can see that the pretext of a plébiscite in Savoy and Nice was simply a device to cover a "a compulsory vote" and "one of coercion," yet is apparently blind to the unreality of plébiscites in other Italian States. *Ibid.* p. 308.

† *Histoire de l'Invasion des États Pontificaux*, p. 396. Mons. de Beauffort declares he has this story on good authority: The O'Clery's account of the invasion of the Roman States is based on De Beauffort's work: which, "with the mass of official documents it contains, is the best available authority upon this subject."—Preface to *The Making of Italy*.

‡ *Making of Italy*, p. 489. § *Ibid.* p. 342.

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permit it to be attacked, even if it were not enforced by treaties, would still be enforced by other sanctions provided by the ordinary laws of nations and the general political relations of States.*

But Piedmont cared for none of these things when its material interests were in question, or was it not resorting "to that game of duplicity, which," according to Gladstone, "seems to be the great *arcanum* of Government itself in most of the Italian States?"†

Now, it was inconceivable that the man, Dante Alighieri, whom we know, the stern, serious, earnest pilgrim of the Triple Realm, could have set his hand to this sort of work. We have no wish to exaggerate, still less to set down aught in malice; but facts are to be faced, and these facts are verifiable. Every man of education, especially if he be Catholic, is a lover of Italy and her most sincere well-wisher; but it must be said that falsehood, fraud and force were the mortar cementing the new kingdom's walls, and Dante would have been too proud a man to act the hodman. There are writers, undoubtedly, who draw a distinction between the principles guiding private and public morality. "Kings, of course, like other people," said the Duke of Alva to Phillip II, "ought to keep their word. But throughout his life he had observed that the dealings of princes with one another depended on conditions different from those which determined the obligations of private gentlemen. He had learnt that lesson from the conduct of that great noble Cavalier and great Prince, His Majesty's noble father, the Emperor."‡

No poet's personality is more deeply burned into his verse than Dante's; and it is the personality of a man, we apprehend, who would not have allowed this distinction to be drawn. He loved Italy too well not to desire her Unity, but he never would have sanctioned the means that built up the Italy of to-day. We think it far more likely, on the contrary, that the leaders of the Revolution would have occupied conspicuous niches in some Canto of the *Inferno*.

P. HAYTHORNTHWAITE

*Ibid. p. 474. †*Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. iv, p. 172.

‡Froude's *History*, vol. x, pp. 437-8.

REGINALD BALFOUR

Some Reminiscences

*[“WHAT might have been”—this thought, which touches so deeply the pathos of human life, has been in the minds and hearts of many of us since we heard, two months ago, of the sudden death of Mr Reginald Balfour. A convert to Catholicism, he combined in a remarkable degree a loyal, simple faith and fresh enthusiasm for the Church with a keen and active mind alive to the needs of the times. He was no indiscriminate idealizer of modern movements, no worshipper of religious “liberalism”; yet all the culture of his Cambridge life and his interest in social work found their place in the Catholic Church, and his thought on matters connected with religion was as real and thorough as his loyalty and devotion. In these and in other respects he recalled the group of French Catholics who fifty years ago found the chief organ of their views in the *Correspondant*. Montalembert, Cochin, Lacordaire, Ozanam, were Reginald Balfour’s prototypes in the cast of his religious thought and devotion. But if he was a keen and intelligent student of the social and intellectual movements of the day, he was also essentially a man of action. One almost forgot the delicate health which had never really rallied from the illness which invalidated him some six years ago, and made it necessary for him to resign the position to which he had been appointed by Lord Milner in South Africa; for his zeal and energy led him constantly to undertake fresh tasks for religion and for the social welfare of his countrymen. If he recalled the distinguished men I have named above in the intellectual cast of his Catholicism, he had caught in the spirit he brought to his work something of the *ethos* of one belonging to an earlier time, St Francis of Assisi, to whom his own devotion was so great.

Others will speak of his practical labours in many different fields of usefulness. The sphere of his activity with which I was in closest contact was that of literature, and it was a mark of his many-sidedness that one found in this department all the delicacy of taste, all the keenness and refinement which a busy life so often blunts. There was poetry throughout his whole nature, and it showed itself in his literary judgements and writings as well as in that keen realization of the drama of life which stimulated him to help his fellow-men. A wonderful joyousness, a radiance, a youthful freshness of mind left their stamp even on his most serious work. He gave zest to any enterprise with which he was connected, and the

* The greater part of this Note appeared in *The Tablet* of July 27.

Reginald Balfour

new series of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, which he helped me to edit, owes as much to the interest in our work, and the sense of the value of all work conscientiously done, which his fresh keenness kept alive among his colleagues, as even to the great merit of his critical judgements and his own writing. Let me add that his work both as editor and as writer was done, not only with zest, but with self-forgetting zeal. He never spared himself.

His was indeed a personality never to be forgotten. The very first meeting with him could not fail to make one expect to find in the man something singularly winning, singularly brilliant; and my own intercourse with him, which was latterly so constant, more than realized what the charm of his presence and manner promised from the beginning. It was one of my dreams that, with health restored, he should in the future use his remarkable gifts and the position he was rapidly gaining among us with great effect in winning the sympathy of our countrymen for Catholic ideals. But God decided otherwise, and much though he did in spite of his delicate health in the time that was given him, his memory must remain yet more that of golden promise unfulfilled.

The following reminiscences by Father Benson, Mr Devas, Professor Phillimore and Father Cuthbert illustrate some different aspects of his many-sided character.—EDITOR.]

MY acquaintance with Reginald Balfour began really when I dined, some three years ago, with him and Mrs Balfour at a restaurant in Rome, and even there I was struck at once with that characteristic of his on which all his friends have laid such stress—his extraordinary and radiant gaiety: it was this, no doubt, that gave him such sympathy with the spirit of St Francis. But even more was I impressed with this, when on my return to England I went to stay with him at his house near Arundel, and we began, at his suggestion, to compose *The Alphabet of Saints*. We sat with pencils and paper in various corners of his charming old house and garden, and struggled to steer our course between reverence and mirth, or, rather, to embrace the two. He composed, I remember, with extreme ease; and his phrases and rhymes came out with a speed which I envied. It is hard to disentangle, at this distance of time, the extremely complex strands which we wove together, for we exchanged couplets freely, erased

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and restored and hammered for many weeks before we were content; but a few of his lines I remember well.

It was he, for example, who composed the charming dedication of the Alphabet to his own daughter and Pius X:

R.B. C.R. et R.H.B.
Filiolæ CLARÆ ANGELÆ
Hoc Alphabetum dono dant,
PIOQUE PAPÆ dedicant.

"St Benedict" was, I think, entirely his. He rewrote it more than once under our criticisms, but we burst out into applause on the charming piety of the two last lines, in which a statistic was so delightfully concealed.

O Blessed Saint Benet, I wish I could be
Half as good for one year as you were sixty-three.

"St Dominic" was entrusted to me originally, but I must confess that not much of my endeavours remained in it at the end. The four lines which stand out from it were Reggie Balfour's:

In France there were heretics called Albigenses,
Who poisoned the Faith with their lying pretences;

and

Then with Lawrence and Bertrand and Peter Cellani
He started his Order of Dominicani.

In "St Louis" he was particularly pleased with two of his lines:

Then he got a small piece of the True Cross as well
And built for these relics *La Sainte Chapelle*,

pointing out how the final *e* of *Sainte* obtained exactly the accent which it deserved. In "St Philip Neri" he hit precisely the tone that we attempted to keep throughout, in his final couplet:

If I told you half the holy things that Philip did and said,
I should have to end the Alphabet with P instead of Z.

But the best of all was the poem on St Zita, in which, though we all made suggestions, the peculiar air is Balfour's own:

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Z for Saint Zita, the good kitchen-maid,
She prayed and she prayed and she prayed and she prayed.
One morning she got so absorbed in her prayers
She simply neglected her household affairs;
Too late she remembered 'twas bread-making day,
And she trembled to think what her mistress would say.
She flew to the oven, looked in it, and cried,
"Glory be to the Lord! the bread's ready inside!"
The Angels had kneaded it, raised it with yeast,
Made the fire, put the pans in the oven—at least
I can only suppose that was how it was done,
For the bread was all baked by a quarter to one.
To pray like Saint Zita, but not to be late,
Is the way to be good and (if possible) great.

It was this Alphabet then that, I think, above all other things revealed to me that extraordinary bubbling fountain of good humour which lay so deep in all he did. Now and then it ran even too riotously, we thought, for the public taste, and several couplets had to be erased. But to him, as to the great Patron whom he chose, the Divine Nature and earthly humour were akin, not alien. Like the Italians he laughed with the Saints, not at them. His humour and his spiritual life formed one stream, not two; and to his mind "nothing was secular but sin"; and it was, therefore, in this very plane that the cross of depression was laid upon him, which he bore so courageously. In the last meeting that I had with him in Mgr Kennard's lovely old house at Oxford, where we stayed together for a Sunday, it was possible to see these two elements striving together, and, further, how by sheer effort he forced optimism to conquer. He lectured upon St Francis in Art, in the evening, showing us almost innumerable pictures of his Patron and delighting in the simplicity and gaiety of his subject. He went to bed tired, and I was off soon after breakfast next morning. He talked, I remember, with dismay of the progress of "Christian Science," which, with its heavy unhumorous creed, was perhaps of all systems of belief that most repugnant to his temperament. That cheerfulness to which the followers of Mrs Eddy labour with such effort, was his by the free gift of God, although, by His Providence, it was that in which he was mortified through illness.

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Yet it was that which gave him his extreme attractiveness. His face seemed almost luminous with it from within. The word Radiance, perhaps better than all others, sums up his character; it was this that lit up his face during life, and even, too, when the soul from which it sprang was gone to God.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

IT is difficult to define the sense of loss which many of the younger generation of Catholics experienced on hearing of the death of Reginald Balfour. They may have known him only for a short time or personally not at all, for he was their senior at a time when a few years make a great difference; but they felt his loss keenly nevertheless. His reputation with them was derived from many sources. His name constantly figured in connexion with various Catholic activities; he was the author of one or two daintily written Franciscan books and a joint author of *The Alphabet of Saints*. When one inquired further, one heard that he was a convert, that he had had a brilliant career at Cambridge, and had been, or was still, a Fellow of King's. To those familiar with academic distinctions it appeared no small thing that he had been placed first on the list in the Civil Service examination. It was known that he had been in the Education Office, which is independent of and in a case such as this above competitive examination.

In consequence of ill-health he had left the Government service and had become a leader writer in *The Morning Post*, chiefly responsible, so we heard, for the articles dealing with education. We thought it notable that a Catholic should be trusted with such a delicate and difficult subject by one of the foremost London newspapers. We were not surprised to see his name among the members of the Catholic Education Council, and we welcomed his presence as a gain to its *personnel*. He was closely associated with the new series of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, which he helped to edit. His Franciscan sympathies had taken him to the hop-fields in 1905, and we were glad to find that *The Little Flowers of St Francis* was a literary device capable of application to circumstances of the twentieth century. For myself, I had

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heard his praises sung in the summer of that year by Mgr Pasquier, the Rector of the Catholic University of Angers; he was spoken of there in a way that made me feel that "Monsieur Balfour" must at least be a man of singular charm; and when I learnt his other distinctions I was prepared to regard him as a man of more than ordinary gifts. I first met him at Oxford in 1906, when he read a paper to the Newman Society on the Franciscan mission to hop-pickers. We were delighted; never had social service appeared in such an attractive form; literary grace, solid piety and hard work were somehow combined. To those who like myself had left, or were on the point of leaving, Oxford—to be launched into a world which appeared to have no particular need of them—it was indeed encouraging to meet a man of tried intellectual powers and attractive personality who was anxious to persuade others to assist him. A vista of possibilities of Catholic enterprise both literary and social under the guidance of Reginald Balfour was opened before our eyes. We might not all be able to go to the Kent hop-fields that autumn, but at any rate here was a man on whose judgement we could rely, eager for help in the cause of the Church. It was my good fortune to be able to join the mission, and after looking forward to working with him it was a bitter disappointment that ill-health kept him away. However, I had occasion to see him several times later, and his attractiveness grew upon me. Balfour's energy knew no bounds. He would combine literary work for this REVIEW, journalism and a concert in the East End on the same evening. At the concert he would be the chief performer with Somerset folk songs, the choruses of which he insisted on teaching the audience, to their mingled delight and surprise. Not content to sing, he must needs act as well; and because he could not go everywhere other workers must learn to do the same. Why should the poor be put off with bad songs when they can appreciate good? The object of the mission was no doubt to save souls, but that was no reason for neglecting to do other good things at the same time.

It was impossible to see him without being infected with

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something of his fire, and to be anxious to be associated with him in however small a degree. One felt that he was sure to make a success of anything to which he put his hand, only that perhaps he was trying to do too much. But in a year or two he would, no doubt, find his limits, and by that time have a following, among whom the work would be shared. The full beauty and worth of the Catholic faith is too big a thing for one man alone to endeavour to display on every side, and yet that is what Balfour almost seemed to be trying to do. He so appreciated what he had gained in the Catholic Church that he could not rest while there was anything he could do to express its value.

I often spoke of him to those who had never met him, but I could not so well express the personal attraction I felt for him, though it seems to have been shared by all who knew him. His practical cheerfulness counted for a good deal, and the simple modesty with which he realized that, however much he might do, it could only be very little. Almost the last thing I remember of him was an indignant protest against that whimpering attitude of one who refuses to do anything because he cannot do enough. "There is something for every one to do, and, however little, it is worth doing and ought to be done."

We have suffered a great loss, but the memory of his sterling optimism makes lament unseemly. The work he set himself to do remains to be done, and those younger men who knew him can never forget—however slow they may be to follow—the example he has left of untiring service in the best cause.

BERTRAND DEVAS

REMINISCENCES of a schoolboy friend are apt to be faint in outline and, even if the outline have some precision, trivial in content. My friendship with Reggie Balfour, which began nearly twenty years ago, ran underground for a long while and came to light again only two years ago, when he wrote me the earliest and warmest of congratulations upon having learned like him to say *O Rome, O mère!* . . . Then, when we met, I used to compare him as he was, and as I could remember him to have been:

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what had been uprooted, what had matured and flowered in a nature which had been in some ways singular among schoolboys. The peculiar gaiety and lightness of touch were still there; visibly disciplined, for even a stranger could not fail to recognize upon him at first sight the scars of revolution. The quickness and energy of fancy were rare and charming in a boy: he brought fresh supplies of ideas and experiences into our closely frontiered world at Westminster. He sang: I can hear him now, rolling a Tyrolese *jüdel* chorus in very high tenor and falsetto. And we used to read the same books: one went to the Army and Navy Stores and bought two copies of, say, Charles Lamb's *Letters*, and then we each gave one to the other and inscribed it. He wrote verses, too. Are verses from a school magazine ever worth exploring and recovering? at least his had his own characters of lightness, rapidity, frankness and easy fancifulness. These were qualities which rather astonished us, for a schoolboy is the most timid (intellectually) and conservative animal. I remember his impatience of routine (we were most exactly and ritually organized in College according to the remains of an eighteenth century code) and, in talk, his impatience of arguing those points which, if they are not taken for granted, make talk useless. Anybody who knew him in maturer years can testify how these qualities developed and refined; and they will readily believe that the grace and generosity were present in early youth too: in him soul and mind seemed to walk easier for having learned to dance.

These few lines must stand for my contribution to the record. I wish memory furnished more detailed and close touches of portraiture; at least, she furnishes nothing that I would wish away from the picture.

J. S. PHILLIMORE

IT is not easy for me to write of Reginald Balfour; for there was that between us which is more intimate and sacred than friendship; moreover, I cannot yet think of him as dead. There was nothing of death in him. Ill-health at times cast a depression on his spirits, but even then there was

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an underlying eagerness, a restless energy which has nothing to do with death. One thinks of him as a breeze in the sunshine, and only on second thoughts does one remember the times of cloud and suffering. That is why death and he seem so separate. And yet his presence is taken from us—the freshness, the idealism and the enthusiasm, the spirituality united with high intellectual power, which gave him distinction amongst men.

It is of Reginald Balfour the Franciscan Tertiary that I am asked to write a few reminiscent words. It would be untrue to speak of his tertiary life as representing one side of his character, so entirely was his outlook on life governed by Franciscan principles. His was the *anima naturaliter Franciscana*; he became a disciple of St Francis, drawn, not by intellectual reasoning, but by innate sympathy. I recall to mind a paper he once read on "Holy Poverty," the gist of which was that poverty was in itself a blessing, and that modern economists in endeavouring to banish poverty were doing an injury to the world. He pleaded his cause with such sincerity and joyous enthusiasm as one might have expected from the Seraphic Father himself. To him the chapter of the *Fioretti* which tells of the delight of St Francis in the broken bread received "from the bounty of God" and in "the fount of water so clear" and in "the stone which served as a table" was not so much a charming idyll as a living conviction, a Gospel of life; and it was with a thirsty soul that he thought of the far-off days in Umbria where these legends of poverty were written in men's deeds.

Not even St Francis himself was more a brother to the poor than Reginald Balfour. His attitude towards the poor, however degraded, was moulded by a sympathy which was the very bloom of the fraternal spirit. It is no wonder they loved him almost at first sight.

I see him now as he knelt one morning in the hop-fields of Kent by the side of a dying hop-picker. It had been raining incessantly for two days, and the woman, dying of pneumonia, lay under a shelter of simple sackcloth, through which the rain had forced its way and made the ground be-

Reginald Balfour

neath like a marsh—wet and clammy. I was to give Viaticum to the dying woman, but was uncertain whether she would be in a condition to receive it, nor had I any place where reservation of the Blessed Sacrament was possible. Reginald Balfour solved the difficulty at once. He would come with me immediately after Mass, fasting, so that, were the dying hop-picker unable to receive, he himself would receive; nor shall I easily forget the intense faith and simple brotherliness expressed in his attitude as he knelt on the wet ground by the bed of straw, whilst the poor sufferer received the Sacraments of the dying.

A more cheerful incident, but one equally exhibiting his innate delicacy of feeling for the poor, occurred one evening when he was visiting the hop-pickers at their huts, when the day's work was over and they were at their evening meal. So swiftly did he win his way to their hearts that as he went from hut to hut the poor people, in their grateful delight, begged him to share their supper—and he, unable to resist the impulse of his sympathy, in one evening drank nine cups of tea, strong in the strength of repeated brewing. He suffered indigestion for several succeeding days, yet was happy in the thought of the hop-pickers' friendliness. And I have known him at the end of a fatiguing day in distant hop-fields undertake a long bicycle ride in the dark that he might take a bottle of milk to a delicate child.

But if his love of the poor was great in the simplicity of his affection for them, the intensity of his faith was not less great. For the Sacraments of the Church he had the most vivid reverence: the ground on which a Sacrament had been administered was to him holy ground. Once during our first mission in the hop-fields I had to hear a confession on a bank by the riverside. It was with absolute sincerity that afterwards he wished to enclose that spot of earth and keep it sacred from profane use. Another time we were anxious to provide Sunday Mass for some hop-pickers who lived at a distance from the mission centre. There was a difficulty about getting the altar-tent and the altar to the spot owing to lack of conveyance; and the only

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feasible way of solving the problem was to hire a punt and take the tent and altar down the river. It took him the greater part of a Saturday to effect the transit, and when he returned to the mission station in the evening he was drenched with the rain and hungry, for he had had no food since morning. Yet he was happy in the thought that on the morrow Mass would be said on the outlying farm.

He had a simple childlike devotion to our Blessed Lady; and once, providing himself with her picture, he went forth and, hanging it on a clothes-line, gathered together twenty or thirty hop-pickers and with them recited the rosary and sang hymns in her praise.

These incidents exhibit the spirit of the man. Few converts so quickly fall into the mental habits of Catholicism as he did. It was as though the Catholic Faith had come to him in childhood and moulded his outlook on things in that easy plastic fashion in which children are formed. And in truth there was much of the childlike habit of mind in him: he had the child's original delight in all that seemed to him beautiful and pure and holy. Of him it may truly be said that he loved the highest and found his pleasure in seeking it: and in his simple, spontaneous delight in God's own world he showed himself akin to the Poverello of Umbria—even as in his intense faith and in his quick sympathy with the poor.

The shadows fell upon him at times; and, perhaps, we who saw him chiefly in his energy and in the sunshine of beautiful aspiration, hardly realized how much he suffered. As I have said, it is difficult to associate death with him who thirsted so much for life and lived so much in the atmosphere of life. FR. CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

[I had hoped to include amongst these reminiscences some dealing with Reginald Balfour's University days, but these are unavoidably postponed.—EDITOR.]

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.

NO more valuable work on the subject of modern biological views from the Christian standpoint has yet come under our notice than the Jesuit Father Wasmann's book *Die Moderne Biologie und die Entwicklungstheorie* (3rd Ed. Herdersche Verlagshandlung, Freiburg-im-Breisgau. 1906. 8M. unbound ; 9M. bound). We can most strongly commend it to our readers, and venture to express the hope that so important and useful a book may shortly be translated into English, so as to be made available for those who do not read German.

Father Wasmann's investigations into the life-history of ants have made his name well known in the scientific world, and on the appearance of the first edition of the present work it was hailed by Haeckel as being an attempt to make a compromise between the Darwinian hypothesis and the tenets of the Catholic Church. This point is dealt with by the author in an open letter to Haeckel, and has also formed the subject of a series of lectures which have this year been delivered in Berlin by the learned Jesuit.

The book under review opens with an historical study of the rise and progress of biology as now understood, and the author with great erudition and a wide acquaintance with ancient and modern writers traces the progress of our knowledge, showing that Harvey, in 1651, laid down the first great law, "Omne vivum ex ovo," with which is wrapped up the conclusion, "Omne vivum ex vivo." Two hundred years later, in 1858, Virchow laid down the second law, "Omnis cellula ex cellula." Our knowledge has since progressed with rapid strides, and it is now possible to lay down a third law, as formulated by Fleming in 1882, "Omnis nucleus ex nucleo." Finally the author thinks that Boveri's conclusion, published in 1903, "Omne chromosoma e chromosomate," may also be taken as established,

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the chromosomes being the small particles of nuclear substance which, it is believed, are the carriers of the specific characteristics of the cell.

To the cell, on which so much labour has recently been expended, Father Wasmann devotes many of the pages of his book, and in connexion with this part of his study he considers the questions of Spontaneous Generation and of Vitalism and Mechanism very fully, and in such a manner as to lay before his readers the entire history of these controversies and the conclusions which he has arrived at in relation to them.

Naturally the portion of the book which will be turned to with the greatest interest is that which deals with the subject of the Darwinian controversy and the origin of living things, and especially of man. In this he points out that Darwinism and the theory of development are two wholly different things, and that the former in its limited sense is the hypothesis of natural selection, which—and here he is in agreement with many other writers—is useless as a chief factor in the process of development. The theory of transformation as a scientific hypothesis is completely reconcilable with the Christian view of nature. Between creation and development there exists no real opposition; on the contrary, the creation of stem-forms is the natural commencement for a consequent development of the organic world. But the author does not agree with most upholders of the transformist theory that all living things have come from a single origin. For such a single-stemmed phylogeny he thinks that there is no real scientific evidence. His view is that development has taken place from several starting-points; has, in fact, been polyphyletic and not monophyletic. It would be impossible here to summarize the scientific arguments on which this conclusion is built up, but they are worthy of full consideration.

The writer devotes a large part of his book to the consideration of the origin of man, and deals very fully with all the known remains of early inhabitants of this globe. In this connexion we note that he agrees with Macnamara, one of the most recent of those who have discussed this famous skull, that the Javacranium, hailed at first as the mis-

Die Moderne Biologie

sing link, and said to be that of a "Pithecanthropus erectus," so closely resembles the skull of the male chimpanzee that there can be little doubt that both belong to the same family; that is, that the skull in question is that of a true ape. He concludes that the view that the higher faculties of man have been developed from the animal world is quite untenable, and that the question as to whether his bodily frame has been thus derived must be considered at present as being unsolved. He quotes with approval the conclusions of Professor Branco, the Director of the Palæontological Institute at the University of Berlin, as laid down in his discourse at the fifth International Congress of Zoologists held in Berlin in 1901. These may be briefly summarized as follows: Whilst most mammals of the present day have a long fossil ancestry in the tertiary period, man appears suddenly and without any preparation in the Diluvial epoch. We know of no tertiary ancestors of man. Nor are there any tertiary remains of man, and the so-called traces of human work in that period are of more than doubtful nature. Diluvial remains of man exist, however, in fairly large numbers. But all such remains show us a completely developed *Homo sapiens*. Most of these men possessed a skull of which any of us might be proud. They had neither long ape-like arms, nor long ape-like canine teeth. No, the diluvial man was every inch a true man.

In the limits of a brief notice, such as this, it is impossible to do anything like justice to the comprehensiveness and wide knowledge of Father Wasmann's book. We can only hope that we have said enough about it to send all persons interested in the subjects with which it deals to the pages of the book itself.

They will be well rewarded for their trouble and will discover a work which is not only packed with facts and observations, but also one which is written in a delightfully easy and pleasant style. We can only make one hostile criticism upon it, and that is that such a book deserves a much fuller index than that which it possesses, though the need for an index is somewhat diminished by the excellent summaries of contents which are prefixed to each chapter.

B.C.A.W.

Some Recent Books

THE *Kingdom of Man*, by E. Ray Lankester (London: Archibald Constable and Co. 1907) is a collection of three addresses, one of them being the Romanes Lecture for 1905 and another the Presidential Address at the British Association in 1906. Taken collectively they may be said to be an earnest plea for a more generous appreciation of the value of scientific methods and achievements by the British public and a more adequate endowment of research in scientific subjects, on the ground that such research will be of incalculable benefit to the people of these islands. With these aspirations all educated people will most heartily agree, and will join with the Director of the Natural History Museum in urging the need for such provision as he suggests. But the misfortune is that the majority of persons are not educated, or have been educated on a false system of teaching which has excluded from their purview all knowledge of science, its methods and its achievements.

The Presidential Address concerns itself with the main conquests made in different branches of science by workers during the past quarter of a century; and those who read it will be able to form some idea not only of what has been done but of what remains to be done, and of what ought at least to be attempted in the interests of humanity. The latter moral is particularly pressed home by the third part of the book which contains a most lucid account of the Sleeping Sickness of Uganda, together with the story of the discovery of its cause—one wishes it could also be said of its cure. It is a truly lamentable fact that a country such as this, with possessions in every part of the globe, should have no properly organized institute where the numerous problems which are constantly arising in connexion with the health of the different peoples over whom the British Government rules might be investigated. There is no doubt that it is easier to secure ten thousand pounds for the killing of human beings than one for their salving from disease.

Two points of criticism we feel bound to make. The writer tells us that the Java skull, of which mention has been made in the review of Father Wasmann's book, is the most ape-like human skull yet encountered. We think

New Creations in Plant Life

that he ought, in justice to his subject, to have made it plain that this view of the portion of the cranium in question is not universally held. Without mentioning other writers, reference may fairly be made to the exhaustive paper by Macnamara in the *Archiv für Anthropologie* for 1903 (xxviii, ss. 349-360), the conclusion arrived at in which is, as we have seen, that the Java skull and that of a chimpanzee so closely resemble one another that there can be little doubt that both belong to the same or nearly allied families, that is, that the Java skull is that of an ape, not an ape-like man. We might also be allowed to point out that the nature of eoliths is still a most controverted question, and that their origin as the work of human hands has been rendered, to say the least of it, doubtful by recent observations made in France. Moreover, even if they are of human make, their geological position is by no means as clearly defined as the writer would have us believe. Finally, we may utter a plaint that a book so full of facts as this is should have been allowed to have been issued from the press without a preface.

B.C.A.W.

IT is remarked in one of Darwin's works that so extraordinary are the results which have been attained by the breeders of cattle that it would appear as if the ideal form of the animal desired had been chalked upon a wall and the new beast made to the pattern. Certainly a similar statement might be made about Mr Luther Burbank, whose life and work are described by Mr Harwood in *New Creations in Plant Life* (New York: Macmillans. 1906). Those who are interested in horticulture do not require to be told that Mr Burbank is the foremost breeder of new plants in the world, and, in the book under review, we are told that he has in fact experimented upon over 2,500 distinct species, and in the process of his work has evolved a number of new species—it would seem that we may even go so far as to use that term in its scientific significance—of flowers, trees and fruits. It is amongst the latter that his conquests have perhaps been most remarkable, for from his production of the "primus" berry, "an absolutely new species of fruit, the first known recorded species directly created by man,"

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which "was made from the native Californian dewberry and a Siberian raspberry," he has been led on to further victories; and amongst them may specially be noted the "plumcot" and the "pomato"—the words have an extraordinary flavour of Lewis Carroll—the former being a hybrid between a plum and an apricot and the latter between a potato and a tomato. This is said to be "a fruit, not a vegetable, though growing upon a vegetable" (the terminology of the book is not always rigidly scientific); "it is what might be termed the evolution of a potato seedball. It first appears as a tiny green ball upon the potato top, and develops, as the season progresses, into a fruit the size and general shape of a small tomato. The flesh is white, bearing usually few small seeds. It is delightful to the taste, having the suggestion of quite a number of different fruits and yet not easily identified as any particular one. It may be eaten either raw or cooked. It is fine eaten raw out of hand, delicious when cooked, and excellent as a preserve."

This must serve as a sample of Mr Burbank's achievements, though many other equally remarkable or perhaps even more remarkable might be cited, from his new Forest Trees to his spineless and edible Cactus, which may some day cause the waste places of the earth to blossom like the rose and convert the title of Emperor of the Sahara into one of substantial and real dignity and profit. As to how all this is done there is no kind of concealment. Enormous pains and a critical eye with a power of foreseeing the possibilities of a young plant or tree which in itself amounts to genius, such are the first and all-important factors in the work. Add to these a clear view of what is wanted—the plant chalked out on the wall, so to speak—intense and concentrated attention directed towards the development of some single detail, and a lavish destruction of unsatisfactory plants. The accounts which we read of the latter are amazing, for we are told that of a certain series Mr Burbank will sometimes destroy as many as 200,000 young trees, retaining one only as the best for further conduct of his experiment. In one case as many as 500,000 lily bulbs have been sacrificed in one single test, one only specimen being again retained for further work.

The Lombard Communes

Such a scale of experiment has never been attempted previously or elsewhere, and one wonders what might be the result if there were one such station in each civilized country. But perhaps it would be hard to find a Burbank to put at the head of each of them.

Mr Harwood devotes some chapters to telling how it is done, and makes one quite burn to go out with the pollinating brush and grafting knife and see what new kind of fruit one could produce in one's back garden. From a scientific point of view the book is a little disappointing. We are told that Burbank has disproved over and over again the Mendelian laws, but we are not given any detailed account or indeed any account, beyond the bald statement just quoted, of how they have been disproved. We are told a good deal of De Vries and his conversations with Mr Burbank, but we hear nothing really useful as to the bearing of the enormous number of experiments which the latter has made upon the theories of the former. However, the book is a very pleasant one and would be still pleasanter if it were a little less fulsome—though we admit that “it is the very best butter”—and if it possessed, which it ought but does not, an index.

B.C.A.W.

ITALY, of all European nations, stands foremost in historical interest. To say nothing of the Etruscans, she has rejoiced in the flower of three civilizations, Roman, Medieval and the Renaissance, any one of which might have been the sufficing glory of another nation. Mr Butler takes for the subject of his book (*The Lombard Communes*. By W. F. Butler, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net) the Middle-Age epoch of this extraordinary people. Without apparently laying claim to original research, the author has compiled a most useful work from well-known authorities, whilst retaining an independent judgement. His style is dignified, as befits the theme, but never heavy, and the narrative is interesting, though the tale of some of the small fighting is apt to be monotonous and tedious reading.

There was war between Guelf and Ghibelline, city and city, nobles and people; betwixt nobles and nobles. However these city-states, in such a welter of war, attained to

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prosperity, grew rich in architecture and the arts, is indeed a marvel and can only be explained in part by "the immense energy of the Italian mind." Mr Butler tells the story of how from under the rule of the Imperial Vicars and the Bishops these Northern cities achieved liberties which were finally lost under the despots. In the course of narrating their continuous feuds he does justice to the efforts of the Church, especially of Popes and Religious Orders, in bringing about peace and lessening the horrors of war. It could be wished he had been able to afford space for a fuller account of the political action of Innocent III, whom he duly recognizes as "the greatest of the medieval Popes." Modern Italians have signally failed in rightly appreciating this remarkable man; no doubt because he happened to be a Pope. But if, instead of erecting statues to Dante, as the herald of Italian unity, they had so honoured Innocent, they would have acted more appropriately and been nearer the truth.

The poet's only idea of Italy's union was in her subjection to the Empire. Innocent was the first Italian to give expression to the idea of her union as now understood. He saw through the practical weakness of the Empire, in spite of its ideal advantages, and knew it could not endure. He aimed, therefore, in the end, to reduce the area of the Emperor's power, to drive out the Germans from Italy and make her one within her natural limits: under the tiara, it is true, but none the less united than under the cross of Savoy. Circumstances were, however, too strong even for an Innocent III—a man six hundred years ahead of his time. As Mr Butler says: "The idea of the Imperial power was too deeply rooted in the minds of the Italians of the twelfth century for them to have any notion of independence" (p. 137). "The spirit of particularism, the jealousy between city and city, was too deeply implanted in the Italian mind to make at this junction anything more than a loose temporary union possible" (p. 138). So Innocent died, but he had sown a seed that in course of time was to bear fruit. The book is well mapped, indexed and fully illustrated.

P.H.

The Little Office

IN *Waters that go Softly* (Burns & Oates. pp. 173. 2s. 6d.) Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., gives us a series of aphorisms and paragraphs based upon the *Spiritual Exercises* of St Ignatius. The book is admirably suggestive, very searching, extremely thoughtful, as is expected of the author. It is pleasant too, amid devotional books that are occasionally just a little stuffy, to find one that is not afraid to quote Plato in the breezy Renaissance manner. Even John Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* furnishes one or two extracts. For the rest, Cardinal Newman is quoted a good deal among other writers, but the frame and the atmosphere of the whole is Father Rickaby's own, based, of course, upon the lines of that extraordinary dissector of human nature, St Ignatius himself. But the soothing suggestion of the title does not exhaust the spirit of the book: it would be hardly possible for anyone, not absolutely armoured in complacency, to read it carefully without coming at least several times under the very delicate point of the writer's whip-lash. Yet the whip is never cruel; it but wakes us up from our slouching for fear that we should stumble; and then encourages us gently again. And that is exactly what a Retreat should do.

B.

IN the tumult of controversy the reprint of a book like Father Taunton's *The Little Office of Our Lady* (Burns and Oates. pp. 438) has a particular value and attractiveness. It is medieval in the best sense; it looks on religion from that angle where lights and colours are caught that are wholly invisible to the mere scholar or controversialist; it is to the average commentary or dogmatic treatise what a monastic illumination is to a photograph: the latter may be more "exact," or, rather, more realistic, but the former represents truths, selected and arranged, that are at least as objective and certainly more inspiring than the cold correctness or the more superficial details. The Office of our Lady could hardly be treated in any other way. It is true that Father Taunton was a scholar and an historian, that his book is full of information and that he gives admirably practical advice on the methods of prayer; but the point of the book is rather in his mystical commentary on the Office itself

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Its very style becomes tinged with this atmosphere; "Thus far the Carthusian," he writes. He quotes continually from the Fathers and mystics of all ages; and the result is that literally his book becomes like a medieval treatise, bound, as it were, in tooled leather, clasped with silver, written throughout in patient, solid paragraphs, "black but beautiful," lighted by illuminated capitals and a running border of curious design.

With all this it is very far from being a collection of subjective pious musings; there is in it a virility that would astonish the religiose; the author exalts public prayer—the *Opus Dei*—far beyond all individual soarings however ethereal; he describes the priest or religious in the time of saying Office as being that instrument through which the Incarnate Son adores His Father; he makes us hear the thunder of praise that goes up eternally to the Throne from all that lives. It is impossible for us to show our gratitude to him better than in the manner he suggests in his Preface, when he begs all who pray to "remember me and mine, alive and dead, in their prayers before the Throne of Grace."

B.

IN *Le Profezie d' Isaia* (Bologna. pp. liii, 302), Don Salvatore Minocchi has given us the most important of latter-day Italian studies on Holy Scripture. The Florentine professor of Hebrew is admirably equipped for his task. Cardinal Svampa, whose premature death every one acquainted with his life and character must deplore, was generous enough to welcome this volume in a letter which acknowledged the author's vast erudition, while dissenting from some of his conclusions. And, in fact, Professor Minocchi, himself a competent master of Oriental languages, has read all that is valuable in modern books on the subject which he handles so skilfully. The introduction lays down in luminous terms, borrowed chiefly from Father Pesch, S.J., those axioms touching inspiration and authorship in general that are now commonly admitted in our schools. Then follows the critical argument, stated without bias, for a composite view of the prophecies and their sources, as

Le Profezie d' Isaia

determined by analysis of the text and references to history, all which is worked out in detail as the commentary proceeds. It would be scarcely fitting that a stranger should praise the translation for its intrinsic merits. Yet one cannot but feel with what energy, precision, and charm of language the Hebrew is rendered into Tuscan as choice as it is exact. The form of stichometry adopted will at once enable its readers to grasp the leading principle, overlooked for centuries in popular fancy, that the Book of Isaiah, being a collection of poems, must not be dealt with as if it were modern prose. Without a training in the laws and intricacies of Hebrew accentuation, as applied to these chanted stanzas, these hexameters and pentameters framed on their own peculiar rhythm, it is impossible to distinguish the genuine readings from corruptions, or to set in the margin glosses due to various hands and editors. Given this key, we shall find ourselves, as a rule, in agreement with Professor Minocchi's emendations, drawn from critics who have a right to be heard, such as Bickell, Cheyne, Marti, Duhm, and Condamin. In places the text is disordered, perhaps beyond recovery. But to inflict on us a conviction which thus disturbs our too often mechanical idea of Bible history cannot be thought a misfortune. Anyone who goes carefully through these pages will rise up from them persuaded that criticism, delicate as may be its task, is a science with methods proper to it, capable of doing yeoman's service to the sacred Volume, and by no means destitute of certainty when employed as it ought to be.

Don Minocchi frankly accepts the current divisions which break up these sixty-six chapters, not only into a First and Second Isaiah, but into smaller sections, bringing down the editorship as low as the Maccabean era. Theologically, it would not seem that there is any overpowering objection (though there may be historical counterclaims) to so recent a date, once we have allowed the critic to separate chapters i-xxxix from xl-lxvi. The professor holds, moreover, to a parallelism of phrase and circumstance which he has remarked between chapters xl-lv on the "Servant of Jahvé" and the "unknown Psalmist" to whom he assigns many, or

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most, of the "Davidic" hymns. He therefore puts aside the identification of Israel as a people with the "Servant," and falls back on the hypothesis of some great, though to us obscure, personage who, in the interval between the return from captivity and the coming of Ezra, fulfilled this typical relation. On the whole, Professor Minocchi believes that he has elucidated the origins of Isaiah more adequately than was hitherto done by a Catholic writer. His position, abstracting from minor points, he would say was justified by internal evidence on the one hand, by theological principles on the other, as Cardinal Meignan, Cardinal Newman and various more recent students of the Bible have expressed them. It is to be noted that dogmatic exposition is foreign to the scope which this volume has had in view. Critical exegesis, keeping close to the text and its immediate reference, is what it undertakes to satisfy. And the judgements at which it arrives do not pretend to be final or peremptory. It has a triple imprimatur, from Florence, Rome, and Bologna, the author submitting his pages to "those principles which, in the Catholic Church, determine how all questions of Scripture shall be treated."

W.B.

"IT is probable," writes Lady Bell in the last page of *At the Works* (Arnold), "that any human being attempting to describe the life of another will only approximate to representing that life as it appears to the person described. A good deal of guessing will always remain to be done, and at the end we may not know whether we have guessed aright—whether we have understood or misunderstood."

In many books, articles and novels dealing with the lives of the poor this element of guessing is enormously out of proportion to the facts available, and many an account of a "mean street" grows from the meditations of the author into an artistic completeness of horror, that is drawn from logical deductions rather than from the perplexing, illogical variations of actual life. Very unusual is the absolute truthfulness, candour and simplicity of the author of *At the Works*. Here there is truthfulness in facing facts, candour and simplicity in their presentment, and, best of all,

At the Works

self-restraint that refuses to use them to confirm preconceived theories or to preach fads. Many books on social questions fail from the complexity and intricacy of the task; it is a great gain to simplify the inquiry as much as possible. We shall not learn in this book to solve a great many questions in theory, but we shall grasp a certain number of facts, and so come into touch with some actual difficulties. The subject, then, is one town—Middlesbrough—where one kind of work almost entirely predominates, work that is emphatically and exclusively work for men, and where, as a rule, there is enough to be earned by the able-bodied to provide for the wives and children. Middlesbrough has no large factories, no organized women's labour, and the iron trade is practically the only large industry. The first chapter gives a singularly vivid picture of the town that in the course of sixty years, from 1841—the ironstone was discovered in the Cleveland Hills in 1850—to 1901, increased from a population of 5,463 to 91,302.

In default of a romantic past, of a stately tradition, the fact of this swift, gigantic growth has given to the town a romance and dignity of another kind—the dignity of power, of being able to stand erect by its sheer strength on no historic foundation, unsupported by the pedestals of time.

But the account of the process of iron-making is a real triumph of actuality and clearness. The interest in the great, simple, awful treatment of the forces of nature becomes tense as the story goes on.

The absorbing interest of watching the manufacture of iron [writes Lady Bell] is that in this country, at any rate, it is all done by human hands and not by machinery. From the moment when the ironstone is lifted off the trucks, then dropped into the kilns, afterwards taken to the furnace and then drawn out of it, it has not been handled by any other means than the arms of powerful men, whose strength and vigilance are constantly strained almost to breaking-point. It cannot be too often repeated what the risk is of dealing with a thing which you encounter only in terms of liquid fire. The path of the ironworker is literally strewn with danger, for, as he walks along, the innocent-looking fragment, no longer glowing, may be a piece of hot iron of which the touch, if he stepped upon it, is enough to cripple him; one splash of the

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molten stream may blind him; if he were to stumble as he walks along the edge of that sandy platform where the iron is bubbling and rushing into the moulds, he would never get up again. The men move about among these surroundings with the reckless—often too reckless—unconcern of long habit.

It is not surprising to learn that to the men themselves their work is very often a matter of intense interest, and that some who have lived in the strange and gloomy village in the centre of the works and then left it have actually pined to be back again.

It is good to realize the place and the work done in it before learning the details of the lives of the workmen and their families, the facts of their expenditure, their illnesses, their accidents, their recreations and their reading. All this information should be carefully read and taken to heart, and cannot be summarized in a few lines. It is well to be as afraid as the author of rash generalizations. But the impression left by the book seems to be that the strain on the men's physical and nervous force is immense, and that sickness, old age and the enormous number of accidents produce almost insurmountable difficulties. And the strain on the women's lives is proportionate, because the man must have good food (as he must have amusement) to an amount that tries the resources of the housekeeper to the last point. These lives lack all the healthiness and interest of that of almost any man or woman in a country cottage. The Sunday papers, novelettes, the betting news and drink are the only amusements of the self-indulgent; interest in their work for the men, who often read largely on the subject, and better books and respectable theatres are the chief resources of the more serious of both sexes. Mutual charity is amazing, and on the whole there seems to be little violence or cruelty.

One conclusion it is impossible not to draw from *At the Works*: much, very much more, might be done to enliven the awful monotony of these lives—it is difficult, indeed, to understand why more has not been attempted. The want of change, healthy occupation and amusement is a crying evil. But the most awful want of all, judging from this

Une Femme de France

book, is the absence of an ideal. From the merely human point of view it would be more tolerable to be the poorest of Irish peasants, or a beggar woman on the hill-side at Assisi, with an ideal than an ironworker, or the wife of an ironworker, in Middlesbrough, with no outlook beyond the dreary day's work of middle life, and the still more dreary prospect of old age. Perhaps there is more of an ideal alive in these mean streets than can be discovered in this account of them. There is a lack of the sense of mystery in the book and a tendency to take verbal statements too literally. Is it possible that the kindest of visitors among the ironworkers has left undiscovered the secrets of the heart?

S.

M^LLE M. HERRGOT, in her *Une Femme de France au XV^{vième} Siècle* (Paris: Lethielleux), tells the story of a "valiant woman" whose "children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her."

It was a troublous time in which Ydain de Pontviel lived. France, torn asunder by the struggles of the Armagnacs and Burgundians, the English invasion under Henry V with all the horrors of his campaign, the Treaty of Troyes—a disgrace in the eyes of every loyal Frenchman—the rising up of the Maid of Orleans against the invader; in all these events this "vraie femme de France" was vitally concerned. Her husband, her sons, her grandsons, all fought in their turn against traitorous Burgundians or the foreign invader. She armed them for the fight and sent them forth with calm courage.

Many of the characters in the book are attractive, especially Aignan, who leaves unfinished his masterpiece in the art he worships to fight for France, and Raoullet, who wins his spurs at the age of eleven fighting for Jeanne d'Arc.

But Ydain is of all the most gracious and noble. As a child she wept because she might never be a "preux chevalier"; in her old age she looked back on as honourable a task committed to her—perhaps a harder one. "J'ai tâché d'être vraie femme de France."

M. W.

Some Recent Books

IF the reader wants something solid, something for rumination, we can recommend Brunetière's posthumous work, *Questions actuelles* (Paris: Perrin. 3.50 fr.) This book covers the same period as the author's *Discours de Combat* (1895-1905) and treats of cognate subjects. We would remark that the book reveals a new phase of thought which took possession of Brunetière after his visit to Rome in 1893. On his return to France he abandoned to a great extent the rôle of literary critic to assume that of social and moral reformer. The very first article in this book, "Après une Visite au Vatican," inaugurated this evolution, and revealed a new aspect of this versatile man of letters. Brunetière gradually put on the panoply of Catholic doctrine, and went forth as a great paladin of the Catholic Church and of national principles. This new rôle led him into politics, and here he was ably assisted by M. Paul Bourget, M. Jules Lemaître and M. François Coppée.

The book is made up of nine articles, which the author groups under three primal questions: Relations between Science and Religion, Catholicism and Democracy, Character of a True Religion. In the first he shows that the sciences—natural, philological and historical—have failed to fulfil their promises, that they have not explained the great problems of man's origin and destiny, and that Catholicism is not only compatible with science, but that it succeeds where science has failed. The democratic character of the Catholic Church is touched upon in more than one essay; but it finds its chief expression in the article entitled "Catholicisme aux Etats-Unis." We must say that a short visit to America and a certain amount of reading does not qualify a man—even a Brunetière—to pronounce categorical judgements on such a complex question as the Catholic Church in the United States. We found it interesting to compare his optimism on this problem with the pessimism of Father M. F. Shinnors.* In this article on the Church in America and in the others which explain the character of a true religion we were struck by the author's repeated

* "Ireland and America," by Rev. M. F. Shinnors, O.M.I., *Irish Eccles. Record*, vol. xi and xii.

René Bazin

demands for freedom from State-control in religious matters and his strong condemnation of a National Church. And yet Brunetière was one of those who signed the famous letter asking the Bishops of France to submit to the Government and to accept their schemes. Let us not search into his reasons; but let us remember that the hero of many battles had to bear during his last moments the taunt of desertion and the supreme pain of being branded a *soumissioniste*.

These essays have the fault found in all Brunetière's writings—they are surcharged with the mind-element. "Reason and the will of God prevail," but not in the Arnoldian sense. Imagination and sentiment seem to be despised; they have no place here. And yet he had several opportunities for indulging in tempered but eloquent outbursts. The triumphant march of the Church through the ages, its indefectibility and beneficent influence, its wondrous adaptability to all forms of civilization, its power to strike down the strong and lift up the weak—these afforded scope for eloquence and pathos. Again, he might have stirred his imagination in a brilliant contrast between the great achievements of science in the world of matter and its hopeless failure in the world of spirit. But things did not appeal to Brunetière in that way. He was always the passionless philosopher enamoured of pure reason. P.C.

A VERY different type of book is M. René Bazin's *Questions littéraires et sociales* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 fr.) Two things strike the reader of this book, its charm as a work of literature and the exalted principles of the author. It is long since we read a book that gave us such genuine pleasure. M. Bazin has carried out the canon of criticism laid down by himself in the first chapter or lecture. Talking of Fromentin, he says: "Nous demandons aux écrivains la comédie totale, corps et âmes." That is precisely what he does; he gives himself wholly to us, and consequently stimulates all our literary faculties.

Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis.

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And that is precisely what Brunetière does not do in the book just reviewed; for he appeals wholly or principally to our reason.

Some years ago Mr Edmund Gosse asked this question in an article on M. René Bazin: "Who shall decide what books are and what books are not proper to be read?" And he answered: "In recent French romance, everybody must acknowledge, it is practically impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule." He then went on to offer to the notice of English readers a particularly "nice" novel-writer, M. Bazin. We are not surprised. M. Bazin is to-day one of the grandest, if not the grandest character in the world of French letters. In *Questions littéraires et sociales* he puts the noblest ideals before those who live by the brain and those who live by the hand. You feel your heart glow within you as you read his lectures, and you rise from the book a better man with a resolution to do something for the broken hearts and the world-weary spirits of the sick and the poor.

The book contains eighteen lectures arranged in the order in which they were delivered. The greater number treat of social questions: *Le Rôle social de la Jeunesse*, *Les Logements ouvriers*, *Les braves Gens*, *A des Ouvriers catholiques*, and similar problems of the moment. Did you not know the author, you might easily imagine that you were reading the eloquent sermons of a pious priest. M. Bazin does not put his Catholicity under a bushel; he speaks out fearlessly. The first lecture is on Fromentin, about whose masterpiece, *Maîtres d'autrefois*, there was a lengthy correspondence recently in *The Academy*. Other literary questions treated are: *Les Personnages de Roman*, *Le Roman populaire*, *La Province dans le Roman*, *Les Lecteurs de Romans*.

Questions actuelles and *Questions littéraires et sociales* have not much in common save nobility of aim and accuracy of vision. There is a preponderance of the intellect in the former and a happy balance of the faculties in the latter. Both works harmonize in a solidity of matter, but contrast in a diversity of form. Brunetière dominates by vigour, whilst Bazin charms by grace.

P.C.

Les Foules de Lourdes

LES *Foules de Lourdes* (Paris: Stock. 3fr. 50.) was the last work published by the great Symbolist, Joris Karl Huysmans. Though it was given to the public as late as 1906, it is already in its twenty-eighth edition with a circulation of more than 28,000. No work of Huysmans has had such a rapid success. The reader must not, however, seek an explanation of this popularity in the intrinsic worth of the book, but in its subject-matter, its comparative simplicity and the past history of the author. There are many works of Huysmans far more original, far more learned and far more literary; but they do not treat of subjects known to everybody in France and outside France. Believers and unbelievers take a special interest in Lourdes, though for very different reasons. The lame and the blind, the deaf and the dumb go there every year in thousands to be cured by Mary, when science has failed. Science comes along with learned words and labels the miracles—auto-suggestion, hypnotism, therapeutic powers of the waters.

Again, hundreds of books have been written about Lourdes; but they have not come from men like Huysmans. Zola brought his "science" to Lourdes and explained everything to his own satisfaction. Now Huysmans, before his conversion, was a personal friend of Zola, and the great Realist prophesied that his mantle would fall upon him, not upon Guy de Maupassant. Every one was, therefore, anxious to read what the distinguished convert had to say about Lourdes and his former master.

Finally, we know no work of Huysmans so simple in style as *Les Foules de Lourdes*, and this must have added to its popularity. Its simplicity, however, is only relative. The reader will not find in it the liquid grace, the sweet refinement and the subtle finish of the best French prose. Such a change would demand a miracle in its own order. Huysmans had a horror of the common, the ordinary; and on that account he invented a style peculiar to himself. This originality of style is not wanting in *Les Foules de Lourdes*; but the anfractuosités are rubbed down. We have come across, in a modified form, the author's usual tricks—mi-

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nute analysis, violent expressions, abrupt turns and strange neologisms.

Les Foules de Lourdes is not a novel, even in the loose sense that *En Route* and *La Cathédrale* are novels. It is simply a series of chapters giving the impressions of a visit to Lourdes. In the Preface Huysmans says that hundreds of books have already appeared on Lourdes and Bernadette. He enters accordingly very briefly into the question of authenticity. The first chapter gives the environment, and shows how Lourdes was an isolated case only in the greatness of its manifestations. In the second chapter the author paints a vivid picture of Lourdes, and tells us very plainly that his artistic sense has been offended. Here is what he says of the cathedral: "Mince, étriquée, sans un ornement qui vaille, elle évoque le misérable souvenir de ces églises en liège dont certaines devantures d'industries se parent; elle relève d'une esthétique de marchand de bouchons: la moindre des chapelles de village, bâtie au Moyen Age, semble, en comparaison de ce gothique de contrebande, un chef-d'œuvre de finesse et de force; le mieux serait, malgré sa froide nudité, la double rampe de pierre qui conduit du bas de l'esplanade jusqu'à son portail, si elle n'était, elle-même, gâtée à son point d'arrivée par l'affreux toit du Rosaire qui bombe sous les pieds de la basilique, un toit composé d'un moule colossal de gâteau de Savoie, flanqué de trois couvercles de chaudière, en zinc."

In the third chapter Huysmans introduces you to the pilgrims come from all parts of the world, humanity disease-stricken and mind-tortured, suffering from every ill to which flesh is heir; and he does it with a realism worthy of his early days. The other chapters are filled up with proofs of the miracles he witnessed himself or found recorded at Lourdes, with piquant paragraphs on the different nationalities in procession or in the cafés (the English and French are roughly handled), with violent outbursts on maudlin piety and bad art. We have already given one specimen of this last characteristic. On page 234 there is another typical piece. Talking of the two principal churches

Saint Martin

at Lourdes and of their founders, he says: "Ce qui est certain encore, c'est que Peyramale et Sempé professaient, aussi bien l'un que l'autre, l'esthétique des Fuégiens, l'idéal des omophages. Là ils étaient d'accord."

Three other points struck me whilst reading this book, and one of them is an old problem which I have discussed many a time in Belgium and France. It is the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation going in bands of 45,000 to honour the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, and at the same time coldly tolerating religious persecution. Sentimentality and selfishness, I fear, play a no inconsiderable part in these pilgrimages. The second point refers to those whose prayers are heard at Lourdes. Some years ago a certain English nobleman brought his son to Lourdes and asked for his recovery. His prayer was not granted. Being questioned about the result of the pilgrimage, he answered in the words of Mary: *Esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes*. These were the words that came to my mind when I had finished *Les Foules de Lourdes*. The third point is the almost utter absence of controversial matter in the book. There is scarcely any mention of that extraordinary man, Charcot.

Les Foules de Lourdes was the last and noblest act of faith given to the world by Huysmans. It was a worthy crown to his labours as a convert. There are many little things in it that may cause offence; but the man was peculiarly constituted, and his sincerity cannot be doubted. He was strong in his faith as a Catholic, and longed to see the Church of the twentieth century glorified with the art of the Middle Ages. He has done his part, and has gone to his reward.

P.C.

A BRIEF but attractive biography of St Martin, embodying the results of the latest research, was a real need. M. Adolphe Régnier, in this modest book of a little over 200 pages (Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 2frs), forming one of the now well-known series of *Les Saints*, has skilfully met the want. Founding his work on the great and authoritative volumes of M. Lecoy de la Marche, though with

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continual reference to other sources, he has produced a valuable and most interesting résumé of the life of the great apostle of the Gauls, which will be of use to the student and an edifying pleasure to the ordinary reader. Turning the full light of modern criticism upon the Saint, M. Régnier gives us a picture of him which ought to appeal strongly to the intelligence of to-day, both from the historical and the social point of view. For the great saints are the great facts of the world, and nothing can explain them away; they have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the results of modern research. This is especially so with St Martin. As an historical figure in the life of France—and the most popular of all her saints—who evangelized and therefore civilized a large part of Gaul, who probably founded French Monasticism, who fought heresy, and who, beyond the limits of France, influenced and withstood more than one emperor, many great historians have given him a place. But M. Régnier brings out into particular prominence the characteristics of the Saint himself, some of which, of course, he shared in common with all the saints, but some of which are peculiarly his own.

St Martin wrote nothing, he preached very little, but he acted much. His life, moreover, was all of one piece; the purpose of his boyhood was the purpose of his manhood and of his old age. There were no long or painful struggles in the development of his soul, but his inner life seems to have been as simple and natural as the growth of a plant. He was the personification of Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*, but with an added humility which makes him far more attractive. As M. Régnier points out, St Martin differs in this tranquil inner development from the greater number of the saints. All his struggles were against enemies without not within. Peace of heart was nearly always his, and this revealed itself outwardly in an unconquerable serenity in the face of every difficulty and discouragement. We see him carrying on the work he knew to be the will of God for him with tenacity and infinite patience, combined with that humility, sweetness and charity which

Itinerant Daughters

have made him one of the most lovable among the saints.

Of quick and clear intelligence and possessing the divine common sense of saintliness, we yet—or should we say therefore?—find him doing impulsive acts of heroic folly, which in the end, however, always justified themselves.

But the root of all his success was his unconquerable faith. He believed and asked, and therefore he had. Nothing appeared impossible to him, and the most wonderful miracles he performed seem to us to be quite in the natural order of things under the conditions in which he works them. His whole life is the embodiment in a most literal fashion of practical Christianity. It is to be hoped that there will soon be an English translation of this book.

K.M.W.

FOUR girls, who have all left school, suffer from “the modern form of home-sickness.” They are sick not *for* their homes but *of* them. Joan Thorburn, the heroine of *Itinerant Daughters*, by Dorothea Gerard (John Long. 6s.), has this disease “monophobia” in its most acute form; and Dr Quinne, the family physician, having carefully diagnosed it, proposes to Mrs Thorburn a certain remedy.

An arrangement [he says] should be entered into by a given number of families of the same social standing, having daughters of about the same age, and who should pass them on to each other at specified intervals and in a regular order of succession.

All difficulties are readily overcome by the doctor, and it is decided that Joan and her three friends—Constance Hervey, Vic Knowles and Muriel Jebb—shall spend three months at each others’ houses in succession, returning home again in nine months.

Both in suggesting this remedy and in commenting on its success Dr Quinne gives an exposition of the diseases “monophobia” and “topophobia”—“the need of displacement and variety originally engendered by steam,” “our nervous systems” being unable “to keep pace with our inventions and contrivances.” We are, in fact, in a

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state of transition between the stage-coaches of our ancestors and the flying-machines of the next generation.

Yet it may be questioned whether this clever satire on the modern girl is entirely fair. Cannot the same diseases be traced in the heroines of Miss Austen's novels, under the less scientific names of "an attack of the spleen" or "being crossed in love"? Unconsciously, too, the same remedies are successfully applied. "What delight, what felicity!" cries Elizabeth Bennett, when invited to a tour in the North. "Farewell to disappointment and spleen."

And Dr Quinne, informing a colleague of the success of his scheme of "Itinerant Daughters," expresses the same thought in different words: "The itch of unrest is considerably allayed by the soothing lotion of change."

M. W.

IN the new book just issued under the Tennysonian title of *A Mirror of Shalott* (Pitman, 1907) Father Benson returns from the fields of historical romance to the mysterious spirit world which was the theme of his first effort in fiction, *The Light Invisible*. And it may be observed that the two books are alike in form and structure as well as in their subject matter. For in both alike we have a series of short stories strung together on a loose thread which gives a certain unity to the whole; and both alike may be described as books of ghostly reading. In the case of the earlier collection the connecting link was personal, for with scarce an exception the apparitions or mystic intimations fall within the experience of one old priest who is the hero of the whole volume. The new series, on the contrary, as announced in the title, is "Composed of Tales told at a Symposium." The scene of this symposium is the presbytery of a Canadian church in Rome, where a somewhat miscellaneous party of priests, of various nationalities, is found discussing the question of modern miracles and manifestations of the unseen world. The upshot is that each is called upon in turn to tell the story of some preternatural fact or manifestation which has come within his own experience. The tales so told are of a very various character. Two of them are vivid accounts of diabolic possession or obsession; one is simply the ex-

The Holy Eucharist

perience of one who has been re-called to life after being laid out for burial; and some of the others belong to the category of common ghost stories. It is significant that the best tale in the book is that which tells the experience of an historical novelist who is disconcerted by the apparition of his own hero. The author's own view on the nature of these spiritual manifestations may be gathered from the attitude of discriminating agnosticism adopted by the central figure in his introductory dialogue. This view, which seems to be gradually gaining ground among recent writers on these subjects, is surely nearer the truth than the wholesale scepticism of the last generation or the simple credulity of earlier ages.

W.H.K.

BISHOP HEDLEY'S volume on *The Holy Eucharist* (Longmans) will appeal to a wide circle of readers. His aim is to produce "something between a treatise and a catechism" which shall set forth the Church's teaching (p. 6) "without any bewildering apparatus of authorities, or too rigid an insistence on scholastic form" (p. 8). Within the narrow limits of less than 300 pages, a marvel of condensation, the author treats of *The Holy Eucharist* in its Scriptural, dogmatic, philosophical, moral, ascetical and liturgical aspects.

The line of treatment is that of the traditional treatise *De Eucharistiâ*, supplemented by certain historical and liturgical details. It is a plain, straightforward exposition of a consistent synthesis of Catholic teaching, the value of which is increased by the simple explanation of technical theological terms given as they occur.

The work may be divided into three groups of four chapters treating respectively of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation (pp. 1-6), the Holy Eucharist as Sacrament (pp. 68-146), as Sacrifice (pp. 147-252), with a supplementary chapter on the cultus of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Eucharistic texts are expounded without any critical pretension along the lines with which Cardinal Wiseman made us familiar. The terms in which the Tridentine Council states the mystery of the Real Presence are shown to be

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in harmony with Scriptural teaching, and the gradual development of the doctrine of Transubstantiation is briefly outlined. More emphasis is placed upon the exposition of "The Catholic Philosophy of Material Substance" (pp. 40-44), leading up to the conclusion that

In spite of the numerous and profound disquisitions on knowledge and its objects which the present generation of University professors and others have brought forth, and which discuss at great length what existence is and whether knowledge is possible, the humblest student of Catholic faith must judge for himself and take his stand upon a certain philosophy of common sense. Unless he does so, undeterred by the denunciation or the contempt of modern metaphysicians, many another Christian dogma besides the Holy Eucharist will have to be cast aside like worn-out garments.*

Particularly noteworthy is the Bishop's exposition of Billot's brilliant explanation of Transubstantiation: insistence upon the Tridentine formula as contrasted with post-Tridentine speculation involving *adductio* or *productio*. As regards the continuance of the species of the Bread and Wine, the author, after stating that the doctrine does not require that we should hold any special theory of sense-operation, concludes:

What we must maintain may be thus expressed: material substance is objective and not merely subjective; material substance has certain means of impressing the human sense; in the Eucharistic conversion the impression-force of the substance of bread remains just as it was after the bread has ceased to be.†

In the second group of chapters dealing with the sacramental aspect of the Holy Eucharist, its use and its effects, we would particularly draw attention to the chapter on the "Effects of the Sacrament," probably the best in the book.

Turning to the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist, the author points out that

In order the better to understand the full meaning of the Catholic dogma which teaches that the Mass is a true sacrifice, and to attain to an intelligent appreciation of the language of the Fathers and of theologians on this great Catholic truth, it will be necessary to consider the history and significance of the word sacrifice.‡

* p. 44. † p. 63. ‡ p. 151.

The Holy Eucharist

There follows an interesting discussion of "the sacrificial phenomena of savage races," of the ideas underlying such phenomena, and a statement of the grounds and purpose of the current theological definition of sacrifice.

The greatest theologians have found the question a thorny one, and the key to the long series of divergent opinions on the essential nature of the Sacrifice of the Mass is to be sought in their different ideas of the essentials of sacrifice, when they come to apply those ideas to their analysis of the Mass. It would have been interesting to have had from the pen of Bishop Hedley an historical survey of the attempts made by successive theologians to formulate a satisfactory definition of "sacrifice," and of the rejection or modification of those attempts down to the time of Billot, whose definition Bishop Hedley accepts.

Doubtless the simple aim of the writer accounts for the omission of any mention of the Oblation Theory of Thomassinus, Bossuet, Olier and De Condren, revived by modern German theologians. Such theologians would contend that post-Tridentine writers have involved themselves in endless difficulties in their endeavour to find in the Mass "a real or equivalent destruction" which is not there. And certainly the learned Bishop's unconvincing labours to establish a "real *immutatio*" in the Mass (pp. 162-165) would seem to lend weight to their contention. As regards the argument based upon the Tridentine use of the word "immolation" (p. 161), it is well to bear in mind St Thomas's explanation of the word as applied to the Mass.*

The archæology of the Eucharistic rites and vestments is treated in two chapters abounding in interesting details, though, of course, there is room for little more than a statement of general conclusions. The concluding chapter on the cultus of the Blessed Sacrament is full of most suggestive considerations on the gradual realization by successive ages of various aspects of the inexhaustible Eucharistic mystery.

This brief analysis can convey but a slight idea of the wealth of information the volume contains. The book is so

* St Thomas, III, q. 83, a. 1.

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good that one could wish to see it made even better than it is. The first two chapters need strengthening; the utter failure of the best modern critical scholars to give any consistent non-realist explanation of the New Testament Eucharistic teaching is worth insisting upon. The treatment of patristic and of early medieval teaching is too meagre to be of real use. With Batiffol's *Études sur l'Eucharistie* before him, the author has preferred to spare his readers any allusion to that writer's unproved theory of a twofold Eucharistic tradition, symbolist and realist, which, after flowing side by side for ages, merged in the controversies of the nineteenth century. At the same time, to the reader not versed in Patristics, the symbolist passages in St Augustine, to which no reference is made, do occasion difficulties, and the formulation of Batiffol's theory shows that they are not groundless. Moreover, the modern English reader will look in vain for any mention of the teaching of Ratramnus, which calls for careful treatment in the light of Bishop Gore's study on the history of Transubstantiation in his *Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation*.
E.M.

THE new volume of "The Westminster Library" is well adapted to the use of "Catholic Priests and Students," for whom the collection is intended. It is an excellent translation by Mrs V. M. Crawford of Père Delehaye's *Les Légendes Hagiographiques* (*The Legends of the Saints*. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net). Every priest must find some of the notices of saints in the Breviary rather puzzling; for instance, quite a number of martyrs are said to have delivered a daughter of Diocletian from possession by the devil. It is well to know some of the results of modern criticism, even though it be disconcerting. Père Delehaye deals elaborately with the genesis of the legends of the martyrs of the first three centuries. Though the book is an introduction to hagiography, "it says nothing of that easier part of the science which has to do with authentic saints whose lives are illustrated by abundant records." The learned Bollandist is radical in his methods. Some will think him too contemp-

Smoking-Room Philosophers

tuous of Le Blant and will hesitate to accept as certain that there is no historical truth in the legends of Saints Agnes, Cecilia, Lawrence and other Roman martyrs, or that St John and St Paul, the martyrs named in the Canon of the Mass, had no existence at all. But it is unfortunately a fact that the more popular a martyr the more his legend has been deformed, and no one should be scandalized at the views of Père Delehaye. On the other hand, the Bollandist is justly severe on the ingenious comparisons instituted by H. Usener, Rendel Harris and others, of saints with heathen deities. There are Catholic critics like A. Dufourcq who would go much further with these modern views and who would see in the most extravagant legends of the saints the victory of conquered paganism over victorious Christianity; though they cannot, of course, go so far as the posthumous work of Lucius, who finds in the cultus of the saints the incorporation into Christianity of pagan hero-worship. On the whole, therefore, Père Delehaye is not an extreme man, and his book does not suggest such a feeling of dismay as that which results from the first actual study of early hagiographical romances or of the developments of the martyrologies. It is well that all should read these things, remembering, however, that Père Delehaye's views on particular points are not irreformable and represent simply the judgement of a single very distinguished critic.

C.

THE *Philosophers of the Smoking-room*, by Francis Aveling, D.D. (Sands), is a pleasant series of "Conversations on some Matters of Moment" which took place on board the S.S. *Carinthia* during a voyage from Liverpool to Montreal. The chief characters are a Priest, a Parson, a Poet and a young Doctor, and we are introduced to the Parson's daughter—a pretty girl,—the Poet's wife—a rather stiffly drawn intellectualist,—and a dissolute undergraduate of nineteen, who is referred to as the Epicurean. We cannot help regretting that Dr Aveling should have chosen the word "conversations" for his sub-title. "Dialogue" is a recognized form of literary representation with rules and con-

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ventions analogous to those of the drama. The object of these conventions is to allow the argument to develop in the logical order and to reach a completion which in real life is never attained. Conversations, on the other hand, are always full of irrelevancies, and many hours of diligent talking—generally in the small hours of the morning—are required, before any substantial and visible progress can be made. Dr Aveling, in order to give a truthful representation of “conversations,” is compelled to include the irrelevancies and accidents of which they are made up. Moreover, true to reality, the Priest—a charming and accurately drawn character—is a person of regular habits who goes to bed at eleven, or even earlier when, as not infrequently happens, he has improvidently neglected to finish his Office before dinner. As the result the argument is all too brief, and no one knows better than Dr Aveling that “matters of moment” do not always admit of brevity, and that there are many theological propositions of which it may be said “that they are too short to be true.”

One further complaint. It is enough to know that the speakers are smoking (and we recognize the importance of the Priest's pipe as the surest indication of the man); but the reader does not care to know the whole history, from box to charred wood, of the match with which the Doctor lit his cigar, still less that on one occasion the Priest could not get the pipe to draw to his satisfaction. But these are blemishes; the other defect is serious, and all the more so because it is easy to see that Dr Aveling, even within the narrow limits which he has imposed upon himself, has great skill in handling dialogue; of his theological acumen we have plenty of evidence from other sources.

The conversations are well conceived, and the setting is always excellent. The description of Quebec, indeed the whole of Chapter xiv, is a most successful piece of writing. The characters are well chosen, though the Parson is sometimes too apathetic and the Poet's Wife too fierce. Chapter xiii contains perhaps the best discourse, though everywhere there are passages of great value. Our complaint, in fact, is only that there is not enough talking—even when it begins

Madame Rose Lummis

after lunch; and if so much talking is incompatible with graceful descriptions and clever character-drawing, perhaps on some future occasion Dr Aveling will travel back from Montreal in similar company and write a dialogue. But we shall want to know more about the Doctor and the Parson's daughter, and whether the visit to the Priest made any difference.

V.

MADAME ROSE LUMMIS, by Delia Gleeson (Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d. net), is the account of the life of an American woman, converted to Catholicism in her girlhood and gifted from the first with such a rare spirit of sympathy and understanding of how to fulfil the spiritual needs of others, that in a small and always humble way she performed a great work for souls.

Her childhood was set in a beautiful country home, and she was one of a large family, amongst whom she was entirely isolated as a Catholic. The story is told without very much grace or force of style, and one often feels that much might be made of such really dramatic incidents as that of the conversion to the Church of the deeply-prejudiced Protestant Vicar of Sodun—her girlhood's home—through her gentle and quite unconscious influence. But it is told with much love and reverence, and this saintly life, with its physical weakness and suffering and its spiritual strength, was always set in romantic surroundings which lend their own atmosphere; and as we read we grow familiar with Madame Lummis' patient methods of hope and gaiety of spirit and personal influence, and we can realize her power of imparting to those around her the light in which her own spirit basked.

It is a recital of repeated small beginnings leading to great results. In each of the isolated districts where Mme Rose made her home for a short while in her search for health, her first care was to obtain Mass, if only for a congregation of two or three. Then the children were gathered and taught; others were drawn back to their Faith, and if a church and regular Mass were not in the end the result of her efforts, at least an influence was left amongst those

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to whom the Sacraments had been conveyed that did not easily die out. What is brought out very well in the recital of the different incidents is the example given to Protestants by the sacrifices made by Catholics to avail themselves of the Sacraments that Mme Lummis brought within their reach. During a severe winter spent in the mountains of Canada it is told how

One family, driving in the early morning, nearly frozen, came across the village doctor, almost hidden in furs, on his way to a dying man higher up the mountain. In sheer amazement he asked where they were going at this hour. "To Mass," they replied. "Our Priest has to come twenty miles for us, and we ought to go a few miles to meet him." "Well," he said, "I think no one but a Catholic would come out on such a day as this for Church."

Baptists and Presbyterians gave their help and interest in return for Mme Lummis' welcome and ready sympathy. No one was excluded from a full share of her generous interest, and it is told that new acquaintances often apologized after their first meeting for confiding to her all their most intimate history.

One would like to hear some sequel to her life, some subsequent account of the good works begun, of the churches built through her efforts, the children she instructed, the Priests ordained through her influence. Mme Lummis was too weak in health to become a religious. Perhaps the world would have been the loser if she had gained this great wish of her heart, but it is not the least significant part of her work that nearly all of it was done from the sofa to which she was tied by her suffering spine. C.B.

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA'S writings are too well known to need any introduction, and the last book from her pen (*Home for Good*. Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d.), edited with a short preface by Father Thurston, is an admirable example. It is a series of wise precepts and lessons on living a Catholic life, an exhortation not to be content with *being* good, but to aim at *doing* good, given in the form of talks with her school girls. The give-and-take of conversation lightens what might otherwise be rather heavy, though

Home for Good

wholesome, moral and spiritual, fare; and, though to read much of the book at a stretch gives a slight sense of surfeit—the literary style does not carry the reader along with it, and in any case this method is alien to the whole purpose of the book—and though there are sometimes platitudes to offend one's jaded palate, on the whole one rises from the feast feeling nourished by the best and most wholesome food.

Some of us have been told too much, some not enough, of our faults in the days of our youth. We all could have profited from some of Mother Mary Loyola's sound precepts and healthy, cheerful directing of will and mind. It is not enough for her to say this or that is bad or good; she shows why and where, how the habit or frame of mind can be checked in its beginnings and what the results will be if they are indulged in.

Such excellent passages as the following must be quoted on the duty for all of work:

Many leave school . . . without learning this lesson . . . that work, real labour of mind or body, is a duty laid on all, high and low, rich and poor, clever or dull, the rudest and most refined.

And on the dangers of tittle-tattle:

Let us beware of unsupernaturalizing the help offered us in the Sacrament of Penance. There are some who seem to think more of the long talk they are going to have after Confession than of the forgiveness of their sins. In season and out of season they are never weary of talking about themselves and directors and direction. They continually bring conversation round to this subject and turn a Sacrament into a bit of pleasurable excitement.

And the following on Feeling *versus* Conduct has its sanction in Newman's sermon on "Saving Knowledge" for Easter Monday:

Nowhere in the Catechism do we find that we must *feel* this or that. Neither God nor His Church requires feelings of us, because these are not in our power to have when we like. . . . It is our good will that God looks at.

It may be set forth in more illuminating language by the great Cardinal, but the words of Mother Mary contain

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the same sound doctrine. We are glad to find her putting in a strong plea for *every* girl's doing something to help in the social work of the Church:

Are Catholic women to stand aloof from the movement and allow non-Catholic workers to use all the influence their interest and energy will secure them? Or will they fall in with a movement they cannot check, bring Catholic influence to bear on it, train themselves to work efficiently and to deal with the social question on Catholic lines? . . . By throwing ourselves into the political and social life of the nation we shall insensibly Catholicize the nation, whereas if we stand apart we shall not only lose an opportunity, but belie the trust committed to us and prove ourselves unworthy of that influence over the destinies of our country, which Providence has placed within our reach.

And her final appeal sums up the whole of her teaching of personal responsibility:

Catholic girls, there is nothing you may not hope for, if you will only wake up to a sense of the importance of the place you hold in the destiny of those dear to you and of your native land. Do not throw away in frivolity and selfishness the lives that can do so much. If you have any ambition, any desire to be true to yourselves and worthy of your name of Catholics, open your minds and your hearts to the future that lies before you and fit yourselves to meet it!

C.B.

A GOOD test of the excellence of a book is the regret with which we lay it down, and the desire for more of the same kind and quality. *Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland*, by Dom Odo Blundell, O.S.B. (Burns & Oates), stands this test well, for the author is not only versed in the deeds of Maxwells, Gordons, Frasers and other ancient Scottish families in days of persecution, when to hold fast the Catholic faith meant being ready to die for it, but he presents the story in an eminently readable form. Of Letterfourvie and Fetternear, and their connexion with the venerable and highly talented Bishop George Hay, there is much pleasant discourse; and we should like to see added to the anecdote given of his wonderful singing another testifying to powers of a different order. He had studied medicine in his youth, and after he had become a priest and then a

Thomas W. Allies

Bishop, a former fellow-student would greet him with, "Ah, Geordie man, you've spoiled the best doctor in a' Scotland." To Terregles, so closely associated with Queen Mary and with the celebrated Lord and Lady Nithsdale, ample justice is done, as well as to Glenfinnan and its recollections of Prince Charlie. Carlaverock, Traquair, Beaufort and Kirkconnell are all well represented; but it is incorrect to speak of Lowland Border families, such as Maxwells and Johnstons, as "clans." Clans are confined to the Highlands and are all Celts, though in some cases the family of the chief comes from a remote non-Celtic ancestor, long since however celticized by intermarriage. In a future edition we hope that the author will add to his interesting account of Fetternear some of the earlier Leslie chronicles, and tell how St Margaret was riding with Bartholomew the Hungarian through a deep ford, and coming into some danger was falling from her horse, when Bartholomew cried out to her, "Grip fast gin the buckle bide."

Bartholomew married Malcolm Canmore's sister, settled in Scotland, and is the ancestor of all the Leslies. On the Leslie arms is a belt with three buckles and the motto, "Grip fast." At the Reformation a member of that family went to Hungary, and in his will left his property to the Society of Jesus in Scotland. When his branch became extinct, about fifty years ago, the Society was further benefited by Leslie property.

Father Blundell's volume is profusely illustrated with half-tone and line blocks, most of them excellent. A word must also be said of the tasteful design on the cover by Dom Luke Cary-Elwes, O.S.B. J.M.S.

THOMAS ALLIES, then Vicar of Launton, did not "go out in '45" with his spiritual director, John Henry Newman.

I waited [he writes] for his book on *Development*, and when it came I fixed upon a page and a half, describing the Primacy of St Peter and of the Popes as it was exhibited in the first three centuries. That was in October 1845, and it cost me five years of prayer and study before the question which I had chosen to de-

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termine the controversy, landed me safely on the rock of St Peter.

Some thirty years later when asked to name a single book as the best exponent of Catholic Doctrine, Cardinal Newman replied: "If I must name one book which is most likely to meet your requirements, it would be Mr Allies' *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, an argument in two volumes going into details." *Per Crucem ad Lucem* and the shorter work *A Life's Decision* were the result of those five years of mental suffering.

Light was given; but to the merely human reader of this most interesting biography by his daughter, Miss Allies, (Burns & Oates) it must seem that the suffering was increased tenfold. It was the fault of no one in particular that the cultured and gifted convert was out of place in his new surroundings. Years later in a private journal he wrote:

The sting of the sacrifice undoubtedly lay in this—that those to whom I came seemed not to care for me. . . .

And how terribly pathetic in all its simplicity is this other word of self-pity amidst so many words of thanksgiving, when he tells

of the feeling that I was cast out of the sea of heresy as a piece of seaweed on the coast of the Church, whom no one cared for or valued.

T. W. Allies came into the Church as a married man at the age of thirty-seven, and found no means of subsistence by intellectual work available for a Catholic. Practical work as Secretary to the Poor School Committee was provided for him before long. And once indeed he was offered a suitable position as Professor of History in the ideal Catholic University of Ireland. The chair failed, but the appointment led to his writing *The Formation of Christendom*. Father Newman's letters to him on the questions raised by this book form some of the most striking pages in Miss Allies' biography and are of quite remarkable value. Very interesting too are the letters from Aubrey de Vere.

This book reminds us also almost painfully of the rest of a band of martyrs among whom T. W. Allies was so notable

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a figure. These are the men, for the most part no doubt less gifted than Allies himself, who come out of ecclesiastical life in the Anglican Church to become Catholic laymen. They lose at once not only their means of subsistence and that of their wives and children, but also their friends, their natural surroundings, their habitual occasions for doing good and almost the sense of their personal identity. It is a change as complete as was exile to a foreign land in the Middle Ages, and one entirely of pain on the human side. Should not those of us who enjoy our Catholic privileges and have been spared an ordeal so awful be careful to hold an attitude at once reverent, helpful and very patient to these "abjects in the house of the Lord"?

In the cemetery at Mortlake may be read the following:

THOMÆ GUGLIELMO ALLIES

Qui olim pastor Anglicanus

In amœnis collocatus

Elegit magis abjectus esse in domo Domini.

Facta abjurazione 11 Sept. 1850,

In arctam incidit sanctæ crucis viam.

Per annos 53 non sibi vixit,

Dum scriptis ingenio vitæque haud paucos

Ad Petram adduxerit.

Meruit et ipse a Petro gratia Papæ Leonis XIII honorari.

Quem tandem longo ex itinere fessum

Ætatis suæ 90

Vocavit Deus in patriam die 17 Junii 1903.

Requiescat in pace.

S.

WE are glad to note the appearance of the third edition of *Political Economy* by C. S. Devas (Stonyhurst Philosophical Series. Longmans. 7s. 6d.) The author in the Preface states that "This edition has been carefully revised, later figures substituted where possible for earlier, and a brief Appendix added, with some explanations and references for the use of students." The book is too well known to require commendation now. The late Mr Devas (the Preface bears the date of the month before his death) never forgot the needs of those for whom he was writing, with the result that he produced a textbook at once interesting,

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lucid and brief. Even the short notes in the new Appendix—where they are more than mere references to further authorities—have a freshness and literary charm not often found in such a place. It is not surprising—though at the same time it is a matter for great satisfaction—that a work in which the principles of the Catholic Church are so ably applied to practical social problems, should have had a wide circulation. We hope that the issue of a third edition indicates a continued demand on the part of Catholics, both laymen and clerics, for reliable economic literature. V.

MISS STONE'S *The Church in English History* (Sands and Co. pp. 287) is simply admirable, and should be widely circulated among those who are responsible for the education of children. It is almost incredible to reflect that the authoress has really told the story of the Catholic Church in England, within the space of 300 pages, without ever becoming dull or without omitting any really important name or event. It is so very good indeed that it is to be hoped that she will make one or two minute corrections, which, although not at all important, might yet be seized upon by adverse critics as indicating the untrustworthiness of the book. For example, there is a plain slip of the pen on p. 85, where St Thomas is described as "a young priest of (Theobald's) household," and another tiny error on p. 90, where he is said to have "at once discarded" his sumptuous dress on becoming Archbishop. It was not, surely, till nearly a year after that he did so. Once more, is it a fact that Daniel O'Connell "was the first Catholic to enter the House of Commons" under the new dispensation? We had thought it to have been a member of another famous house. But those are no more than almost indiscernible scratches upon a brilliant surface. Especially useful are Miss Stone's remarks upon the thorny point of the Marian persecution, and the contrast she draws between that age and our own. B.

A BOOK OF ANGELS (edited by L. P. Longmans. App. 324. 6s.) is a collection of sermons, verses and paragraphs, contributed by a number of writers living and dead, and admirably illustrated by twelve plates. That it is

Mr E. F. Benson

well put together, that the remarks are thoughtful and that the extracts are well selected is undoubtedly true; yet, though it may sound ungracious to say so, it is a little difficult to know what to do with it. It would be hard to place it, with final satisfaction to oneself, in any particular shelf of a library, whether among *Dogmatica*, *Ascetica* or in any other department. One would tend rather to leave it on the drawing-room table. Yet it is both pious and learned and, somehow, indefinably Anglican. Mr Shield's well-known picture of the Angel Guardian, included among the twelve plates, seems in a manner more characteristic of the book as a whole than those of Fra Angelico or Lippo Lippi. Yet it is a beautiful book, and might supply some subjects for meditation.

B.

MR E. F. BENSON has travelled a long way since the days of *Dodo* and *The Rubicon*. *The Challoners*, perhaps, marked most emphatically the progress he made, and in his two last books, *Paul* and *The House of Defence* (Heinemann), his direction seems to be that of optimism and the Gospel of Cheerfulness.

Paul is a very long and elaborate book; and it turns entirely on two points. On the one side there is Theodore, a man of a vampire-nature, entirely selfish and ruthless and cruel; on the other side there are Paul and Norah. Theodore marries Norah—and this, although necessary to the whole plot, is one of the two blemishes upon the book, since so portentously unsuitable a match is not really accounted for at all; and the other blemish is Theodore himself. He is horrible beyond description, but, like the Pangoat in the *Angel of Pain*, is just not quite real. However, Theodore and Norah are married, and Paul arrives to be Theodore's secretary. Then the conflict begins and includes the half-intended death of Theodore at Paul's hands; the remorse of Paul, his degradation and his resurrection; and it is in this last place that Mr Benson writes with a really masterly introspection and power. It might almost be said that the descent of a soul into hell, its self-deception, its struggles with evil and its final emerging under the power of strong and vital personal realism, have seldom been de-

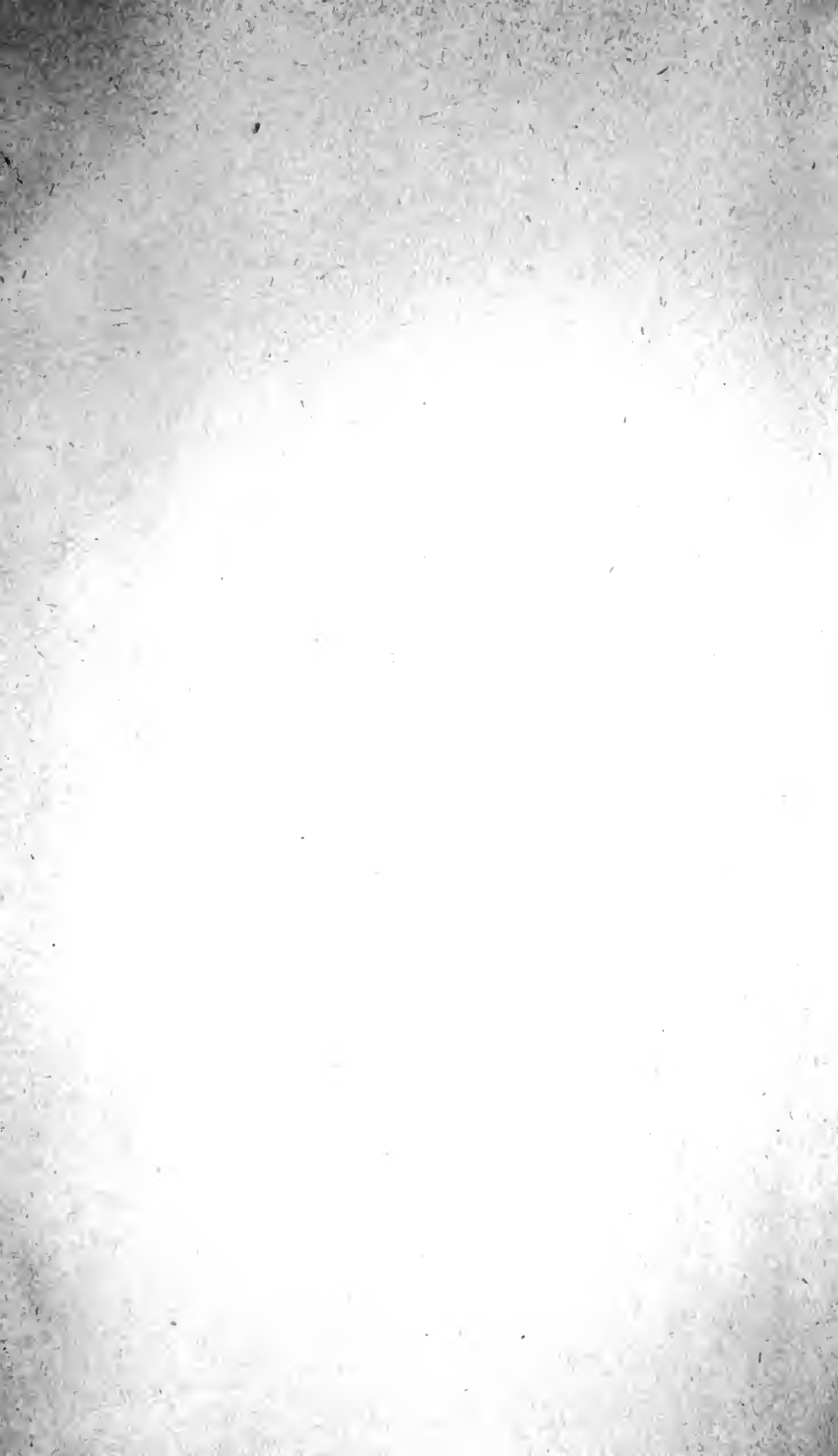
Some Recent Books

scribed with such force and vividness. It is, indeed, impossible to read of Paul's conversion without deep emotion and sympathy. It is an exquisite piece of writing.

In *The House of Defence* Mr Benson formulates more precisely this gospel which has been developing so clearly through his recent books, and precipitates it strongly enough under the form of "Christian Science," though it must be understood that he does not in the least commit himself dogmatically to that fantastic faith. But that principle which is true in "Christian Science" and which has undoubtedly given the movement all its force—namely the superiority of mind over matter—is the principle under which Mr Benson has found his beliefs to emerge with coherence. In *The House of Defence* we have the figure of an American who is the apotheosis of Mr Benson's cheerful heroes and who, beginning by checking a typhoid epidemic in Scotland, ends by literally "drinking a deadly thing" and coming out from it scatheless, thereby bringing hope and health back to a man who has lost them. But, as has been said, Mr Benson is very far from being a Christian Scientist—in fact, it might be said that he is neither more nor less than a Christian: he pours many scorns upon the "Christian Science smile" and the amazing incantations which stand for a creed; he holds only to that perfectly true principle which has been in the world since the dawn of Christianity and which, under the strange tutelage of Mrs Eddy, has come once more as a revelation upon the unhappy persons who had lost it. There is nothing too good to be true, declares the book; the grave and death have lost their sting, and all things are possible to him that believes. Mr Benson is to be congratulated emphatically upon both these books and above all because through the long range of his writings he is becoming more and more definite and coherent and optimistic without losing one sparkle of the brilliance with which, nearly twenty years ago, he first began. He is not yet at the end of his spiritual pilgrimage.

B.







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